© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

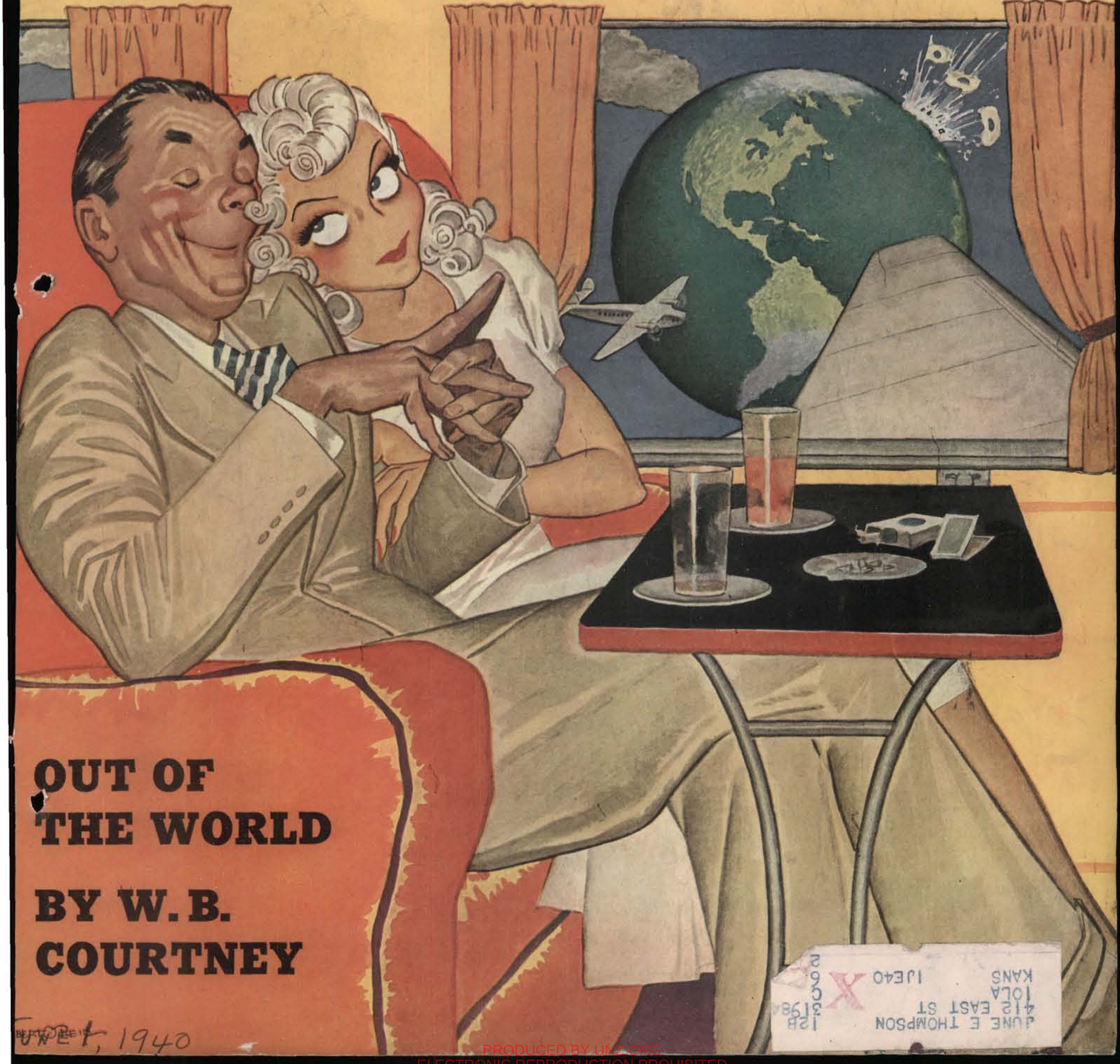
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

June 1, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

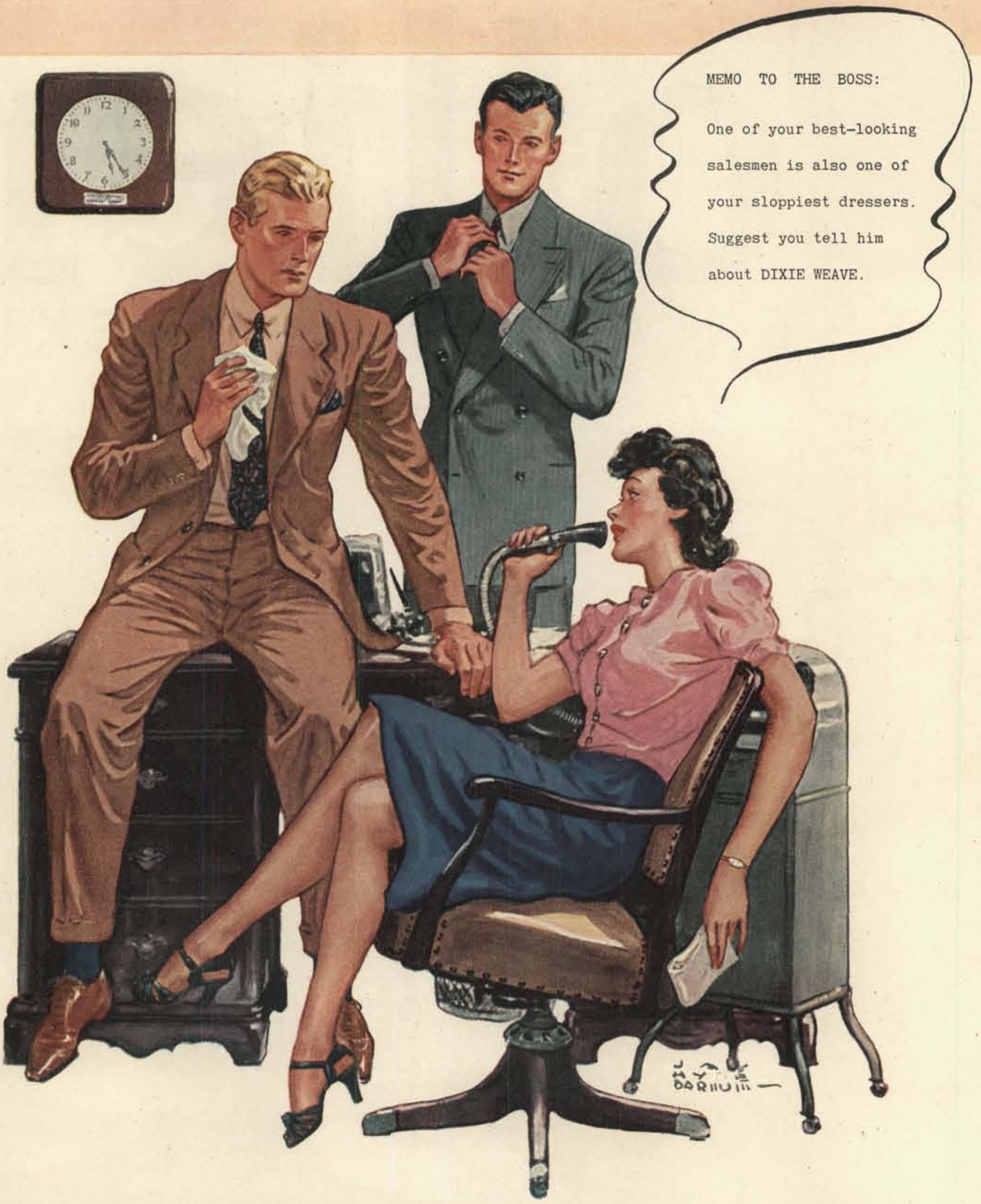


OUT OF THE WORLD

BY W. B. COURTNEY

June 1, 1940

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
1JE40
X
12B 3198A


MEMO TO THE BOSS:
One of your best-looking salesmen is also one of your sloppiest dressers. Suggest you tell him about DIXIE WEAVE.

THE little girl is right—the boss pays other people to do the mopping-up around the place. He expects his salesmen to bring in results, not thermometer alibis. That's why Dixie Weave suits are so popular with men who have to look right when the weather is all wrong.

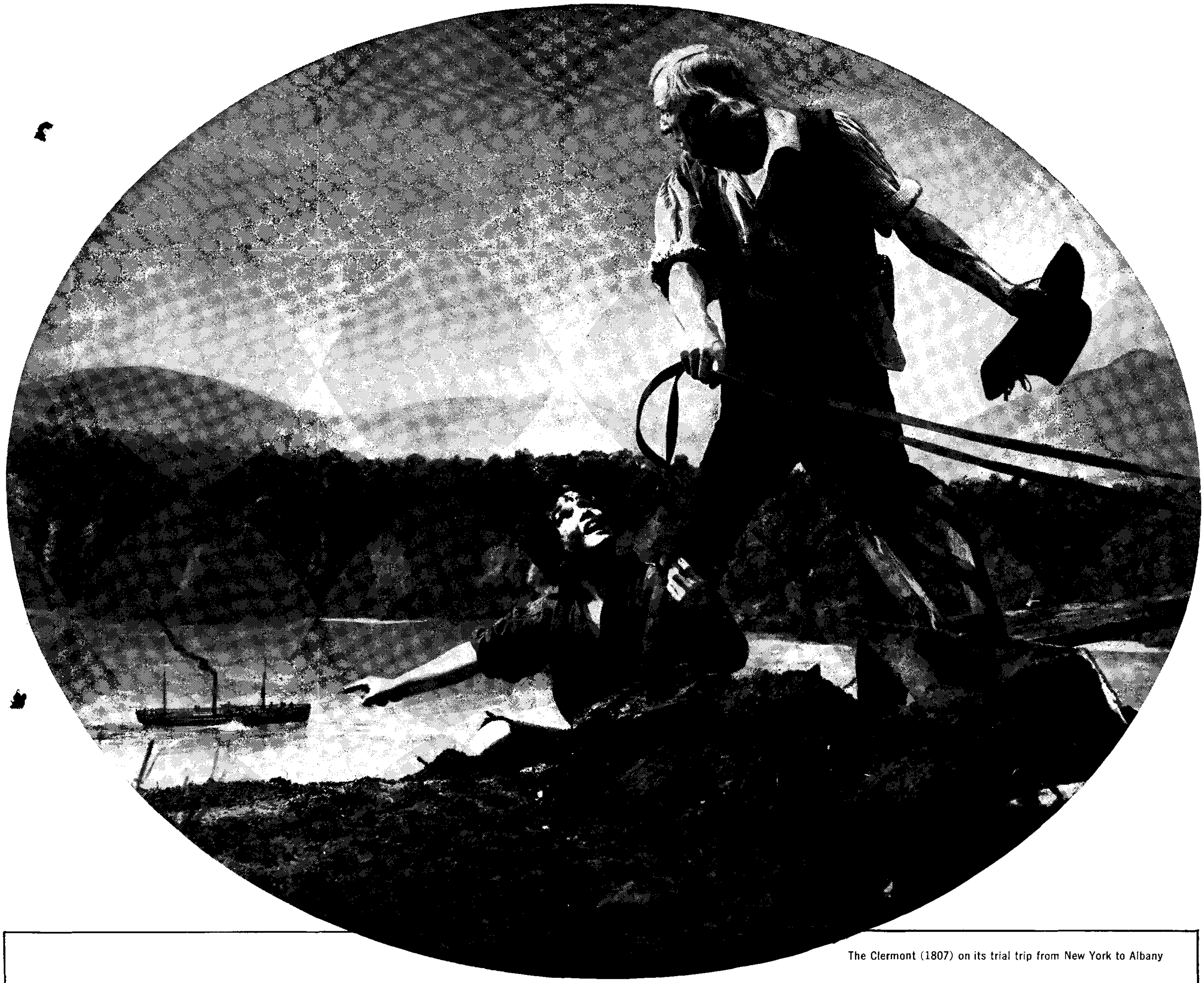
For Dixie Weaves are smart, porous, all-wool summer suits that let body heat out, entice cooling breezes in, keep you crisply cool on the stickiest days. And because Dixies are all-wool they hold their shape long after the ordinary summer suit has wilted down to a bundle of wrinkles. (Actually, there is no more upkeep cost to this summer suit than there is to a regular-weight suit.)

Resolve now that before another red-hot sun has set you'll be on the *shady side* of summer in a Dixie Weave. See this miracle suit at your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's today. And don't forget—the name is

DIXIE WEAVE

A Small Thing to Look For ... A Big Thing to Find

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



The Clermont (1807) on its trial trip from New York to Albany

The $1,000 that launched 10,000 ships

AT THE eleventh hour, with the trial trip up the Hudson River scheduled, Robert Fulton's invention of the steamboat seemed doomed to failure. His funds were exhausted and even his friends were referring to his achievement as "Fulton's Folly." In desperation he went to John McKesson, who after hours of persuasion, agreed to assist in raising a loan of $1,000. That timely loan made history. Robert Fulton's boat, the "Clermont," performed brilliantly and the steamboat era was inaugurated — the launching of thousands of ships begun.

Money Means More At The Right Time

OF the many thousands of dollars which Robert Fulton earned as the result of his great invention, probably none assumed the importance of that thousand, which came at a time of desperate need.

Because money means so much more when it comes at a critical time, many dependent families find that even a small amount of life insurance, arranged under a John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan, has an importance far beyond its size.

Time to readjust their lives — time that is free from worry about immediate income — time to plan; that's what dependents need most when deprived of the active support of husband and father. The John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan provides this essential time by meeting the special income needs of a critical period.

Our unique booklet, "Two Lives," shows how a typical family in moderate circumstances solved their readjustment problem. It takes but four minutes to read. For your copy write Department C-7, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI Mediterranean
MARTHA GELLHORN Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington

THIS WEEK

JUNE 1, 1940

SHORT STORIES

JOSEPH MARSHALL
The Man Who Nominated a President. A lesson in practical politics, from Joe Hooper, American. Page 9

PRICE DAY and GEORGE BRADSHAW
The Hard Way. Tough producer meets tender actress. Page 12

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Master. One man dies and another man learns. Page 20

DONALD HOUGH
Dudes Are Pretty People. Why girls go west. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Found Money, by John Reid Byers. Page 21

SERIAL STORIES

JOHN AUGUST
Rain Before Seven. The second of ten parts. Suspicious flight. Page 17

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The Secret of the Marshbanks. The eighth of twelve parts. Cherry fights for her own. Page 19

ARTICLES

PETER RHODES
What Happened at Narvik. A vivid eyewitness account. Page 11

W. B. COURTNEY
Out of the World. Your first ride in the stratosphere plane. Page 14

FREDERICK G. LIEB
Strictly Screwball. Writers vs. Players for the daffiness championship. Page 16

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Night-Club Cafeteria. A big night for sixty cents. Page 18

DON REYNOLDS
Black Champion. My Own Brucie, the super-spaniel. Page 24

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS

Keep the Screws on Japan.
Give—but Wisely.
The Home Office. Page 82

COVER ROBERT O. REID

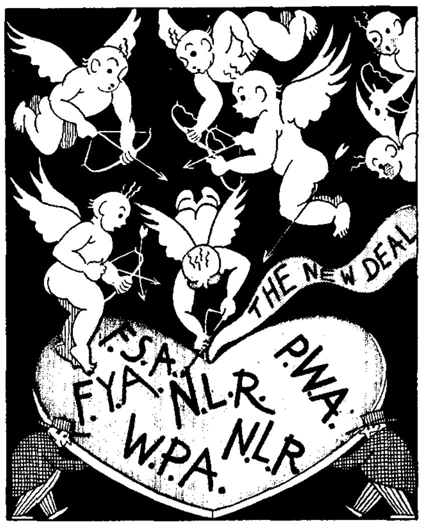
ANY WEEK

LARGE numbers of you scarcely waited for England's Mr. Duff-Cooper to close his eloquent mouth before lighting into him via us. We had nothing to do with Mr. Duff-Cooper's gory decision that the German people will have to be annihilated. And yet we think you're not giving the gentleman due credit. Actually he's done you a service, a service you should be grateful for. He has told you, for example, just what you'll be fighting for if you let yourself be coaxed into Europe's war—the complete subjugation of the German people. Personally we don't think this can be done unless, of course, we slaughter all of them (in the name of Democracy) and occupy their land (in the name of Civilization). And they may have a rather strong prejudice against such a solution of the world's troubles. So there's no use writing tough letters to us demanding that we speak sternly to Mr. Duff-Cooper because we're rather grateful to him now that we know what would be expected of us. Anyway we're up to our ears in local problems such as selecting a President from the valiant array of aspirants, all of whom know exactly how to keep us out of war, balance the budget, abolish unemployment, reduce taxes, enrich the farmers, make industry happy and silence the Duff-Coopers. We have but to close our eyes and choose any one of these magicians. And having done that the rest of the world will, if they have any sense, lay down their arms and pattern themselves after us. Let us hear more from Mr. Duff-Cooper and less from those who don't appreciate the service he has done us.

OUR mail always fetches a variety of solicitations to contribute to various causes and people. We are asked to donate to Bundles for Britons, Packages for Poles, Food for France, Freedom for Finns. We get letters requesting Aid for Asia and Pennies for Pickets. However, a friend of ours got one this morning with the envelope rubber-stamped China Calling. It was from Mr. Sam Young Wing—a simple note telling us that "Your laundry little late this week sorry."

WE SPENT an hour or so recently with Mr. Thomas Edmund Dewey, the New York racket wrecker. As we've always been on the side of law and order he had no trouble at all in convincing us that criminals deserve no sympathy. And yet we've found ourselves wavering. Some time before, we had been in the Federal Building in Indianapolis inquiring into the unusual case of three young men who had been caught by the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue sweating whisky out of empty barrels which they'd bought from bottling plants. They had merely stacked the innocent-looking barrels around red-hot stoves and caught the drip. When apprehended they had salvaged sixteen gallons. We rather warmed up to one of the young desperadoes. When asked why he had embarked upon this whisky-sweating career he replied: "Well, sir, it was that or relief and I think the government is under enough expense as it is."

WE EXPECT soon to write rather primly to a Virginia lady who would like to sell us a piece which she describes as The Sex Life of the New Deal. She tells us that it—the sex life—is "largely economic," a disappointing note. However, she proposes to enliven it—the article—with sexsome facts "which will explain many hitherto misunderstood activities within our government departments and bureaus." She assures us that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of sex in government and that some of her findings "have astonished the experts." Her final paragraph increases our impatience to see her story: "To tell the truth, my investigations started out purely personal. Suddenly I realized what I had. You will be surprised to know the part sex plays in a purely subjective way in the affairs of the Works Progress Administration, the Federal Youth Administration, the National Labor Relations Board and the Federal Security Administration."


THE NEW DEAL
F.S.A.
P.W.A.
F.Y.A.
N.L.R.
W.P.A.
N.L.R

WE DOUBT though whether the lady's investigations will throw any light on a sign seen by Mr. Loftus Greenlee of Tulsa, Oklahoma, as he was driving down through Missouri. "It was a right tough-looking, one-story, frame establishment," reports Mr. Greenlee. "Outside, several spectacular bums were sunning themselves. Over their heads hung the sign: Ye Olde Rumme Shoppe."

ON LOOKING over our roster of far-flung associate editors, Mr. Joe Coppash of Winnipeg, Canada, wants to know why we don't have one there. There isn't a day, scarcely a minute in fact, that sensations aren't raging in Winnipeg. And virtually nothing said about them, which to Mr. Coppash is too bad. For example, Mr. Coppash started out to a party for a young lady who was just about to be twenty-one years old, to inherit $800 and pick a husband from four candidates of whom Mr. Coppash was one. Mr. Coppash says that he got into two fights, with rivals, on his way to the lady's house and was arrested once but immediately released when he explained the importance of the occasion. There were three fights at the house, a police raid and a fire in the cellar. And at the height of the merrymaking, someone discovered that the young lady wasn't among those present. Investigation revealed that she had fallen off her bicycle on her way home from work and was in the hospital. "Things like this happen every night up here," writes Mr. Coppash. "The hell with all that guff from Europe."

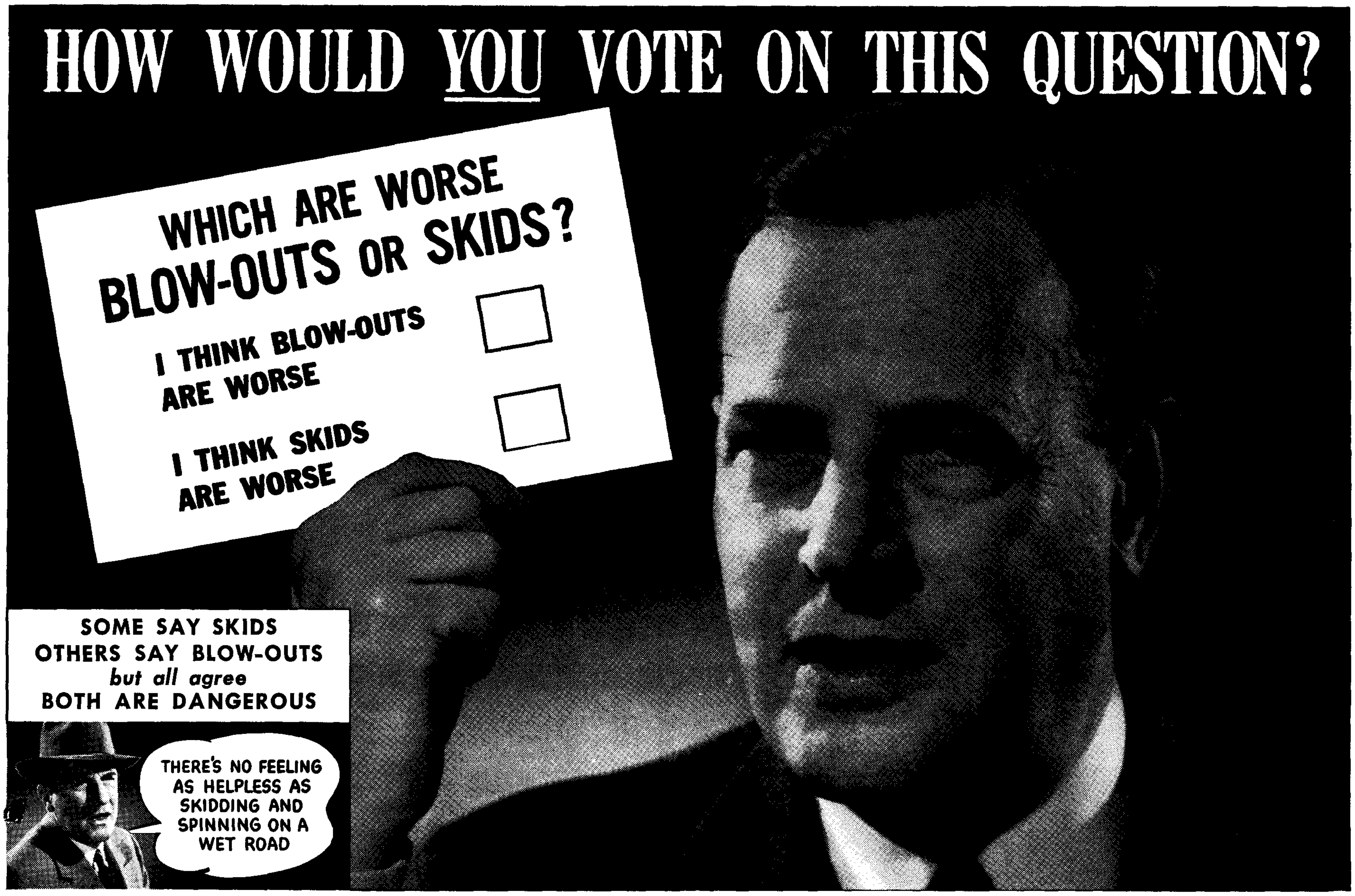
NEVERTHELESS we shall continue to have our more brilliant associates in advantageous posts in Europe reporting from time to time upon the suicidal activities of that forlorn continent. A few of our readers will not receive that information calmly. Mrs. Josephine D. Grummiere of Duluth, Minnesota, wishes us to "lead the way in ignoring war and war news." She thinks that if the neutral nations shut their ears and eyes to what the belligerents are doing, the latter would soon quit for the want of an audience. Of course Norway wouldn't agree with Mrs. Grummiere, nor would Finland. Nevertheless if you're so inclined you may join her in her daily denials. It will do no harm. Thrice each day, Mrs Grummiere devotes ten minutes to repeating: "There is no war."

AND just to celebrate Memorial Day, Mrs. Rosa W. Janes of New Albany, Indiana, sends us an editorial that appeared in Collier's exactly ten years ago. Therein we saw what we were certain were "solid grounds for believing that war has been outlawed!" We were never sorrier for an error.

A PRACTICAL note and we're done. It comes from Mr. W. William Feeley of Hartford, Connecticut, who warns us that he's pretty tired of blasts from and about Young Republicans, Young Democrats, Young Communists and other junior political persuasions. Mr. Feeley says that his father was a rous-tabout politician for many years and had very definite opinions about young candidates, young rousers and the politically immature in general. "My old man always said," says Mr. Feeley, "that in politics no man was any good unless he'd been kicked in the head a couple of times as a pup."

THEY sound kicked. W. D.

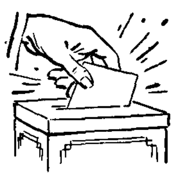
Vol. 105, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.


HOW WOULD YOU VOTE ON THIS QUESTION?
WHICH ARE WORSE BLOW-OUTS OR SKIDS?
I THINK BLOW-OUTS ARE WORSE ☐
I THINK SKIDS ARE WORSE ☐
SOME SAY SKIDS OTHERS SAY BLOW-OUTS *but all agree* BOTH ARE DANGEROUS
THERE'S NO FEELING AS HELPLESS AS SKIDDING AND SPINNING ON A WET ROAD

A BLOW-OUT CAN JERK THE STEERING-WHEEL RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HANDS

New Goodrich Tire Protects You Against *Both* Skids and Blow-outs!

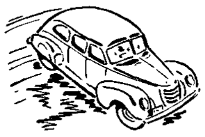
READING TIME: 1 MINUTE 7 SECONDS



Well, which *are* worse? Skids or blow-outs? That's one argument that can go on till doomsday—with just one thing certain. When you look at the accident reports—when you question thousands of motorists as we have done—it's all too plain that BOTH are dangerous.

After all is said and done, isn't it important to get the extra protection of this new Goodrich Silvertown now? Because it gives you every great life-saving tire feature you can name.

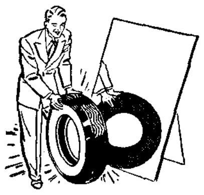
★ ★ ★



Who'd ever think you could build a tire tread that would sweep wet roads dry? Yet that's what Goodrich did in this new Silvertown. The fact is the Life-Saver Tread with its "windshield wiper" action sweeps wet roads so dry you can actually light a match on its track. And that, in a nutshell, is why this new Silvertown will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before!

Don't forget, Silvertowns have an additional safety invention in the famous heat-resisting Golden Ply. By resisting internal, blowout-causing heat, Silvertowns give you maximum protection against high-speed blow-outs.

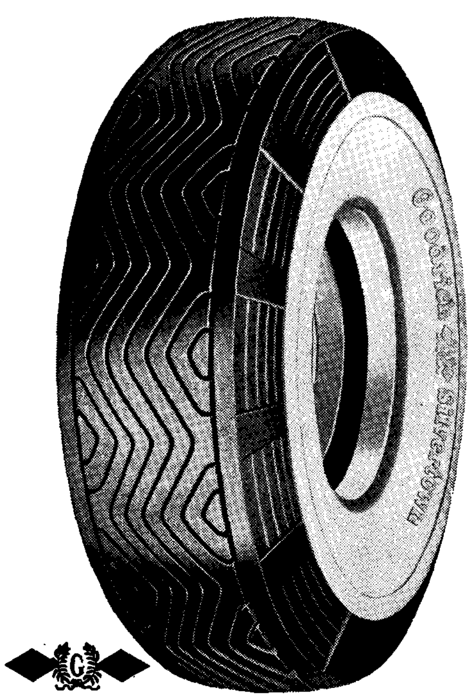
Remember, for greater protection against skids and blowouts get Silvertowns *today.* You can pay cash, of course; but, if you prefer, take advantage of the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers. Which means that you, too, can be "safer on Silvertowns"—and pay as you ride.



And here's the newest note in motoring—the *Reversible* Silvertown! One sidewall is white—the other one black. When the white sides become too curb-marked, this tire can be reversed to show fresh, gleaming black sidewalls.

★ ★ ★

ONLY 10¢ for a miniature reproduction of your own license plate on a key chain! Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.

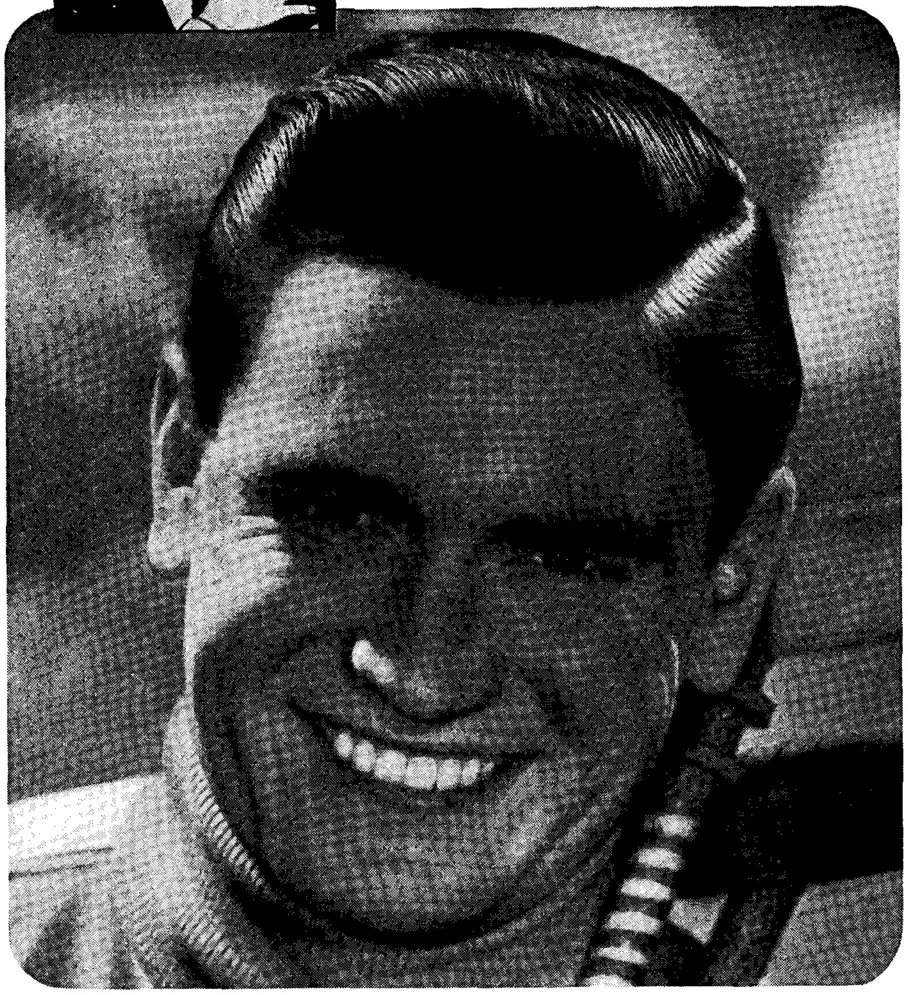

Goodrich Safety Silvertown

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

Distress signal!

Dandruff flakes on coat? Then your scalp may be losing its natural oils . . . a condition you should check at once by using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly.



Relieve DRY SCALP and have good-looking hair

IF you revel in outdoor sports, sunshine, showers and frequent shampoos . . . then you'd better be on your guard against Dry Scalp! This condition . . . so common among active people . . . is frequently accompanied by itching, loose dandruff, brittle, lifeless, hard-to-manage hair . . . and excess *falling hair!*

Fight Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . it is made especially to combat this condition. This *different* hair tonic contains positively no drying ingredients, but instead actually *supplements* and helps *protect* the necessary oils present in normal and healthy scalps. Begin using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . and watch how quickly it makes your hair lustrous, well-groomed and "alive-looking"!

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
40c and 70c

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

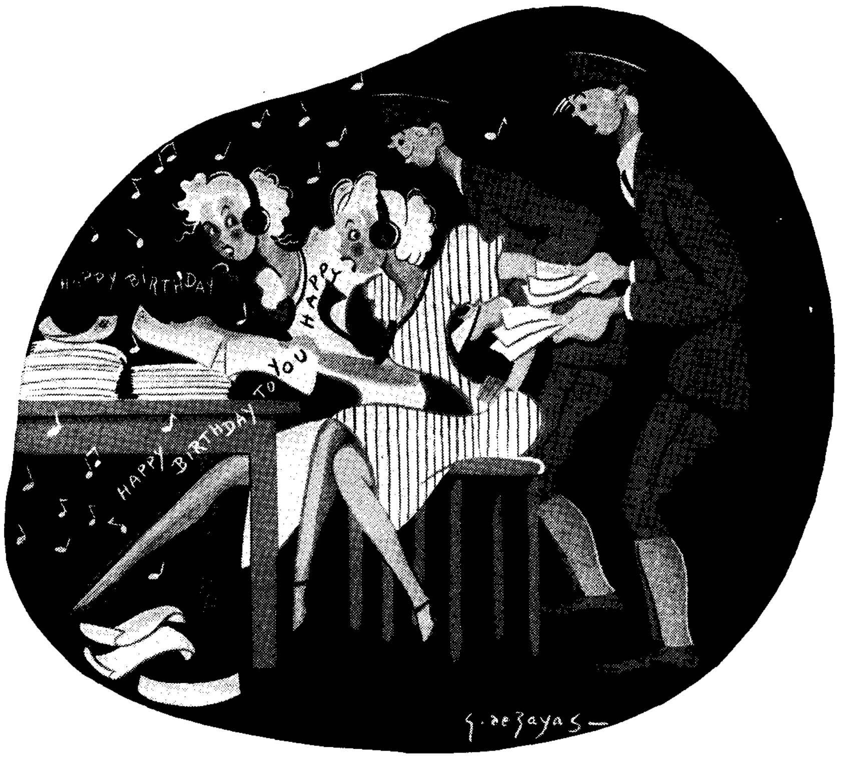
EVERY MORNING—shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK—before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In New York City alone, the singing of birthday and other greetings over the telephone by telegraph girls has grown to such an extent that as many as fifty operators have sung 9,000 of these "singograms" in a single day.

With a population of 118,000, Iceland has no unemployment, poverty, police, prison, deficit, army, navy or fortification.

"*Amen*" is one of the most widely used words in the world, being employed by one billion Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. — *By Ralph B. Wattley, New York, New York.*

Through a special dispensation issued many years ago, Roman Catholics in the military and naval services of the United States are not required to forgo meat on days of abstinence. — *By George M. Coan, Escanaba, Michigan.*

Ninety per cent of all history books have been written about Europe, which has never contained more than thirty per cent of the world's population. — *By J. W. Smith, Marion, Ohio.*

Cholera develops more rapidly than any other germ disease. Persons have been known to die from it within one hour after feeling its first symptoms.

During hibernation, the dormouse, a small rodent resembling a squirrel, sinks into such a deep sleep that it must be aroused gradually or it will die. Even when shaken violently, it cannot be awakened in less than twenty minutes.

Under a federal statute, an American is not permitted to renounce his rights and liabilities of citizenship and become a citizen of another country when the United States is at war.

The U. S. Immigration Border Patrol, which guards more than 5,500 miles of our northern and southern boundaries, has apprehended, in a single year, as many as 33,000 persons who were attempting to enter the country illegally.

For the past six years, the leading cause of death in the United States Navy has been motor-vehicle accidents.—*By Dr. P. K. Telford, Los Angeles, California.*

The sixteen baseball teams in the American and National leagues use, in an average season, approximately 105,000 balls, which cost about $130,000.

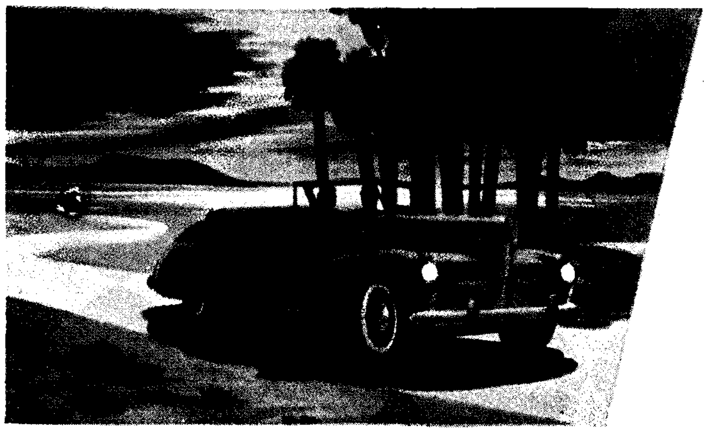
St. Pierre and Miquelon, islands off the southern coast of Newfoundland, have an unusual history. They were French in 1660, British in 1702, French in 1763, British in 1778, French again in 1783, British in 1793, French in 1802, British in 1803 and French again in 1814, since which time possession has not changed.

The four hundred monks who live in the Konkaling Monastery in the Konka Risumgongba Mountains of Tibet frequently replenish their larders and relieve their monotonous periods of prayer by holding up caravans and looting peaceful villages.

In the world of astronomy, the new year falls on the vernal equinox, or about March 21st, which is the first of the two days in the calendar year when the sun's center crosses the equator and day and night are of equal length everywhere.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or *unusual fact accepted for this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

But-You Oughta Have Some Fun!



SILENT AS A SHOOTING STAR—new 99 H. P. Nash with exclusive Manifold-Sealed engine beat all others in its class in the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run with 23.76 miles per gallon. Has Sealed Beam lights to guide you safely on your way. 2000 dealers everywhere are ready to serve you. See yours today!

ENJOY EVERY WEEK-END this summer with your Nash Convertible Bed. Lets you drive where you like, when you like ...saves you time, spares expense. Get started on your fun in a 1940 Nash—*today!*

ALRIGHT—you've got a car that's good enough to haul around the family. And when it wears out, you can get a new one like it—

Just a minute, though—*are you having any fun?*

Get in a Nash and you'll know what we mean. But, get in quick—for a Nash Manifold-Sealed engine offers something so new in power that it almost sizzles!

Away you go—from 5 to 35 zipping miles an hour. Then a click—and without a whisper from the engine, you're *Fourth Speeding* along at a speedway pace. It's a *new* gear—new range of performance—with an Automatic Overtake that sends you scampering up the hill ahead.

Up and over the top . . . then down a wooded lane . . . snaking around sharp turns . . . "gunning" over riddled stretches of macadam . . . you swing along, amazed to find you're not clenching the wheel, not steeling yourself—for the bumps that never arrive.

Even the *air* is different . . . kept dustless in summer—warm in winter—by Weather Eye conditioning. (Something you never saw happen in a car before!)

What matters that the signpost says you're far from home. You can sleep tonight in a Nash Convertible Bed . . . or come home in the dusk, like a phantom thing possessed, with the moonlight glistening on the eager hood ahead . . .

This is adventure. This is life . . . this is the fun you've been missing!

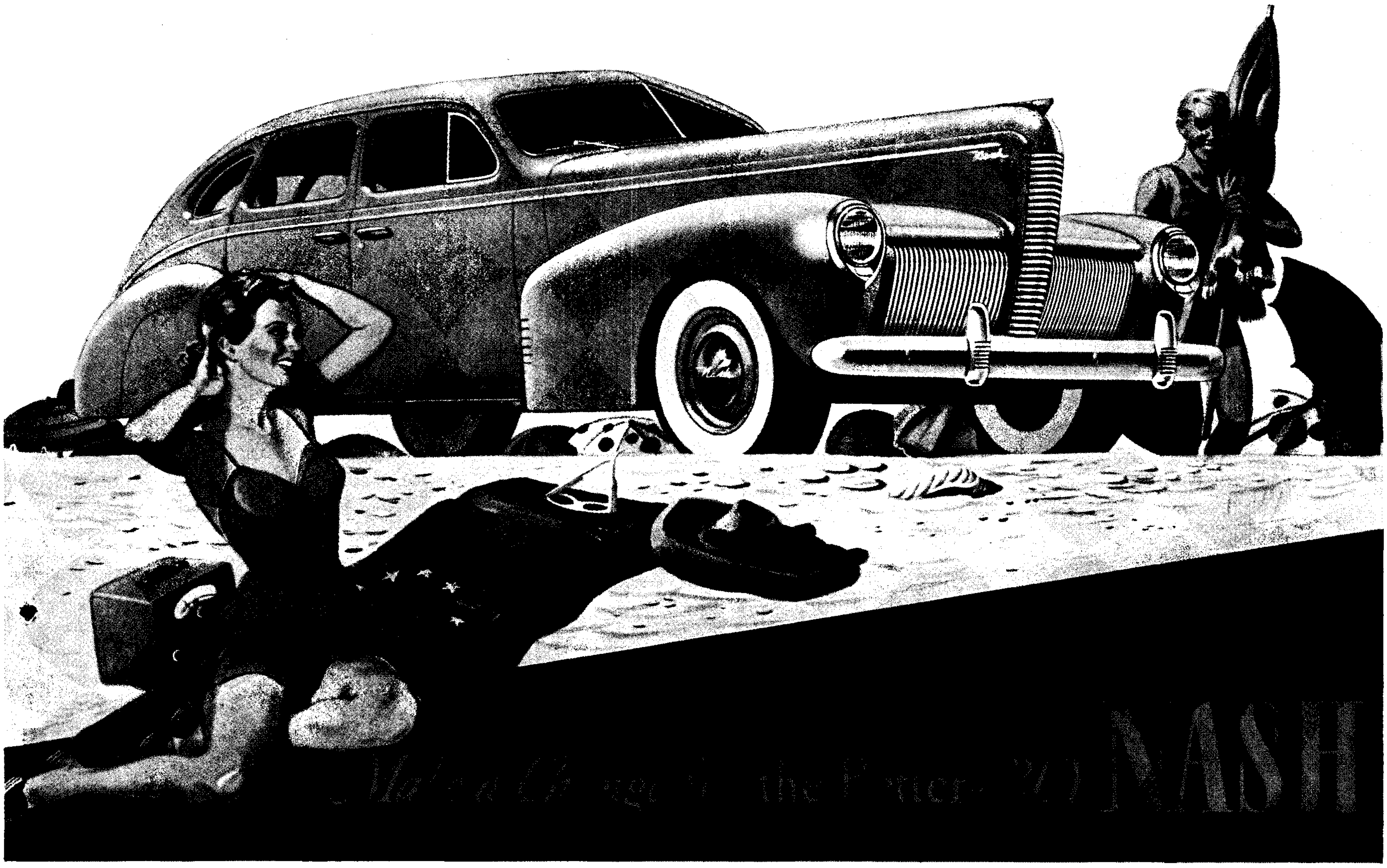
• • •

Yes—a Nash does cost a bit more than the usual "All Three" cars.

But it's a small difference in dollars that vanishes from your mind immediately.

It's a difference in quality, though, that stands out in every point . . . a 7-bearing crankshaft instead of the usual 3 or 4 . . . a double frame chassis, 300 to 400 pounds more weight than the small cars—for safety and long life. Features that save you money now, and bring more on resale value later.

Come on—your best million miles are *still* ahead! You belong in a Nash *today!*


Make a Change to the Finer '40
NASH

"GIVE MY BEST TO THE FOLKS"

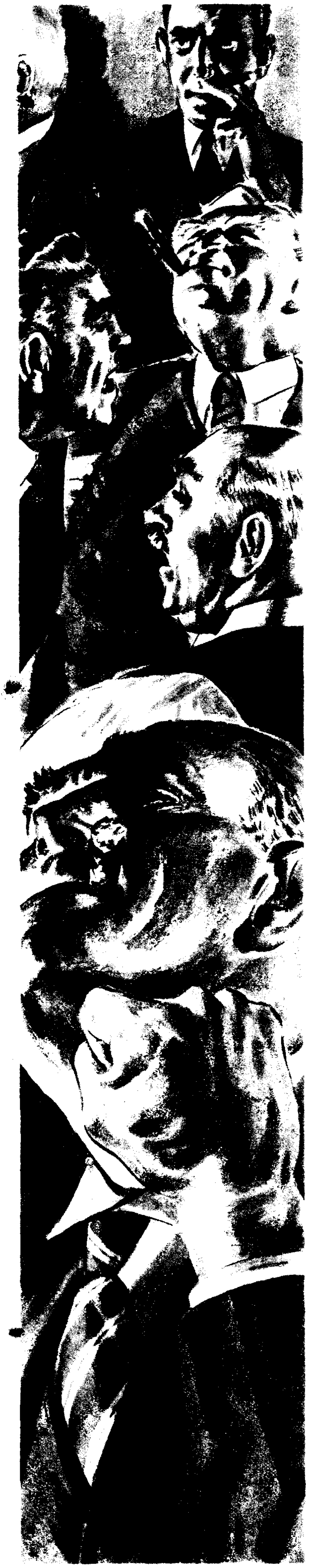
"Hope to be seeing you soon." . . . "Gee, it's swell to hear your voice." . . . "We're all well here."

No great words of business or state are these—just the homey, every-day conversations that are America. The thoughts and hopes and remembrances that bind families and friends together. The flow of understanding that helps to make this a united nation.

Always the Bell System stands ready to help . . . to do its part quickly, cheaply, courteously, in the manner of a friend.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Collier's The National Weekly for June 1, 1940



The Man Who Nominated a President

By Joseph Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

GEORGE, I want to ask your advice about a little thing that has come up. Jack Sylvester is after me to tell my convention experiences to the next meeting of the Rotary. Well, George, I would naturally love to tell them the whole story, but I been thinking about it ever since I come back and I have come to the opinion that if I was to tell this story around, people would think it was the same kind of story like old Pete Holcombe's story of how he was the only one that got away from Custer's last stand. Which, of course, it isn't. You have known me since I was knee-high to a foxhound and you know I am not a liar. But the question is, how will other people feel about it?

Well, George, to be frank with you, when our delegation checked in at the Hyview Hotel I was beginning to feel sorry I had come. In the first place, this was the first time I had ever left Ed completely in charge of the store and I began to worry if he could manage all by himself. And then I did not get much sleep on the train, as there was a half-dozen poker games going and quite a lot of celebration. And also I began to feel kind of useless. I had expected the delegation would discuss issues and candidates and so forth; but whenever I broached the subject to someone they would say: "Oh, the senator will take care of that." So I began to feel like I was only a stooge for the senator and it didn't seem like it was worth the expense and trouble.

AFTER we got our rooms, I left my bag and I decided I would go down and send a telegram to Ed to remember about the water pump for Jim Bender. When I come to the elevators I found the senator and Long John waiting there and I got to talking with them. They got off at the eleventh floor, which was the Benjamin headquarters, and I went with them unconsciouslike. There was a mob of senators and congressmen and national committeemen and delegates there but after a while we got to Benjamin and shook hands with him and the senator began to talk to him and pretty soon Benjamin took us to one of the rooms where they could talk private. Well, I started to go in with them but Long John whispered to me.

"Joe," he said, "we got to have a chance to talk to him a while without interruptions and I wish you would kind of stand guard here and see that nobody breaks in on us."

So I said: "Why, sure, I will do that." I leaned up against the wall and looked like I was just watching the activity. Along about fifteen minutes later a girl come along with a pile of papers in her hand and she said to me:

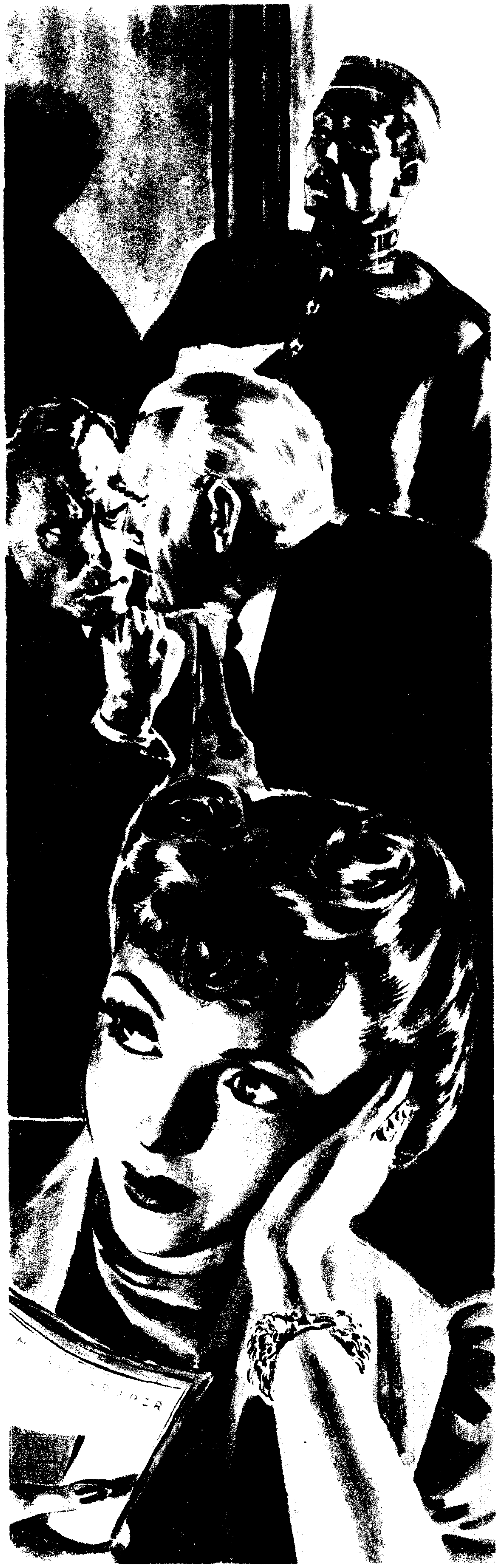
"Have you seen the general?"

"What general?" I said to her.

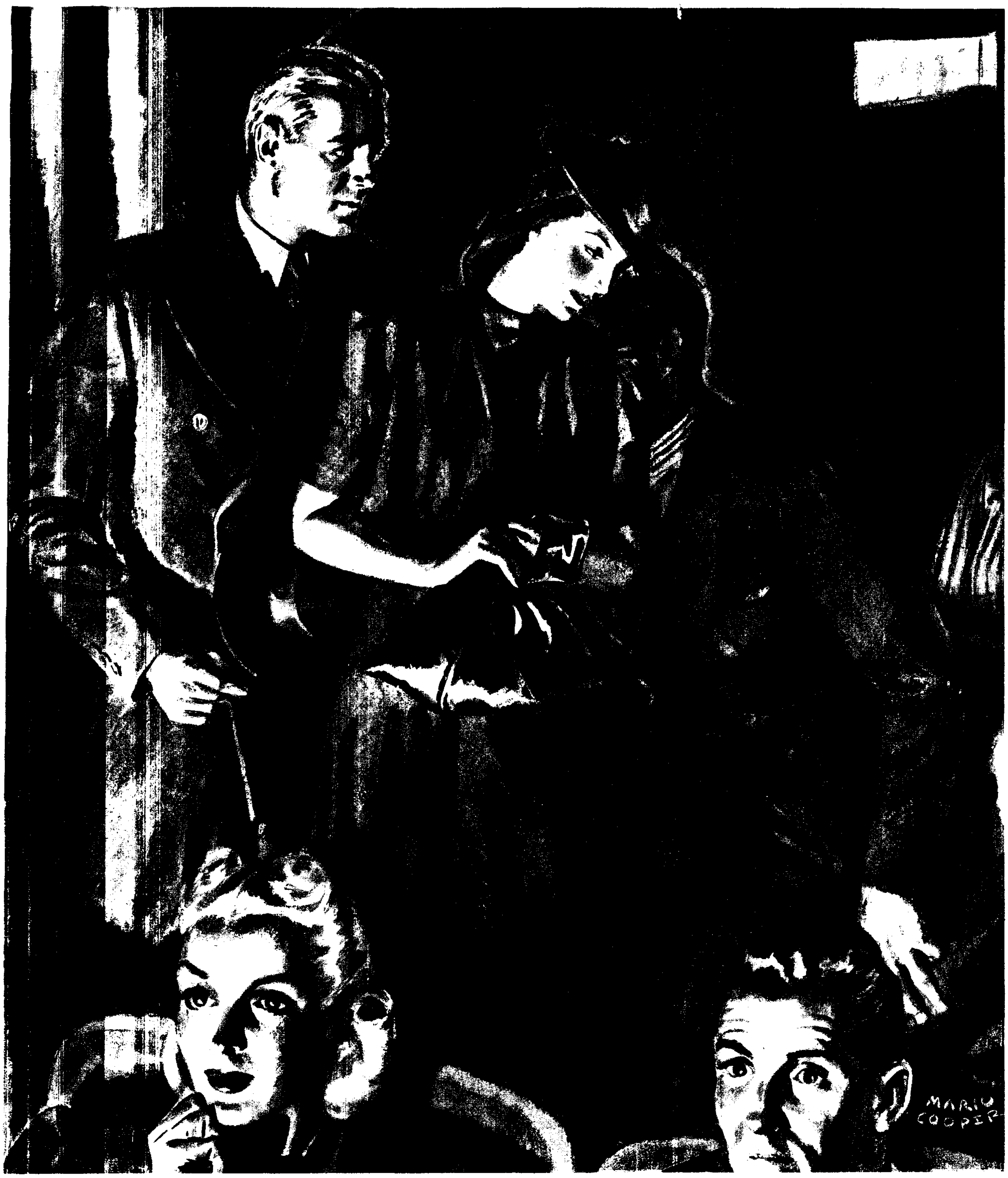
And she said: "Why, General Benjamin."

So I said: "I didn't know he was a general. What of?"

She said: "Well, he isn't really a general. Just the attorney general, and in our state whenever anyone is



Feelings are certainly running pretty high and for a while it looked like a real free-for-all



The next night I persuaded her to go to a midnight show after the nominating speeches were over

the attorney general they call him general."

She was a very good-looking girl, George. Not one of these young snips. I would've judged her at about twenty-five and she had a very graceful way about her that showed you she had been around and knew what to do in different situations. Well, you know, George, I am not any lady-killer and women do not go to my head very fast; if they did I would've been hooked years ago because, after all, a feller doesn't stay a bachelor at thirty-five if he plays with fire, as they say. But Gertrude—that was her name, I found out later: Gertrude Benjamin. She was General Benjamin's niece—kind of appealed to me right off.

"Well, that is a nice custom, all right," I said.

But right then the general and the senator and Long John come out of the room and we went away.

You know how it is at a convention, George. I mean you talk to someone once and you feel like you are old friends. So a couple hours later when I was going down in the elevator to get some lunch and the elevator stopped at the eleventh floor and she got in, why I nodded to her and I said:

"Well, looking for the general again?"

She smiled at me and she said: "I'll bet you knew where he was all the time."

"Sure," I said, "but I didn't want to lie to you."

"I guess you're not a politician then," she said.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I'm not. I'm a businessman. But how did you know?"

"Oh," she said, "if you were a politician you wouldn't worry so about lying."

WE HAD a little laugh at that. By that time we come to the main floor and when we got out we both started for the Fountain Room. So that gave me an idea.

"I'm not so dumb either," I said. "I'll bet you're going to have lunch."

"My goodness," she said, and I sure did like the way her nose wrinkled as she laughed. "How did you know?"

"Well," I said to her, "it's one o'clock and, anyhow, the only place this corridor leads to is the billiard room and the Fountain Room and you do not look like a pool shark to me."

We laughed at that and then I said: "Anyhow, since we're here together, maybe you'll have lunch with me?"

"With pleasure," she said.

We got us a table near a window where we could look out over the drive and we ordered and then she said to me:

"I suppose you're a delegate."

"Well, kind of a spare tire of a delegate," I said. "The real delegate got appendicitis at the last minute, so Long John Gowdy, our national committeeman, and Hank Crowder, the boss of our neck of the pastures, persuaded me to come. I think it was because I could pay my own expenses, although some of my friends figure that I would be so flattered I would stop horning into local politics."

"Oh," she said, "you're one of those businessmen who want to know why the boys do this this way and don't do that that way."

"Well," I said, "I guess so. One time at Rotary I made a speech and I said, 'Boys, we cannot be half ostrich and half howling coyote because there ain't no such animal. If we do not take part in politics we have not got any business howling if the politicians do not give us what we want or give us what we do not want.' So the boys elected me chairman of the civic committee."

Gertrude laughed and said:

"I'll tell that to Uncle Jim. He'll probably put it in a campaign speech."

The first course come then and we started to eat. Then Gertrude said:

"How is your delegation going to vote—for Uncle Jim, I hope."

"Well," I said, "we are pledged to our Senator Kramer and I guess we'll vote for him until he releases us and after that I do not know."

"But he hasn't got a chance."

"THAT'S the way I figure, too," I said. "But the way I get it is, the senator is figuring there might be a deadlock between your uncle and Senator Hyder, and in that case the idea is they will push our Senator Kramer as a compromise to suit both the liberals and the conservatives. Maybe he is right, too; from what I have seen, feelings are certainly running pretty high and for a while it looked like a real free-for-all might get started. Personally, I feel that the best ticket for the party and the country would be Hyder for President and your Uncle Jim Benjamin for Vice-President."

"Oh, Uncle Jim wouldn't ever stand for that. Not since that time Hyder called him the Young Lochinvar from the West in Tin Armor," she said.

I was going to say, "Just the same, it's what the rank and file of the delegates and the country would like," but I saw it wouldn't be diplomatic. So I switched off on some other tack. Anyhow, not to make this too long, George, I sure did enjoy that lunch with her. I did not mean to tell you a love story, George, so I will pass by the next couple of days. I will only say that I kind of got the habit of going down to the eleventh floor and saying a few words to Gertrude now and then. Also, the next night I took her to dinner in the Green Room and we even danced a little. And the next night I persuaded her to go to a midnight show after the nominating speeches were over.

There wasn't an awful lot to do there, George, for an ordinary run-of-the-mill delegate like me, especially one that wasn't a politician. So it was a pleasure to find someone to kid along with. And—oh, well, I might as well be frank with you, George. By the third day or so I was in love with Gertrude and that was all there was to it. And by that time I did not give a damn that nobody paid any attention to me; what I was worrying about was how I could ask Gertrude to marry me and if she would when I did ask her.

In this meantime, of course, the convention had got on the way and late the third night they had started balloting. You know how it went. But maybe you don't realize how hard the feelings were. Whereas, the first day or so everybody was shaking hands, by the third ballot there was plenty that was shaking fists and there was even talk of taking walks. Anyhow, the end of the third ballot, if you remember, the vote stood something like this: Hyder 464, Benjamin 375, Andrews 188, Bellows 101, and our delegation was still holding for Senator Kramer with its 13 votes. And they adjourned until next noon.

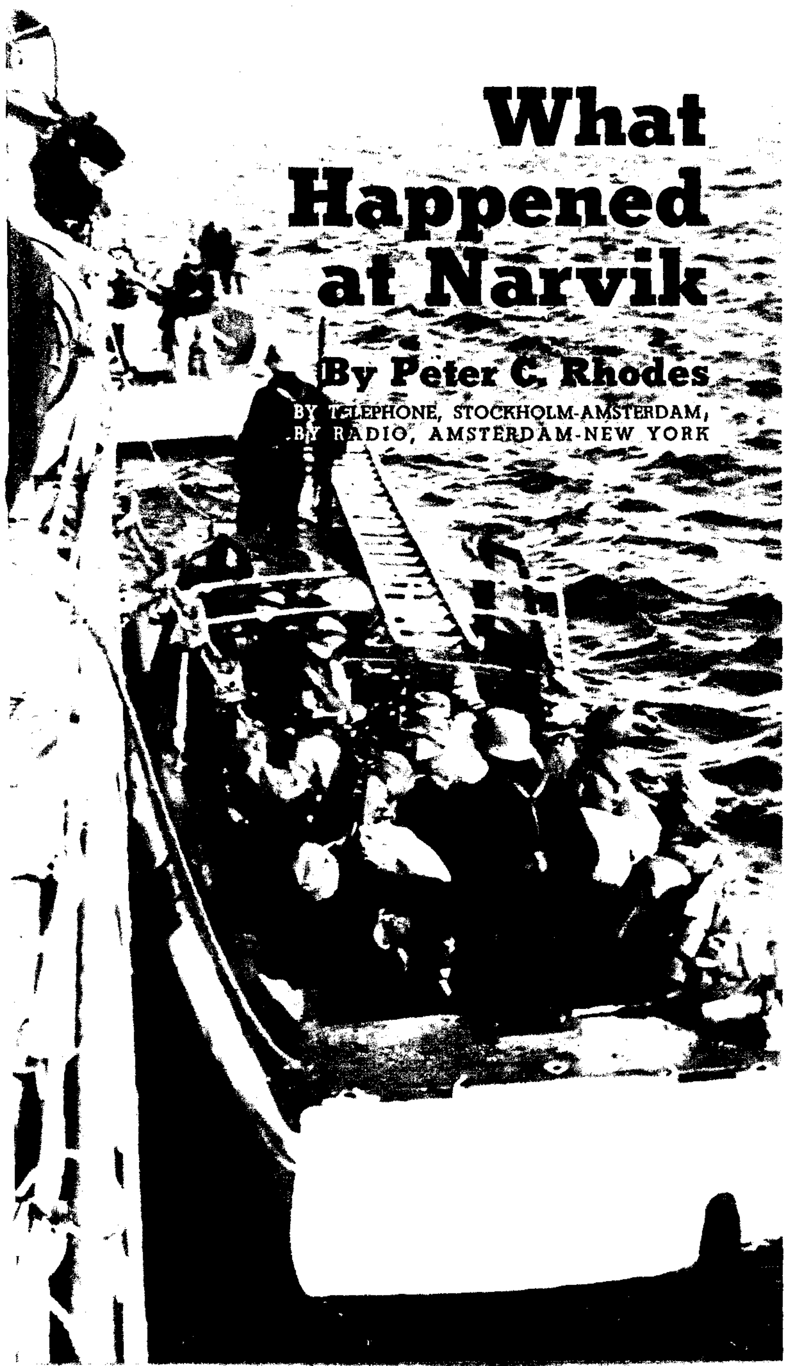
Well, it was 2 A. M. in the morning then and, of course, as soon as the convention adjourned, all sides went to work behind the scenes, as the saying goes. Personally, I looked for Gertrude but couldn't find her around. Then I went

(Continued on page 76)

What Happened at Narvik

By Peter C. Rhodes

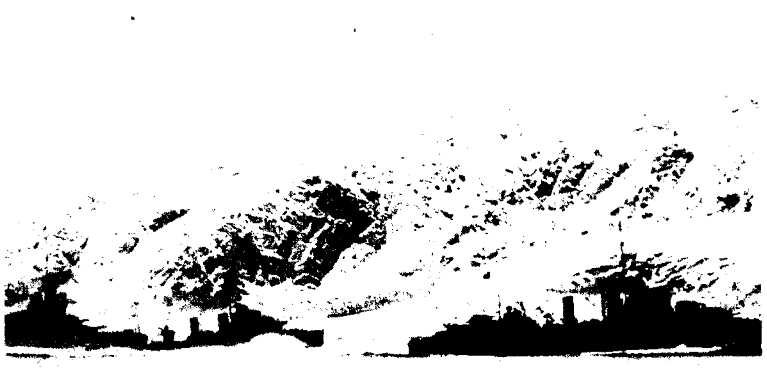
BY TELEPHONE, STOCKHOLM-AMSTERDAM,
BY RADIO, AMSTERDAM-NEW YORK



PHOTOGRAPHS WIDE WORLD

**rbly equipped German troops, here disembarking from one of
wo destroyers that raced in under the silent guns of the fort, cap-
l Narvik. Picture from a German film captured by the British.
w it is one of the German supply ships aground in the harbor**

**w, British destroyers lead the battleship Warspite into the har-
o hammer its broadsides into the port and the German fleet**



Here, in a vivid eyewitness account, is the complete story of the first land-and-sea battle of the war: the fight for Narvik

NARVIK, Norway, is the European version of Juneau, Alaska. Like Juneau, it lies at the base of a deepwater fjord cutting into towering, barren coastal mountains in a frozen arctic region. The warm Gulf Stream makes it an ice-free port even in the semidarkness of the winter months, when the aurora borealis is seen as frequently as the sun.

Narvik was spared earlier entry into the war only because of the sudden termination of the Russo-Finnish conflict in early March. Even in the first week of April her shaky wooden merchandise quay was still piled high with munitions, trucks, airplane parts and gasoline for Finland. When the Scandinavian countries sensed the imminent war danger and began informally to execute the necessary technical steps of a northern defense alliance, which they were never able to conclude. Sweden announced she was financing the construction of a new, modernly equipped quay in Narvik to be completed by autumn this year. If Germany intended to prevent Sweden from receiving the large supplies she had ordered from America, Narvik must be closed.

I sat in Narvik during the final acts of this drama.

On Monday, April 8th, after the morning's radio broadcast announcing that the British were mining Norwegian waters, we knew Narvik had been put on the spot for good. The fat, puffing harbor master, Niels Nielson, summarized the situation for us. The old sea dog, who had captained his ship four years during the last World War through the submarine-infested North Sea, carrying contraband to England, had to that moment been pro-Allied. Now, sweating and pacing his narrow office, he roared, "I never thought they would do such a thing. It's a damn' fool trick. Norway's fate is sealed, for the Germans will not delay their revenge."

Everyone in town felt the same way. Crowds stood beside the harbor all day long watching the ships, and the wildest rumors ran nervously through town. While everyone feared Germany might soon try to attack southern Norway, everyone was sure the British would be first in Narvik. They admired the apparent coolness of the German captains who continued normally loading their ships.

Narvik Prepares—for Anything

By 7 P. M. the British had not come and most people got tired waiting for them and went home. Only a few observers noted the trim gray 11-thousand-ton German whaling ship Jan Wellem slipping quietly into port. She flew a flag denoting she was in government service. She picked her way through the crowded harbor and anchored directly in front of two Norwegian coastal battleships, the Norge and Eidsvold. Whereas other ships swung with the wind on a single anchor, the Jan Wellem stood broadside to the battleships and anchored fore and aft, effectively hampering any attempt to get out of the harbor quickly in case of emergency.

In the spring dusk Narvik had a still, tense air. Every ship in the harbor had steam up. From the Norwegian warships two long trails of black smoke rose straight up toward the 700-meter snow-blanketed crest of Falgerness Mountain, dominating the harbor. But the warships didn't move, although two Norwegian submarines and one coastal-patrol vessel, the Senja, equipped with one cannon, had been sent out to patrol the entrance to Ofot Fjord earlier in the day—the Senja later reported sinking one German destroyer the morning of the German attack on Narvik and escaping in the snowstorm.

At 8 P. M. a Dutch iron-ore steamer came in to await instructions on how to pass the British mine fields down the coast. After 11 P. M. two more German ore ships, riding high out of water as if empty, entered the harbor. In the darkness three German ships placed themselves side by side in the narrow entrance to the harbor.

At 1 A. M. Tuesday, when I paid a visit to the port, a blinding blizzard had begun and most of the ships were invisible from the shore. A careful count of ships from a harbor launch revealed two Norwegian battleships, nine German, six British, four Norwegian, four Swedish and one Dutch iron-ore and merchant ships, ranging from 1,000 to 6,000 tons. Alongside the rickety wooden merchandise docks stood three smaller-ton freighters, making a total of 29 ships in the harbor. Each British ship was armed with 4.7-inch guns, antiaircraft cannon and one machine gun.

The hotel was depressing on Monday evening. At 10 P. M. the radio announced the issue of the German fleet from the Skagerrak, the sinking of troop transports, naval engagements between Germans and British along the coast and rumors of attacks on outlying Oslo Fjord. These reports left the crowded room in stunned silence. Moreover, telephonic communications abroad were cut. Everyone disappeared quickly to his room. We were surprised when the officers too went, not taking the slightest precautions about reinforcing their guards, advising the warships to get out into the fjord where they could maneuver or discussing how the defense of the town could be organized. The arrival of the Jan Wellem convinced me something queer was happening. At 3 A. M. I went to bed convinced I would be awakened strangely. I was.

Germany Makes Her Move

Narvik experienced its first brief battle at 4:58 A. M. In ten minutes the shelling ceased, in fifteen the first German patrol reached the strategic center of town and in forty minutes every position in town was in German hands. The attack was ruthless, efficient, successful.

Only two destroyers took Narvik. They raced in under cover of a blizzard cutting visibility to a mile, firing point-blank on the anchored Norwegian warships in the harbor. Narvik Fort, lying on Framsnes Point guarding the entrance to the harbor, never fired a shot. A member of the garrison with whom I later spoke told me, almost weeping, "We had the range on the attacking destroyers and phoned Colonel Sundlo. He said, 'Don't fire until you are ordered to.' We repeated our request three times and got the same answer. By that time the destroyers were in the harbor and we could do nothing."

The shells crashed over the Norwegian warships, the men manned their posts and the ships began firing back. The Eidsvold almost reached the outside fjord, plowing through the anchored merchantmen, when a destroyer swept alongside, torpedo tubes swung and the Eidsvold shuddered once with five torpedoes embedded in her flank. The battleship Norge never had time to cut her moorings. Some mysterious torpedoes sank her as she lay moored but firing. Under the brow of a sheer mountain cliff she sank in thirty meters of water, her men trapped in engine rooms and gun turrets. Of the total of 562 men aboard both vessels the Germans fished 70 from the Norge and ten from the Eidsvold out of the icy bay.

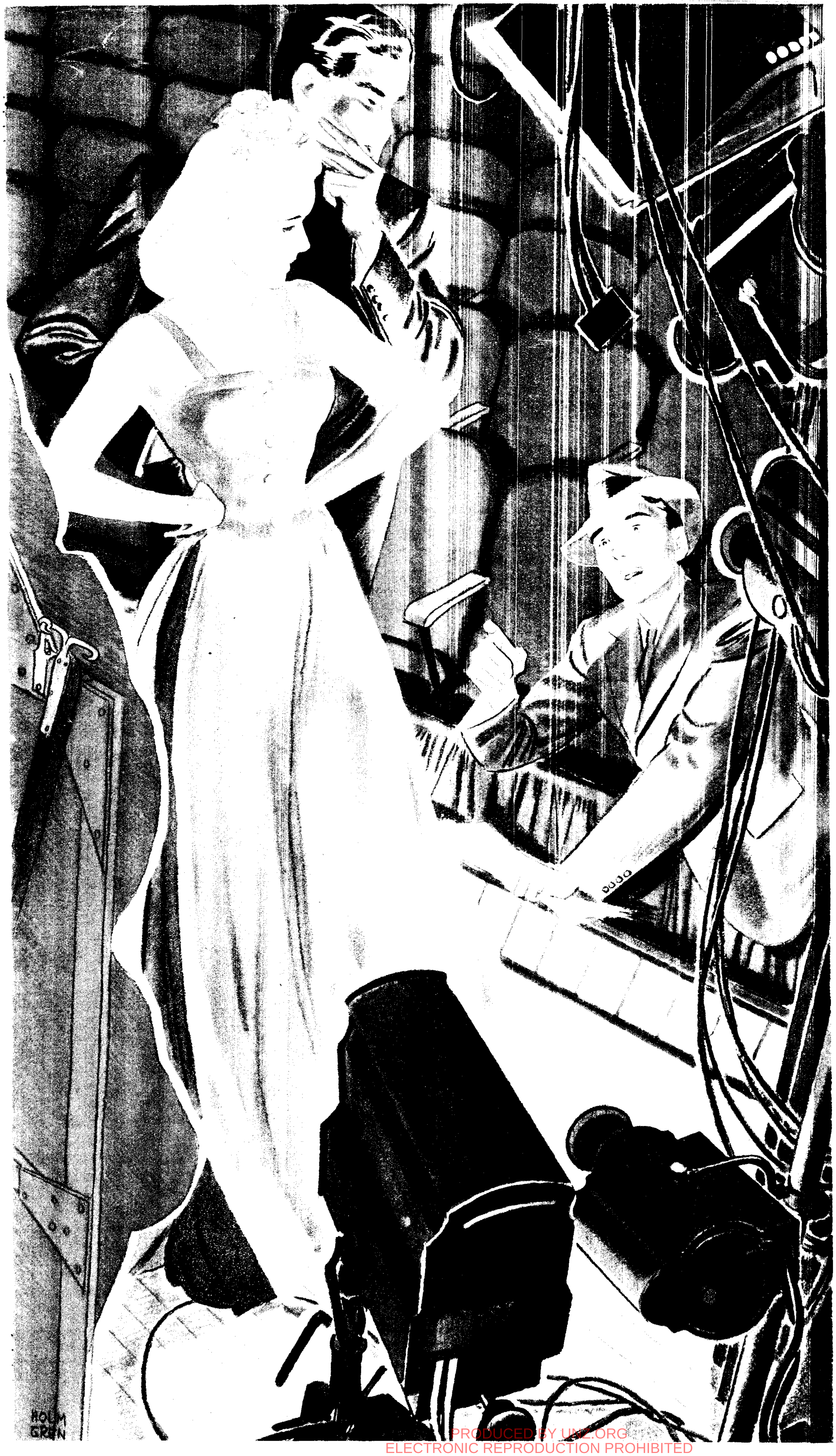
The merchantmen paid dearly too.

The German ore ship Altoona, at the entrance to the harbor, tried to ram a destroyer but had her stern blown away and was driven ashore blazing. One Britisher standing in the middle of the harbor opened fire as a destroyer swept past. Spinning around, the destroyer lashed a torpedo and the Britisher sank. Another Britisher unloading coal opened fire at point-blank range. The destroyer instantly retaliated with one torpedo, and the ship dropped like a stone alongside the coal dock. Hundreds of bodies and bits of wreckage floated about the harbor as the Jan Wellem—Narvik's Trojan horse—disgorged a thousand men hidden in her hold and poured them into the town with potato-masher grenades swinging at their belts and submachine guns and automatic rifles at the ready.

Treachery and surprise were so complete that a handful of Norwegian soldiers deployed in the central square were outnumbered by the original German landing platoon and came in without a shot after a brief parley. By a clever ruse a hundred Norwegian soldiers and officers—a small part of a force the Norwegian government had sent overnight from the near-by military base of Elvergaards Moen to occupy Narvik and who were just beaten to the center of the town by the Germans—managed to slip through the German lines and get on the railroad. They fought a rear-guard action to good defense positions in the mountains. Otherwise the Germans would have been complete masters of the railroad to the Swedish frontier within two hours and could have begun their planned overland attack toward Tromsoe immediately.

While the landing party from the Jan Wellem helped two destroyers

(Continued on page 74)



THE HARD WAY

By Price Day and George Bradshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Hick Baldwin had the reputation of being the toughest producer on Broadway. Here's the curious effect it had on Miss Mary Sheyne

"NO," I said, and I was beginning to get tired of saying it.

By now Mary had got up out of the big chair and was walking around the room. She made the circuit, stopped and smiled.

"But, Hick, if you could give me a reason why not—"

I sighed.

"All right," I said. "I'll give you a reason: your own opinion to the contrary, baby, you're *not* good enough."

I watched her carefully to see how she'd take *that*. She's beautiful, I thought, looking at the soft, yellow hair, tied up off the nape of her neck like a little girl's, because of the heat; the expressive hands; the wide-spaced eyes; the mobile mouth.

She took it without flinching.

"I'm Mary Sheyne," she said—and I'll admit that for a moment the way she said it, simply, matter-of-factly, without false modesty or false pride, almost made me think she might be right, she might be ready.

For a moment only.

I said: "Sure. You're Mary Sheyne, Mary Sheyne, from across the tracks in Pittsburgh."

Without speaking, without moving her hands, with only the slightest possible tightening of her body and tilting of her head, she managed to put across the specific idea that she would like nothing better than to cut me up into one hundred and sixty-five individual pounds of flesh. It was another sort of thing she did very well.

There were plenty of things she did very well. Mary Sheyne was a good actress, and—thanks partly, I liked to think, to the astute manner in which she had been handled by her producer—getting better all the time, rounding out her talent, growing. Already big, if the fifty-four capacity weeks of We Want the Moon the season before meant anything, and going to be bigger.

But Shakespeare—

Not yet, I thought, not yet. Five more years, maybe six years—but not yet.

"Honey," I said, "relax, and forget the Bard for a while, and sit down just as if you were a nice girl, and let's talk about your next production." I waved a hand toward a table where, in a bright green

I'd become so wrapped up in her as an actress, as someone to be trained and molded, that I didn't have sense enough to see what went on

agent's cover, lay the script of a play called The Camel's Eye, a play *I liked* a good deal, a tough, rowdy comedy—just the thing, I thought, for Mary at this point in her career. That script had been one of the two reasons for my coming, on this hot Sunday afternoon in July, out to the little place she had taken at Sands Point for the summer. The other reason—well, the other reason was personal.

She didn't move. "So it's still no?" she said.

"For the hundredth time, it's no."

She brought her hands together, the fingers clasped.

"Please," she said very softly. "Please, Hick, please. . . ."

I lighted a cigarette.

"No," I said.

"Oh, Hick."

"No." I held the cigarette in front of my nose, looking at it. "Just for the record, though, why don't you let me in on a secret? This bee in your bonnet—what put it there?"

"Nothing put it there. It's just that"—she pursed her lips—"Oh, Hick, I want to expand. Sort of—oh, sort of as something I owe to myself. Can't you understand? *Can't* you understand?"

"You're expanding fast enough," I said.

She looked straight at me. "Frankly, Hick, I don't think so."

"And I do."

She started walking around again. At the far end of the room she turned.

"Please."

I jumped up and grabbed my hat.

"No," I yelled. "For the ten millionth and last time, no! And now, if you'll pull a rope or clap your hands twice or whatever you do around this place to get somebody to drive me to the station—"

She smiled, oh, so gently. "You'll have to wait half an hour at the station, darling."

"All right then, I'll wait!" I pointed a forefinger at her, like a district attorney in a picture. "And you listen to me, Mary Sheyne, the sooner you get these girlish whims out of that pretty head of yours—"

GOING back to the city on that train, it seemed to me that I had reason enough to be sore. Who was it, I said to myself, that lifted Mary Sheyne practically out of the gutter in the first place? Who taught her to act? Who taught her to wear clothes? Who took western Pennsylvania out of her voice? Who ate coffee and doughnuts all one winter so she could live in an apartment on Central Park? Who got her out of jail that time in Chicago? Who tossed away what ended up as the biggest smash of the decade, just because it didn't have a part in it for her? Who had spent the best years of his youth fighting directors for her, and browbeating writers, and standing off creditors, and insulting hairdressers, and firing maids, and heckling dressmakers, and mollifying electricians, and bribing stage managers, and buying drinks for photographers until at the age of thirty-three he looked thirty-three if he looked a day? Who? Who?

Nobody, I said to myself, but you. Nobody but Hickson Baldwin, in person. And what thanks do I get? She tells me I don't know my business!

That was part of the way I felt.

The other part—well, even producers are people, even producers have hearts.

Looking back, the chances seemed pretty good that I'd been in love with Mary for years, from the beginning; but I'd become so used to working with her, so wrapped up in her as an actress, as somebody to be trained and molded and taken care of, that I didn't have sense enough to know what went on. Till one night toward the end of the run of We Want the Moon—

Nothing in particular happened that night. I was out front, watching, and she made her first entrance—and there without warning, hard as hell and right between the eyes, it was: this moment was the moment I'd been waiting for all my life. For once, watching her go through a scene, I didn't know whether she was doing it well or not, and I didn't care. I just stared, breathing, I'm sure, hard enough to be heard in the balcony.

It was such a revolutionary turn of affairs, such a new twist, that for a while I said nothing, and did nothing. I waited.

When We Want the Moon closed, Mary decided to rest for a couple of months, and took the cottage at Sands Point. I'd seen her a few times, of course, out there and in town, but always with people around.

And then this script came into the office, and I read it, and rewrote it in my mind, and decided it was all right, and I phoned her and asked for a day alone with her.

Going out in the morning I'd been very excited, because I did like the script a good deal—and because, too, here for once was a day alone with Mary, a day of leisure and sunshine and quietness. . . .

And that was how things stood when William Shakespeare intervened.

AS TO what had started Mary off on the Shakespeare tangent, I hadn't the slightest idea. Whatever it was, though, I was sure she'd get over it in a hurry. In fact, I thought I knew when, exactly when, she would get over it. She'd get over it the moment she sat down and read the script of The Camel's Eye, which I—not without purpose, even in my dudgeon—had left lying in full view on that table in her cottage.

I went to the office on Monday half expecting that she would already have phoned. She hadn't.

On Tuesday she didn't phone either. She didn't even wire. Well, I told myself, she's writing.

On Wednesday she didn't phone and she didn't wire and there was no letter.

On Thursday, nothing. She was maintaining her pout longer than I'd expected. She had stamina, that girl: nobody had ever been able to accuse her of not having stamina.

On Friday, a blank.

On Saturday . . .

On Saturday a couple of lines in the theater-gossip column in the Times: "The Randolph Tailer office has announced As You Like It, with Mary Sheyne as Rosalind, for fall production."

There was some more—choice of director uncertain, casting for other parts to begin—but that one sentence was all I really saw.

My first reaction was, I suppose, automatic. I grabbed the phone. I yelled:

"Get Mary! And get her quick!"

The seconds went by, one, two. . . . But wait, I thought. Wait. Randy Tailer . . .

Randy Tailer was a guy with four million dollars and a yen for the theater. A year or so earlier he had opened an office on Forty-fourth Street, an office with—according to reports—genuine oil paintings and chairs covered in real pigskin and a carpet you sank into up to your armpits. He had already produced two eighty-thousand-dollar flops, but they said he didn't mind, he hadn't been discouraged in the least.

Yes, indeed. Stagestruck—as stagestruck, every bit, as that little niece of yours, the pretty one. And, to put two and two together, I remember that Randy Tailer had a house and a couple of polo fields at Westbury, and that Westbury and Sands Point aren't very far apart, and that, come to think of it, Mary had once mentioned having been to a party at his place—

I said into the phone: "Skip it."

I put the phone down and sat back in my chair and put my feet on the desk and lit a cigarette.

Hmmm, I thought, hmmm. . . .

Maybe it was just a trick of Mary's to blackmail me into giving her her own way. Maybe not. But, anyway, let her go ahead. Let her lead with her chin. Let her do Rosalind, and then, when the magnificent structure Randy Tailer was sure to build came tumbling, tumbling down . . .

•

I SAW Mary—I guess it was a week later—having lunch at the Algonquin. I saw her as I was standing at the entrance to the Rose Room waiting for a table. She and Randy Tailer were sitting at a table over to the left, talking at each other as fast as they could go. Her back was to me, she had no hat on—how well I knew that hair—and when a waiter started leading me over in their direction Randy saw me, said something to Mary and she turned, looked up at me with a vague, friendly expression on her face.

"Darling," she said, "what are you doing here?"

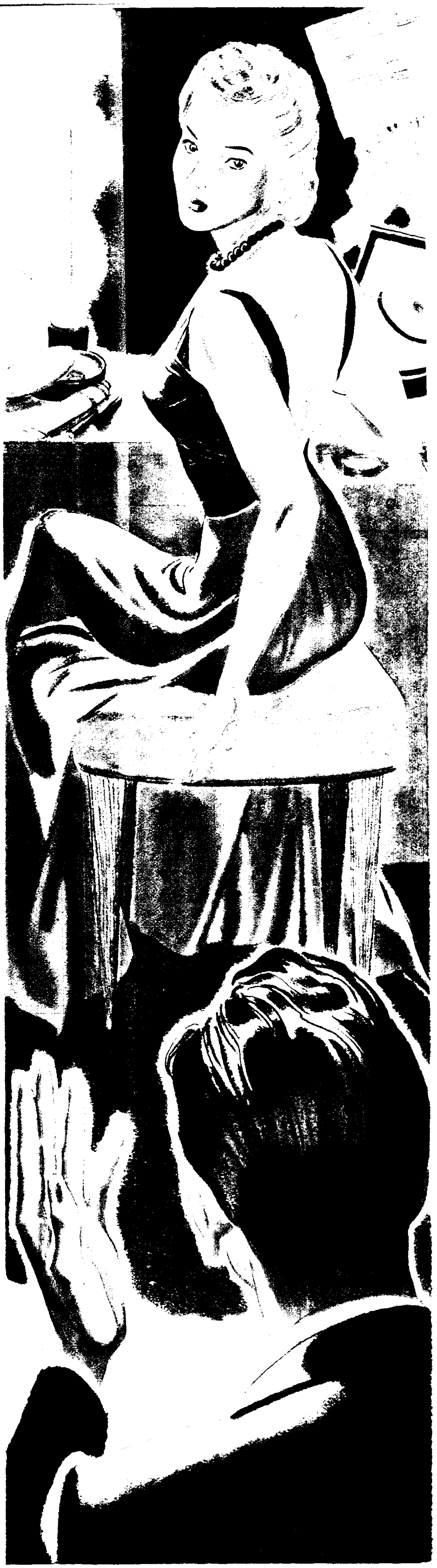
"Having lunch," I said. "So help me."

She made a gesture toward Randy. "You know Randy Tailer, don't you? Hick Baldwin."

I didn't. We shook hands. This was the first time I had ever seen the gent up close. He was tall, nearer forty than thirty, and he had that healthy look you get from being rich and not having to think. And he had those rich man's clothes on that fit like nothing I could buy no matter how much money I had. His manner was very easy, but why not? With four million dollars in the bank, that's no trick.

I said, "How's your show?"

(Continued on page 70)



She turned, still in her third-act dress, with her make-up still on. "I couldn't stay away," I said shakily

OUT OF THE WORLD

By W. B. Courtney

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM J. SUMITS

Out of the hazards of weather and dense earthbound air goes the first Stratoliner to pioneer in the high-speed air lanes three miles above your head

AT SIXTEEN thousand feet your great plane unshoulders the last ribbons of cloud from her shining body. At eighteen thousand feet you fly in a world you never knew before.

It lies around you without dimension, outflung in timelessness and the secret beauty of the sky.

Exultant, yet strangely comforted, you look wide-eyed from this high window and meet the challenge of tomorrow. From the motors comes remotely their rhythmic pledge of strength. Each propeller spins the sunlight into a translucent lens through which your fancy is drawn ahead. The wing tip seems a moving finger, tracing the first line of the pattern of the years to come.

Then, arriving with delayed impact, the flood of pure light frightens you. There is a moment when reason is unendurable, and the evidence of your senses has no more authority than a dream. But you are held at last for reality by your grip on a cushioned armrest, and the quiet voice of a spectacled young man in the next seat offering you a cigarette.

You are in a Stratoliner—the newest wonder of modern everyday travel.

By rare privilege you are the first layman ever to fly in this first airplane ever designed to operate on daily schedules in the unbeaten highways three miles above the earth. Until today only government inspectors and the manufacturer's staff engineers and pilots have enjoyed the experience of *remaining down within the bodily comfort of 8,000 feet while their ship flies to twice that altitude or more.*

That is the mystery of the Stratoliner.

You learn the answers to it during your flight today; for if your body is left at 8,000 feet, your mind is not. Indeed, even the Stratoliner can't match the altitudes to which your head and spirits are uplifted by the deeper vistas of the sky and the prospects of its further conquest by man. It all turns out to be not a wonderful riddle, but merely—progress.

This is a preview flight. This summer, however, any one of you fellow Americans can buy tickets from at least two foremost air lines for a similar experience. Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., and Pan American Airways (familiarly, TWA and PAA to your sons and daughters, if not to you) between them will bring eight Stratoliners to your service.

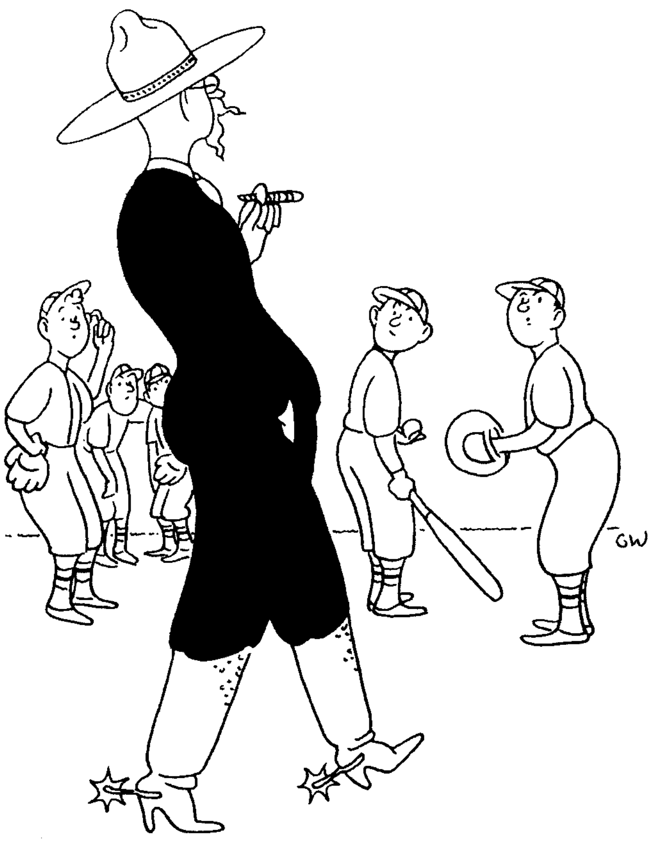
Five ships will join the continental fleet of TWA and cut about two hours from each of the Los Angeles to New York schedules on which they are used. Meanwhile, in June, Rio de Janeiro will be fetched within three days of the United States by PAA's "Flying Cloud" and her sisters, operating southward from Puerto Rico.

It's a Long Step Up

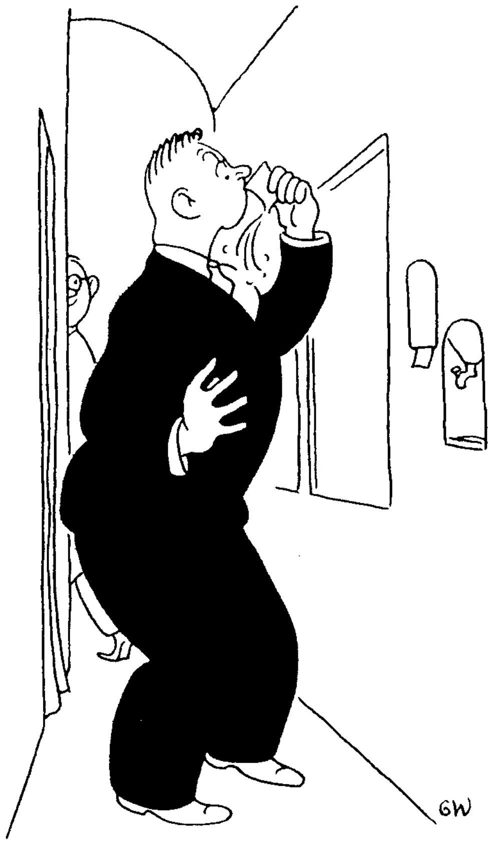
Virtually all the other big air lines, also the major builders of commercial air transports, are considering such "pressure cabin" or "air conditioned" ships in their next plans. It is certain that very soon supercharged air liners will be as standard and commonplace on all our airways—at least, for longer hauls—as steering-wheel gearshift has become for today's motorcars.

With the Stratoliner, therefore, American commercial aviation moves to the "upper level," and there you have the latest catchword in daily air travel.

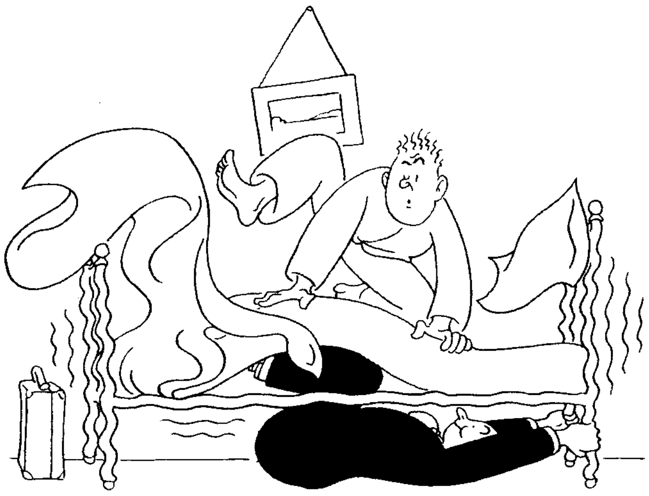
(Continued on page 34)



Harry Neily, Chicago scribe, rode the circuit for years in a Buffalo Bill getup, with spurs



Paper drinking cups that leaked could be traced to Marshall Hunt



Charlie Houston survived an earthquake in Los Angeles—no thanks to friend John Drebinger

Baseball reporters consume a lot of white paper each season telling us how screwy most ballplayers are. Now it's the players' turn to ask them, "Have you ever looked in a mirror?"

Strictly Screwball

By Frederick G. Lieb

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE Cleveland Indians were training in New Orleans and the New York Giants came over from Texas to join them and start the annual spring trek through the wilds of Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee. Henry Edwards, now publicity director of the American League but then a Cleveland baseball writer, felt he should entertain the visiting firemen from New York. He finally decided to take them to the zoo. While four of the nation's leading sports writers were parked on a bench between the monkey houses, a prankish squirrel joined the group and began frisking around Edwards' feet.

"Say, have any of you fellows got a peanut?" asked Henry innocently.

Frankie Graham, New York sports columnist, got up and went painstakingly through the pockets of his trousers and topcoat. Next he reached into his inside coat pocket, pulled out his Baseball Writers' card, a toothbrush, several sheets of creased copy paper and a New York Giants and Cleveland Indians baseball roster.

"Gee, Henry, I'm sorry," he said apologetically, "but I guess the peanut I usually carry is in my other clothes."

The point is that baseball writers have been getting away with murder for years. They have had the effrontery to write about the "screwballs" of baseball. They have made much of Babe Herman and Dizzy Dean, Buck Newsom, Van Lingle Mungo and El Goofy Gomez. As a matter of truth, no ballplayer was ever as wacky as most of the baseball writers.

Last year everybody laughed uproariously at the idea of Mickey Owen of the Cardinals showing up at training camp with a full beard. They didn't know that for years Harry Neily, Chicago scribe, rode the big-league ranges wearing a Buffalo Bill goatee, a wide-brimmed sombrero and riding boots and spurs. When Harry ambled into a ball park, he sounded like Rhett Butler galumphing down Peachtree Street.

The late Bill Phelon, formerly of the Cincinnati chapter, invariably carried a menagerie when he took to the road. A white rat would peep out of his sleeve, his pockets would be full of mice, he would be cherishing a chameleon. Bill kept his mice on strings from up his sleeve and pretended not to be interested when these little fellows scampered among the telegraph instruments and typewriters on the press tables. Once Bill came into the Polo Grounds at New York with a capuchin monkey inside his coat. It practically disrupted the ball game. Phelon's monkey attached itself to the screen in front of the press box and ran up and down the thing wildly, screeching as it capered. No Baron Poffenberger, not even a Bugs Raymond or a Rube Waddell, could have matched Bill Phelon's eccentricities.

Other writers have had their quaint pets—fish, fowl and beast. One season Will Wedge and Marshall Hunt, while visiting Boston with the Yankees, purchased two live flounders, placed them in their bathtub and then went fishing for them. Later Will inherited Jerry "Mysterious" Mitchell as a roommate. All the way back from a Dixie training camp to New York whenever Wedge wanted to take a bath he had to share the tub with Gladys, Jerry's young alligator. Damon Runyon, when he was a gay young blade, chaperoned a baby alligator all through a Yankee barnstorming trip. This one was called Eunice, and Damon gave it more space in his Yankee training stories than he gave to Babe Ruth. Eunice couldn't stand the rigors of Ed Barrow's training schedule and gave up the ghost in a Petersburg, Virginia, bathtub, just before the last overnight jump to New York. Damon grieved as though he had lost an old friend.

There was nothing daffier than the daffy twenties, and the Dodgers of that era led the padded-cell parade. Such zanies as Babe Herman, Dazzy Vance, Lefty Heimach and Pea Ridge Day cavorted on and off the diamond in a manner calculated to drive any manager except placid Uncle Wilbert Robinson into retirement. The writers who accompanied the Dodgers of that day caught the gay, infectious spirit of the athletes. They were a noble group. Sid Mercer, John Drebinger, Tommy Holmes, Max Kase, the late Gunboat Hudson, Quentin Reynolds, Wild Bill McCullogh, Roscoe MacGowan, Garry Schumacher—these were some of that serious-minded band.

A Puzzle for Uncle Robby

Prohibition presented a problem to the boys. A cooling drink was virtually a necessity after spending three hours in a St. Louis or Cincinnati press box with the temperature above a hundred. But the writers couldn't even buy a cold bottle of beer. Gunboat Hudson, maddest and most lovable of all baseball scribes, solved the writers' dilemma. He took up a collection from his colleagues, bought a huge suitcase and stocked it with bottles of gin and cans of fruit juice. Each day after the game the writers would meet in the room of one of them and dispense cold cocktails.

The players became very envious of this daily routine. Now and then one of them would be invited to the afternoon cocktail party. But this increased the overhead, so, finally, the Gunner conceived a bright idea.

"When a pitcher wins a game he can come and have all the drinks he wants," the Gunner pronounced. "Any hitter who breaks up a game can also join us. But no one else can."

An antiquated lefthander who hadn't won a game all season suddenly went on a winning streak. He won four in a row and after each game he was back at the hotel an hour before the writers showed up. He was taking no chances. Uncle Robby couldn't understand what had happened to the guy but was glad enough to have it happen.

No one could place the taint of the Brooklyn Daffiness Boys on Marshall Hunt, who got that way from traveling with the Yankees during the year of Babe Ruth's glory. His newspaper recognized Ruth as the big story of the Yankees, and wherever the Babe went, there went Hunt. If Ruth wanted to do a little preseason reducing and boil a little fat off his stomach at Hot Springs, Hunt would pop up in the next tub. When the Bambino had his famous stomach-ache in the depot at Asheville, North Carolina, and was rushed back to New York, Hunt left thirty-five other Yankees to their own devices and accompanied the stomach-ache back to Manhattan. "Marsh is okay," said Ruth one day, "but some day I hope that little runt misses a train. A guy has to have some privacy."

One of Hunt's diversions was to snip off the corners of the paper cups in the cabinet next to the water cooler and then carefully return them to the slot; another was to glue together the tops of other cups in the adjoining car.

Rooming with Hunt was *(Continued on page 69)*

"When I saw the lights I thought in time that someone might be with you. So I went home"

Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

WAR orders from Europe are pouring into the little town of Wallisport, Massachusetts. And, reflecting the excitement in industry, the social life of the place suddenly becomes very gay.

Heretofore known as a quiet, sedate person, Hope Shaler—brought up by her Aunt Elinor and living with her—amazes her friends by altering her personality overnight and becoming the local No. 1 "glamor girl." Dozens of men dance attendance—among them Gregory Ashburn (an Englishman who may be called home at any moment) and Caleb Thatcher, who, because he had fought with the Loyalists in Spain, is regarded by many as a "Red."

Thatcher is not a revolutionist. A young idealist, he had gone to Spain to "forget" Natalie French, whom he had loved and who had married Mark Gabriel, brother of John Gabriel, head of the Gabriel Machine Tool Company and the most eligible bachelor in Wallisport. Then, when Mark had died, he had returned—only to find that he no longer cared for the fair Natalie. But from time to time, Spanish war buddies visit him. And, shortly after the story opens, Bert Hendricks, once Thatcher's pal in Spain—now employed as a union organizer to watch an election in the Gabriel plant—arrives upon the scene. . . .

Hope has always regarded John Gabriel as a nice, rather stupid businessman. Now, at a yacht-club dance, her feelings toward him alter abruptly and she wonders if she can be in love with him. She promises to meet him at her home, after the dance.

Then she and Caleb Thatcher go for a ride in an outboard motorboat. The wild screeching of sirens and the sudden appearance of a great column of flame on shore send them scurrying to the nearest wharf. But, as they near land, Hope is thrown into the water.

Caleb rescues her, takes her to his home, which happens to be near. Then, after Hope has taken off her wet clothes and put on some of Caleb's things, she goes home. John is not there. "I imagine he went to the fire," Aunt Elinor remarks. "There was a fire a while ago. At the Gabriel mills."

II

NATALIE GABRIEL sat at a portable typewriter in the library of the Gabriel house and watched John read the five pages which she had just typed for him, which he could trust no one but her to type. One copy of that document would stay in the little safe behind his desk, another would go to a secret bureau in Washington, the third would go to an association of manufacturers that was quite different from what its title made it out to be, and there would be no other copies. His eyes were rimmed with red; he had got no sleep last night but had gone about conferring with firemen, watchmen, policemen, detectives. There had been more of them at the house this morning, then he had called her in and dictated this. He was exhausted but he looked aroused. He looked—formidable.

Natalie had slowly learned that he was formidable. Coming to the big house as the bride of his brilliant younger brother, Mark, she had thought him conventional and more than a little stupid. No one could exaggerate his conventionality, but it had been an outrageous mistake to regard his slow-moving, solid mind as stupid. He was only six years older than she, but the strain of wartime had brought him almost to the brink of middle age. In a way he was a war casualty and she thought swiftly that she was too. War had wrenched her life from its course and brought her to frustration.

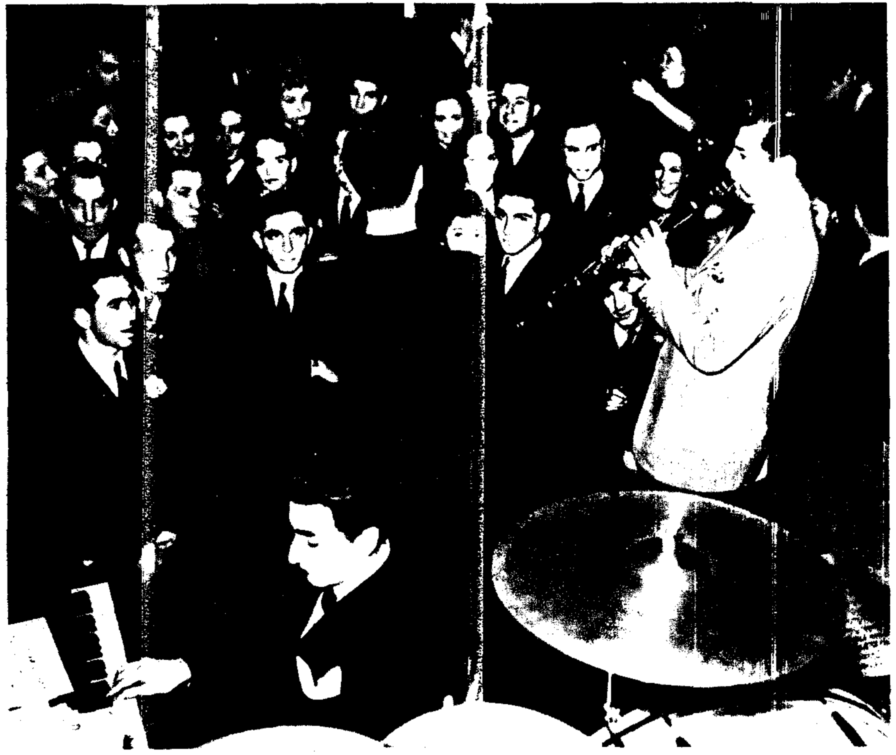
(Continued on page 27)

Night-Club Cafeteria

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

The Fiesta Danceteria on Broadway in New York is the only one of its kind in the world. Help yourself to dinner and dance



Joe Marsala swings it at Broadway's club for the Subway Set, the Fiesta Danceteria. Below, center, is Muriel Klushin, who was elected "Miss Cafeteria Society"

NIGHT clubs in New York are something New Yorkers don't know very much about because the entertainment and the prices of New York night clubs have always been streamlined for the special benefit of out-of-town visitors. A night club to the man in the subway is merely the corral where out-of-town lambs are sheared.

New Yorkers read about the synthetic romances of café society with tolerant contempt. There are only three night clubs in New York that make important money and the owners would be the first to admit that most of their patronage comes from out-of-town visitors or local folk who are showing visiting firemen the town.

An astute Austrian-born gentleman named Richard Decker, who has been in the dance-hall and restaurant business for many, many years, mulled over these self-evident facts for some time. Then he conceived a simple but startling idea. He would open a night club for New Yorkers. People laughed when he sat down to write a check for the rental of an enormous unbeautiful loft right smack on Broadway. They chuckled like anything when he spent $200,000 to decorate the two rooms and they practically fell out of their chairs when he hired Ben Bernie's band to open his place and announced that the charge (including food) would be sixty cents per person.

Any place with music that serves food is a night club in New York. He served the best music in the country and he served excellent food too. But the customers had to wait on themselves in cafeteria style, which was all right with the customers because that eliminated the tipping of waiters. Decker called his place the Fiesta Danceteria, and today the place that Broadway laughed at grosses the tidy sum of $30,000 each week, a good percentage of which is clear profit to the astute Mr. Decker and his associates. It is a night club for New Yorkers, and the man in the subway and his gal are having a lot of fun there these nights. Mr. Decker is just as interesting as is his night club. Time out while we tell the story of Mr. Decker.

The story of this extraordinary and so aptly named Danceteria starts a long, long while ago in Budapest, which was then and is at this writing in Hungary. Fourteen-year-old Richard Decker was a bright little lad who would never mind his own business. Nor would he mind his father's business. His father owned a moving-picture theater that had four hundred very nice seats, all of which were practically always empty. It seems as though people didn't have ten cents to spend on moving pictures. Bright little Richard Decker had an idea.

"Pop," he said, "why not take them seats outa there and put in tables. Don't charge people anything but sell beer there. Let them look at the movie for nothing."

After belting his precocious young son on the head with a bowl of goulash for his impudence, Decker père immediately followed his suggestion. He yanked out the big, comfortable seats and put in small tables and small, uncomfortable chairs. He put in a bar and sold beer. Admission was absolutely free and a man could sit there all night with his blond-haired baby, watching Wm. S. Hart annihilate whole tribes of Indians. But he didn't want to look cheap so he'd say, "Hey, blond-haired baby, how about some beer?" So they'd have a couple and the Decker cash register would sing a merry tune. But the war broke out and Decker père never really cashed in on the idea his fourteen-year-old son had so lightly tossed him.

If you are looking for the connection between our brand-new Danceteria in Times Square and a combination beer hall. and picture house in Budapest twenty-five years ago, have patience. As the lawyers say, we are merely laying the foundation. We will connect this with the evidence later on. Sooooo—after the war, Richard Decker, now a big twenty-year-old lad with eager eyes, hied himself to New York. Opportunity dropped him into a dingy Hungarian restaurant where he had the job of chaperoning dirty dishes from dirty tables to a sink. Then he manicured pots and pans and argued with his fellow workers about the state of the world. Meanwhile he learned English and business methods. Soon he owned a restaurant and he put in a small band. Whe[illegible] he became manager of a larger restaurant he persuaded the owner to put in a show.

Night-Club People Are All Alike

Richard Decker was on his way to becoming a showman. Time passed, as it does even on dreary Broadway, and now Decker was managing places like the Empire Ballroom or the Congress Ballroom, which at that time was the largest dance hall in the world, by golly. He was going places but he was not very happy. No matter what kind of place he ran, it was only a copy of another place just like it.

"There were too many dance halls, too many cafeterias," he says now without rancor. "I kept looking for a new idea and I couldn't find one."

In 1935 Decker went on a tour of Europe with the bobs he had saved against a rainy day. He felt that a rainy day was coming on for Europe and he wanted to visit it before the blow fell. Wherever he went he haunted night clubs and restaurants and dance halls and he noticed a funny thing.

"The people were all alike," he says now. "Night-club people in London or Vienna or Budapest or Berlin—or New York—they are all alike. I got to wondering about people and I wondered where the ordinary office worker or middle-class person spent his evening. In, of all places, Berlin, I found out. I found out in a beer garden in Berlin not far from the Spree River near the Reichstag. That is the nicest place I ever saw. It is nothing except a big place where people come to hear music and to eat and drink a little. They could dance if they wanted but most of them just sat there drinking beer, listening to the music and having a little something to eat. They would spend maybe one mark fifty—say thirty-five cents. It was a wonderful place."

At this point I broke down and wept on Mr. Decker's shoulder because once I lived three minutes from that lovely

(Continued on page 48)

The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN she is seven years of age, Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings is placed in a school for underprivileged girls. Knowing almost nothing concerning her childhood, she stays at the school thirteen years. Then Judson Marshbanks, of San Francisco, calls on her. He informs her that old "Emma"—once her mother's nurse—and he are her guardians, and that Emma, now the companion of Mrs. Porteous Porter, a wealthy San Franciscan, wishes her to become Mrs. Porter's secretary.

A few days later, Cherry, comfortably ensconced in Mrs. Porter's beautiful home, is hard at work. From time to time, she sees the judge; and she meets the members of his household—his determined old mother (who snubs Cherry mercilessly); Amelia ("Amy") Marshbanks, spoiled young daughter of the judge's dead brother, Fred; and Fran, the judge's young wife (who uses Cherry so that she and Kelly Coates, an artist, can meet clandestinely, without arousing the judge's suspicions). . . .

Mrs. Porter, an invalid, dies. She leaves Cherry fifteen hundred dollars. Whereupon, Cherry, preparing to enter Stanford, goes to Palo Alto. But before she goes, she learns (in the course of long talks with Emma and the judge) some shocking facts pertaining to her history. Her mother had been Emma's sister, Charlotte. Her father had been Fred Marshbanks—the judge's brother and Amy's father! And her father and her mother had never married!

Wretchedly unhappy, Cherry finds just one person who can comfort her: Kelly Coates. Again and again they meet; and presently Cherry realizes that she loves Kelly. But when he amazes her by suddenly asking her to marry him, she will not listen to him—and though he says that he is no longer interested in Fran, Cherry suspects that he still is. . . .

But the surprise of surprises still awaits her. It comes when Emma informs her that she is not Charlotte Rawlings at all—*she is Amelia Marshbanks!* Cherry, astounded, dazed, listens as Emma tells her the story—how, shortly after Cherry and Amy were born Cherry's mother had switched the two babies! When Emma has told everything, Cherry says quietly: "Who knows, Aunt Emma?" Emma hesitates. Then, "Nobody knows," she says. "In a few weeks, if you like, you can tell the judge. I think he knows something."

VIII

CHERRY sat opposite the judge in his home library some weeks later, and poured forth the story. Cherry had been invited to come in and spend the night with Amy; the judge and Fran were going to Burlingame to a large dinner, and the elder Mrs. Marshbanks was in bed with a touch of neuritis. Amy had wired Cherry that she had two boys—Budge Taylor and Jimmy Macdonald—engaged for dinner and bridge, and needed Cherry, and Cherry, accepting, had privately telephoned the judge, to ask him if she might talk to him a few minutes before he left the house.

It was six o'clock on a November evening; three days before Cherry's twenty-first birthday, and a whole year from the time when the judge had come to Saint Dorothea's to tell her of Emma's plans for her future. She had shared Emma's secret for more than a month now, and knew that it would be safe, as far as Emma was concerned, to confide it to the judge. Emma's identity and location were completely buried; her name had changed; a post card bearing the words, "Leaving tomorrow, always my best wishes, sincerely, E," had assured Cherry of Emma's protection in that direction. But to relieve her own burden of doubt and speculation and uneasiness Cherry had determined to tell the judge what she knew.

Now she told him the whole story.

The judge listened attentively, his face grave. Now and then the fine head, with its silver touches in black hair, was thoughtfully nodded.

"Emma was to be married?" he asked finally.

"Yes, and to go away."

"Who's the man?"

"She didn't tell me. Not what her new name is, or where they are going to live. I think," Cherry, who was rather pale by this time and whose cheeks were wet with tears, added timidly, "that she's been living under the fear that all this would come out, that she would be punished, her sister's name dragged into it and disgraced."

"When will you be twenty-one, Cherry?"

"Next Wednesday."

"You would have known it then, anyway," the man said quietly.

Cherry's color rushed up; she half rose from her seat.

"Then it's true?" she whispered.

"Yes, it's true. Or it *may* be true."

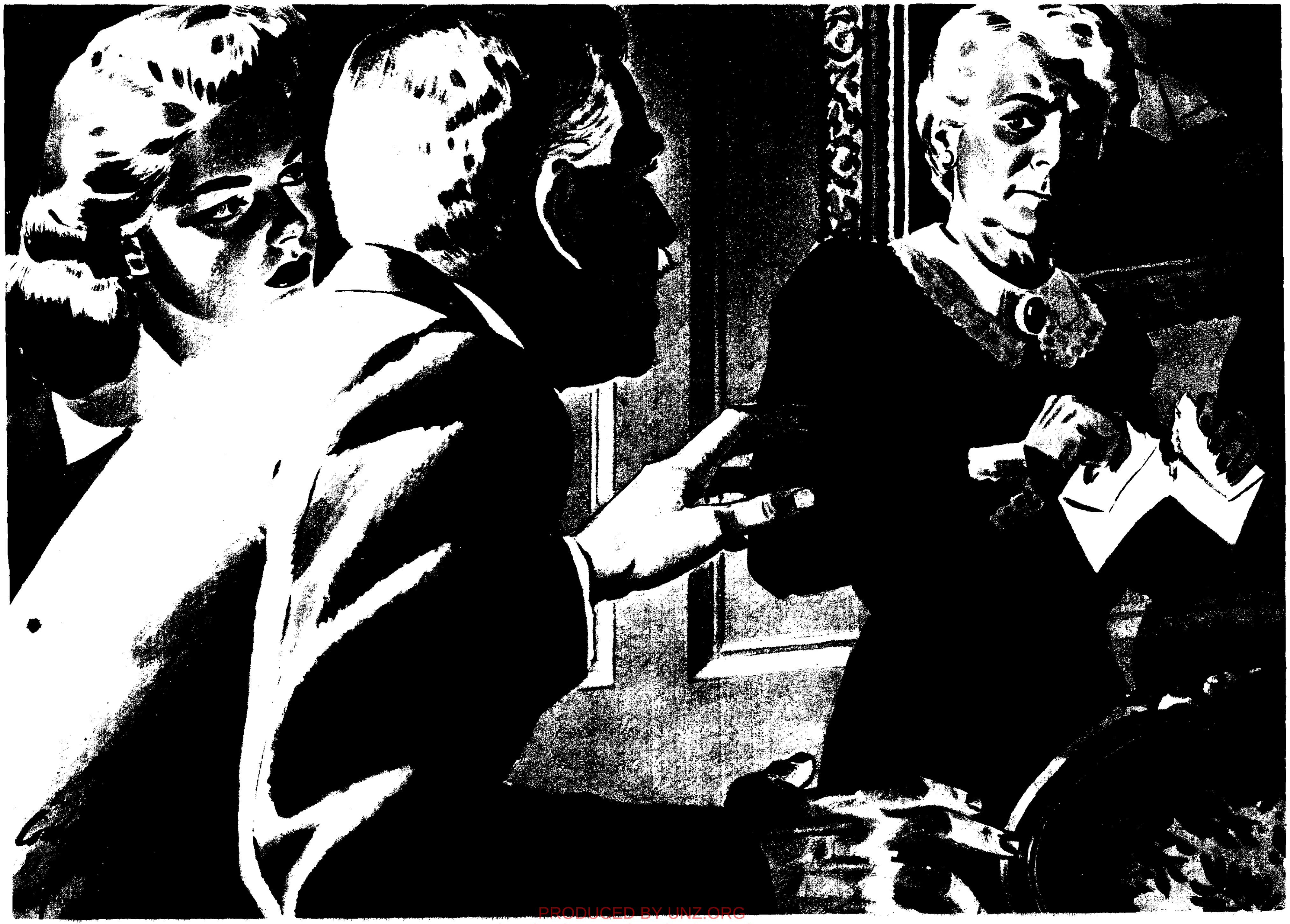
"And you've known it!"

"I've known about it—about the possibility, for a long time. Not that Emma told me."

(Continued on page 50)

"I can stop it now!" she said. The long envelope was in the old woman's hands; before either of the others could move she had torn it both ways

EARL CORDREY



MASTER

By Albert Richard Wetjen

Here's March, who learned something about himself, and much about masters—from men under stress

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

THE sky was a turmoil of undecided cloud, smoke-colored and streaming. The sea was troubled and undecided too, the chops were slate-gray and crested with frothy white, running this way and that, without aim, and often falling back upon themselves. The wind shifted every few minutes, first blowing from the starboard side, then from the port and more often than not simply swooping down, as it were, and scattering the greasy funnel smoke the full length of the Alvira.

The weather quite obviously was about to change but had not yet made up its mind, which caused the Alvira to lunge viciously, come up with a cascade of white spray, all but roll her scuppers under, and then drop on her stern with an unpleasant squattering noise. Sometimes she appeared to manage all three evolutions at the same time, with a corkscrew effect, while she tried to grind out an uneasy nine knots on her course. Nobody felt very comfortable.

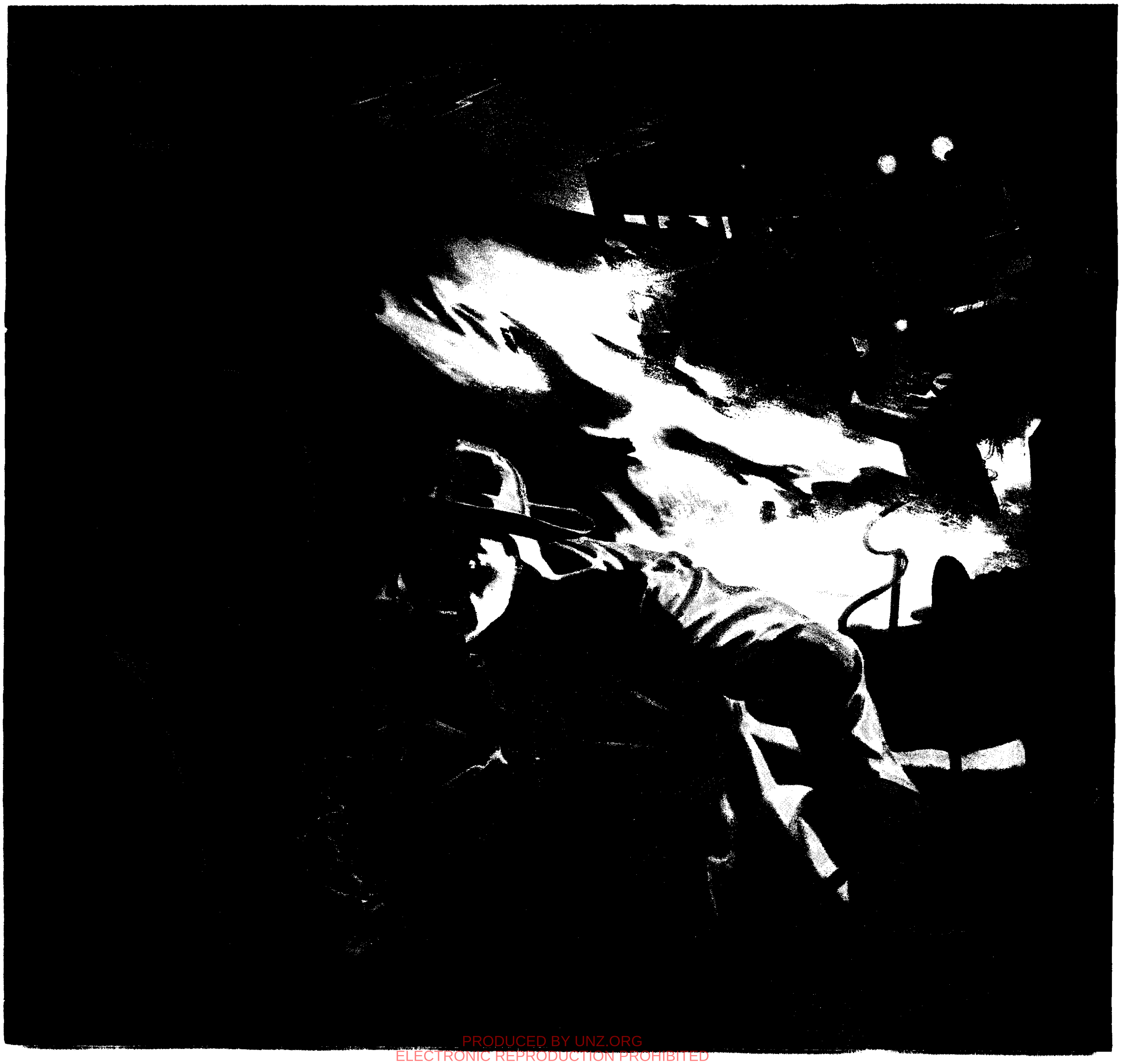
In the chartroom Mr. March, the third mate, was complaining to the second. Mr. March was a very young man, with a shock of yellow hair and a pink complexion that the sun and wind had not yet been able to change. He knew a great deal. Young officers do.

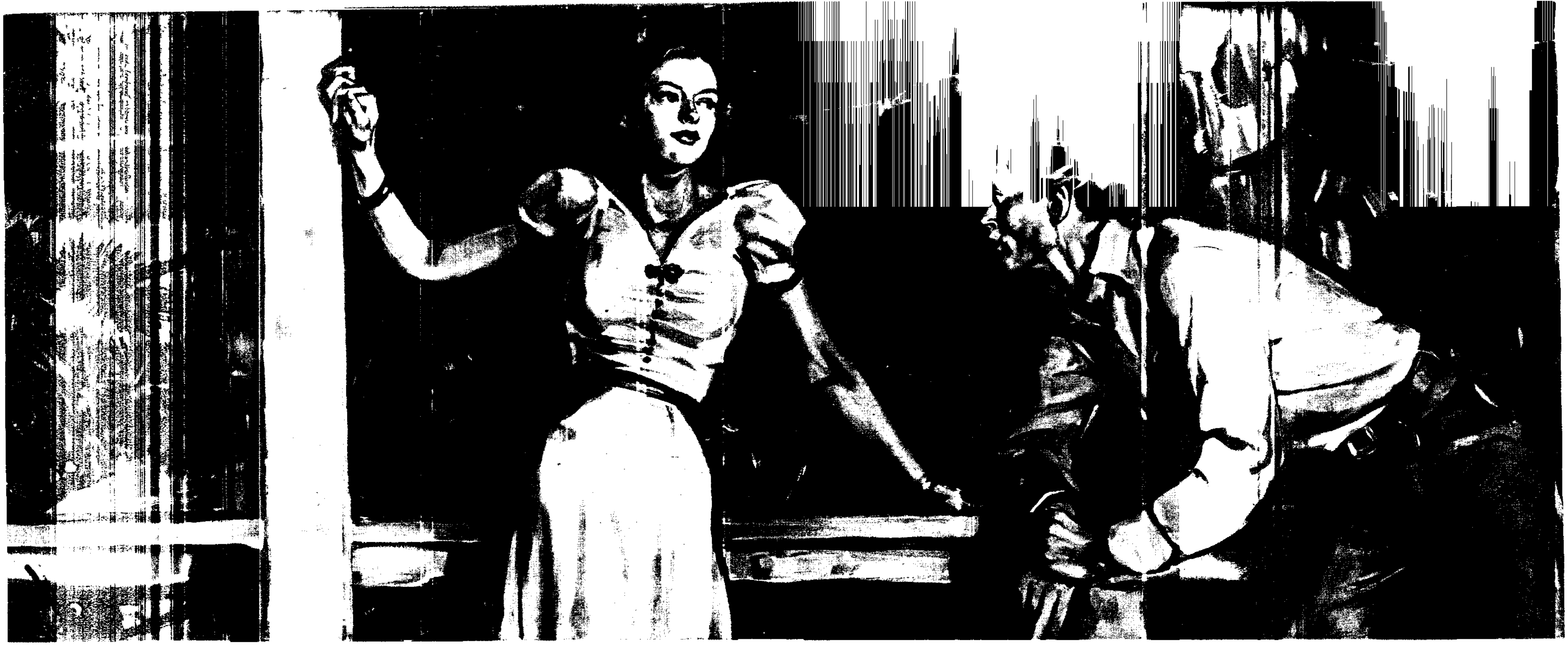
"I don't see why the old man had to make such a fuss about it," he said, aggrieved. "Anyone's liable to forget to set the clocks back. You'd think it was a matter of life or death."

"Well, maybe he figured it was. He likes to beef," observed the second sourly. He had been reprimanded himself the day before and it still rankled. Captain Lefevre was fussy.

"Every time he looks at me," complained Mr. March with sympathetic warmth, "he has to spout that pet saying: 'It's the little things that count, mister. If a man can't handle the little things he's not liable to handle anything big.' Rats! He ought to have been a parson!" He steadied himself against a quick upthrust of the deck (*Continued on page 62*)

Mr. March clawed down the companionway, clung to the life line and fought his way to the stern





"Why, Pa wouldn't let you on the place, Jake!" she had said proudly

Found Money

By John Reid Byers

STILL kneeling at the foot of the big cedar, young Jake Kirby finished the count. "Nine hundred 'n' twenty dollars!" he whispered raptly at last.

Jake knew what money it was. Three years ago, when the Derwenter boys had held up the Pine Ridge bank they had been captured in less than twenty-four hours, but not all the stolen money had been recovered. Everybody knew that it was hidden somewhere; many people had searched for it vainly at the time. And today, out after wood pigeons with his old shotgun, Jake had noticed a faint depression at the foot of a tall cedar, and had dug up the fruit jar that held the Derwenters' cache.

The thought of returning the money—forty-six soggy twenty-dollar bills—to the Pine Ridge bank no more occurred to Jake than it would have to nine out of ten of the other searchers. It was found money. It was *his*. His soft brown eyes were very bright as he began to catalogue the things he would buy. . . .

It was not for several blissful minutes that he realized that he dared not buy anything. Almost any other finder could have used the money a little at a time without arousing suspicion. But if Jake Kirby walked into a store with a twenty-dollar bill people would ask questions. People he dared not lie to, some of them—people like the town marshal and tall, dour Sheriff Tucker.

Then another thought came. "If a man was workin'—workin' steady, I mean—folks wouldn't notice what money he was spendin'," he told himself. From that thought too he shrank away. Occasionally, if the need for food or tobacco or ammunition was urgent, Jake worked for wages. But never for more than a few days, never without hating it as a wild thing hates a cage. Not even what Emmy Blanton had said that night at the dance could touch or weaken that inborn hate; and Emmy's words had cut deep at the time.

"Maybe I could come by to see you one o' these ev'nin's, Emmy?" he had ventured shyly. The girl had stiffened. "Why, Pa wouldn't let you on the place, Jake!" she had said proudly. "He wouldn't let any man come seein' me that didn't work!" Jake had turned away dumbly.

Crouching over the hole at the foot of the cedar, he reburied the Derwenter loot. Then he stood up. "I reckon I could make out to stand it for a year," he muttered doubtfully. "An' there don't seem no other way."

There was a job open on the log pond at the mill. Jake traded his shotgun for a worn pair of spiked boots and went to work. He discovered that it was not as bad as other jobs had been. He even found himself feeling a certain pride in his strength, his sure-footedness on the rolling logs, his skill with the long pike-pole. Out of his first month's pay he bought a new shotgun to take into the woods on Sundays. But after that he spent as little as possible, so that later on, when he began to buy things, no one would be likely to notice that he was spending more than he could have saved.

HE HAD been working for five months when the head pondman quit. The mill superintendent offered Jake the job. Jake told himself that he took it for the extra dollar a day it paid; but the strange, puzzling pride he found himself feeling did not seem to be connected with his raise in pay. And then one Saturday evening he met Emmy Blanton on the street. And Emmy stopped and smiled at him. "I—I just wanted to tell you I thought it was fine, you doin' so good at the mill, Jake," she said quickly. "Everybody's talkin' about it." She had looked down then, coloring a little. "And if—if you still happened to feel like comin' out some night I don't reckon Pa would mind one bit."

Jake went to the Blanton farm the next night, and a great many nights after that. And three months later he and Emmy had moved into one of the company houses down behind the mill. A foreman's house it was, with plumbing; furnished with things that Emmy had picked out of a mail-order catalogue. They had cost Jake nearly all that he had saved, but he was much too happy to care. Anyway, there was still the fruit jar at the foot of the big cedar. Soon now he could begin to use that money.

And then one Sunday morning Jake rose from his breakfast to discover that his tobacco can was empty. He walked to the drugstore to find the little druggist brimming with news. "Remember the Derwenter boys, Jake?" he asked. "Well, they're loose again! Clubbed a guard to death an' got clean over the wall sometime last night! Sheriff's been out since daybreak, case they headed this way. . . . Hey, Jake! Don't you want your change?"

Jake forced himself to go back for his change; tried desperately to keep his face expressionless. Because the Derwenter boys would make for their hidden money before anything else. That tall cedar was ten miles from town, perhaps forty from the state prison. Could he still get there first?

"Emmy, I been honin' for some wild meat," he said at the kitchen door five minutes later. "I'm thinkin' of takin' a little walk in the woods, if you don't mind. Likely I could get a few pigeons."

His voice was a little strained, but Emmy was busy with the dishes. "A pigeon stew would be mighty tasty, Jake," she agreed.

Jake's lean body was dripping with sweat, his breath coming with harsh, biting gasps as he reached the great cedar. He had never before traveled so fast so far. And he was too late. There was nothing but an empty hole at the foot of the cedar now.

His first emotion was one of sick, bitter disappointment. But then, as the sobbing pain in his lungs lessened and his aching legs grew steadier under him, a new feeling crept into his mind. A feeling of vague, increasingly pleasant relief. The money might have made trouble for him some day. Now it never could. And he didn't need it. He had all he needed already—his woman, his home, his job. Then came a startling fresh thought. "Why, I never *did* need it!" he told himself in an incredulous whisper.

His breathing was even and unlabored again now, and the ache had left his legs. For the first time he looked away from the hole and scanned the ground around him. The Derwenter boys' trail was easy to see, and not more than an hour or two old. Jake eyed it thoughtfully. A year ago he would not have dreamed of hindering them in their flight. But it was different now. Jake Kirby had a home and a wife now; some day he would have children. He had credit at the stores; next year he would have taxes to pay. Why, he had even voted at the last election! The Derwenter boys were outlaws. He thought suddenly of the murdered prison guard. His fingers tightened slowly around the barrel of the new shotgun. "It looks like it's up to somebody to catch 'em 'fore they do more meanness," he told himself somberly.

TALL Sheriff Tucker got wearily back into his car. "Might as well go home, Pete," he told the deputy at the wheel. "I guess they've headed for the river after all."

They had driven for ten miles along the lonely back-country road when Pete stiffened. "What's that ahead?" he asked sharply.

It was two tired, grim-faced men in prison gray, walking heavily in front of a tall young man with a shotgun. The sheriff's car leaped forward, ground to a stop beside the little group. The deputy scrambled out. Handcuffs clicked on the dirty wrists of the Derwenter boys. Jake Kirby lowered his gun. "I was out hunting, Sheriff," he explained. "But when I cut their trail I knew what it was, an' I figgered I better follow on it." Jake had never thought that the day would come when he would dare to stand eye to eye with Sheriff Tucker, talking to him as to an equal. But today he was doing it. "They'd dug up their money somewheres. They been tryin' to buy me off with it." Then Jake's young eyes darkened with the worry of a new thought. "I—I hope Emmy ain't countin' on them wood pigeons for supper!" he breathed.

The sheriff laughed. "I don't think she'll mind it if she was, Jake. I never heard of any mess of pigeons worth a thousand dollars. The governor put five hundred apiece on these fellows when the guard died. Talk about finding money in the woods!"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Dudes are Pretty People

By Donald Hough

The rangers are tough competition but they can't beat out a cowboy who's fallen desperately in love

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

I AM sure one fine cowboy, the way things are right now. I lost my saddle to a fellow back in Nevada, stud poker, and now I ain't even got my bedroll with me. I got one, but not with me. It's back at Piney Draw, farther south in Wyoming than where I'm now at, and it's got seven-fifty worth of groceries wrapped up in it, at that.

I got this little job bringing a few horses up here to the Hole from Piney Draw, and I didn't bring my bedroll along because the fellow told me there was some horses here to take back. So with the money that he give me I bought the seven-fifty worth of groceries with most of it and left the groceries there in my bedroll. A bedroll with some groceries wrapped up in it is a wonderful thing to go back to. It is a little like having a home; it makes you feel like you have got something, some place.

But when I got here there was no horses going back to Piney Draw and I am stuck here without my bedroll and without my groceries. And without my saddle. No money, too.

Well, I and Hade Crosby are standing in front of the Teton Bar, looking in. I met up with Hade here the day I come. I had not saw old Hade since two years ago up in Montana. Hade is not in quite the same fix I am in. He has got his saddle and bedroll with him. He is off a job over in Idaho not long ago, and he has got a new leather jacket, and new pants, and boots with three colors of leather in the tops.

But for money, Hade is broke just like I am broke.

Last night I and Hade tried the crap table at the Teton Bar, to see if we could maybe double what money we had. I had a buck seventy-five to start and Hade had a buck, and one time there I was nearly three dollars ahead and Hade was one-fifty ahead, and I had a good mind to quit, but Hade did not want to quit and now we are out of money. That's the way it is with Hade, it's the whole thing or nothing, and if it comes out nothing, why then Hade does not give a damn.

We are thinking we would like to pull out for some place. The way it is here in the Hole, it has gone dude. Even the old Teton don't seem like home no more. It used to be you could depend on Ed Jones to let you leave your outfit in the back room, your saddle and bedroll or whatever you have got, when you came through the Hole. Leave your outfit until you got a job or went on, it was all right with Ed. But the way it is now, Ed has got the whole place fixed up for this summer dude trade, these Eastern dudes coming through, and the back room is what Ed now calls a cocktail lounge. You don't even feel like going in and sitting around. Without you have got some money.

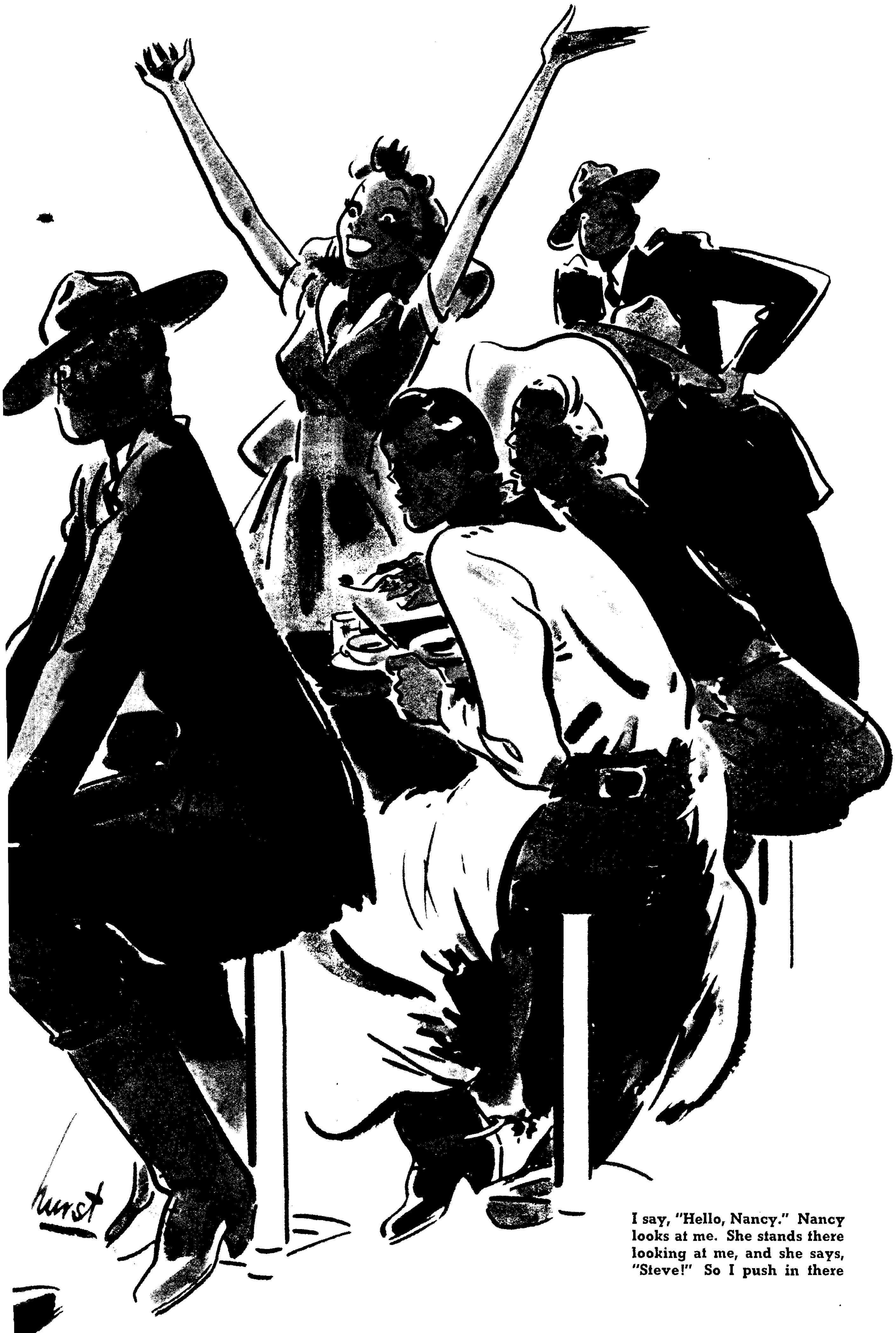
One thing about these dudes, though, the girls of them are mighty good-looking. I and Hade have never saw such good-looking girls before. But this don't mean a thing to I and Hade. We are just standing there looking in.

Hade says, "Steve, the way it is with us about money, we might as well go on home."

We are stopping in a shed back of the hardware store. "Not much of a thing to call a home," I tell Hade. Hade is my guest there; Ed Jones told me about it and I invited Hade to move in with me. Hade says, "Steve, it is some kind of a home, anyway. Rain likely to come up any night, this time of year."

"LET'S sit on the grass a while," I say to Hade. So we go across the street and sit down in the little park they have got there. Hade says, "A hamburger wouldn't go bad." He stretches out on his back and looks up at the stars. After a while he sits up and says, "I got an idea where we can get us a dollar." I do not reply. Hade has got an idea where he can get a dollar every time I see him, and it never quite works. "Now listen," Hade says, "I give a fellow, Bill Albertson, I give him a buck last year when I come through here on my way back from the rodeo at Dubois. I took second in the calf roping, I had some money, and this Bill Albertson had his saddle in soak here and he wanted to get it out so he could take a job at the Lazy K. Now if he got the job and is still around, that's where we can get us a buck and eat hearty."

So I get up and Hade gets up and we walk around. We come around again to the Teton, and we go in and the fellow at the blackjack table is not getting a



I say, "Hello, Nancy." Nancy looks at me. She stands there looking at me, and she says, "Steve!" So I push in there

play so I and Hade wander over and Hade asks him if he knows Bill Albertson. The fellow says sure, he says Bill is now foreman at the Lazy K. Hade asks him if he is around tonight. The fellow says no. He says, "Bill has went up to Cache Lake, like a number of the boys has went up there."

He gives us a wink.

Hade says, "Well, what's the joke?"

"The dude girls," he says.

"What dude girls?" Hade asks him.

"I thought you knew about it," he says. "These dude girls, they come in last week on one of them tours they have from the East, in a private bus. They are on their way to Yellowstone in this private bus. They get to the lodge at Cache Lake for the night, and they are halfway through the tour and the fellow collects his money and in the morning he is gone. Bus and all. He is gone."

"HOW many dude girls?" Hade asks.

"Sixteen, last count I heard," the fellow says. "Maybe twenty to start, but some got money to get home. All schoolteachers."

We notice him looking past us, and we look around and there is three national park rangers from Yellowstone standing behind us. All dressed up in their uniforms. Hade knows one of them, a fellow with glasses, and he says, "Hello, Pinky."

Pinky says hello. I and Hade go out and over back of the hardware store, where our shed is at. We go in, and we have got a candle stuck on top of a coffee can and Hade lights it. He yawns and says he is sleepy, and it is the same way with me, so Hade fixes his bedroll on the floor and I take off my boots and put a blanket around me that Hade has gave me out of his bedroll. Hade has got a sack of tobacco and we each roll ourself a cigarette and light them at the candle.

"That was a funny thing about them schoolteachers up at Cache Lake, the fellow was telling us about," Hade says.

"I am not interested," I tell Hade.

Hade says, "The way it is with me, Steve, I would sure like to have a home and a wife and all." He sits up in his bedroll and puts his arms around his knees and smokes his cigarette. He says, "These dude girls are sure pretty people. They would make a mighty nice wife." He shakes his head and says, "They would be a fine thing to have around the house."

"Well," I tell Hade, "if I should want to get married and settle down, there is a waitress, her name is Nancy Church, down in Nevada, that I have saw a few times and made friends with, and her and I have got an understanding."

"You mean you are engaged to be married?" Hade asks me.

"No," I tell him, "it is just an understanding."

Hade rubs his cigarette out on the floor. "It wouldn't do no harm to look the dude girls over," he says. "As long," he says, "as we got to go up there anyway and see Bill Albertson about the dollar. Maybe we could kill a couple birds with one stone, as the fellow says. Another thing, maybe Bill Albertson would give us a job." He gets out of his bedroll and reaches for his boots. "We can make Cache Lake by morning, easy," he says. He begins to roll up his bedroll. "I tell you, Steve," he says, "I think them park rangers heard what the blackjack dealer was telling us. If there is a dude girl loose in the whole country you can always count on a park ranger getting there first."

"You don't need to travel at night to get ahead of no park ranger," I remind Hade.

"Listen," Hade says, "a park ranger is no bargain in most ways, Steve, but when it comes to matrimony and so on, a park ranger is poison. It's the uniforms. We leave tonight, Steve, because when it comes to dude girls a park ranger will travel at night just like an Indian will travel at night, and maybe if we wait until tomorrow we're too late and the best ones is already spoke for." Hade throws his bedroll in the corner where his saddle is at. "Come on," he says.

Well, I do not want to walk all night, but it is walk all night or argue with Hade all night. Another thing, he might be right about the job. I am not interested in no dude girls, and the dollar is just a wonderful dream, but I sure could use a job.

So I reach for my boots.

OVER in the east the sky is silver, and I and Hade are sitting on the side of a hill just above Cache Lake, in an open place where we figure the sun will hit when she comes up. We have got us a little fire going. It is cold, but the fire is warm on one side and pretty soon the sun will be up. I get some more wood and put it on the fire and we sit there and wait. The sky in the east changes from silver to gold, and the snow up on the Tetons is getting a little color to it.

We sit there and look down at Cache Lake, below us. We can see the lake plain, it is just like the sky down there, and right here in the corner of the lake, a little bay, is this lodge and a few small places, a saloon and a store and lunchroom and a garage, to make up the town. Pretty soon Hade says, "Well, here she comes, Steve," and in a minute the sun is in our eyes. We stamp out the fire and sit there in the sun and it is nice and warm and a fellow feels fine all over.

When the sun gets farther down the hill Hade says, "Let's move down closer in, so we can see better what is going on." So we move down, where there is a little grassy park in the quaking aspen,

(Continued on page 40)

BLACK CHAMPION

By Don Reynolds

The only dog ever to be named best dog at America's two largest shows is My Own Brucie, top-notch cocker spaniel, the culmination of 30 years' scientific breeding

ON a hot July day in 1935, Herman E. Mellenthin stood in a back yard in Springfield, Massachusetts, while six cocker spaniel puppies played about his feet. He had been breeding cocker spaniels for twenty-five years and owned the greatest of them all, Red Brucie. Now he was trying to pick the best pup of a litter sired by Red Brucie. For the past twelve years, since he had registered his kennel name as My Own Kennels, he had refused to name any son of Red Brucie after the great stud dog because none had seemed quite worthy of carrying on the name. And with Red Brucie now in his fifteenth year, it looked as though he never would.

But as Mellenthin examined the pups frisking about in the sun, he found himself looking more and more at one coal-black youngster that seemed bolder and merrier than the rest. This puppy had not only the correct physical points of a top-notch cocker spaniel, but he had something else—a flaming spirit and personality, a more daring nature than his litter mates. And before he realized what he was doing, Mellenthin had stooped, picked up the squirming, dark-eyed little fellow and said:

"I'll take this one as my first choice. And I'll name him My Own Brucie."

If there were such a thing as the world's champion dog, My Own Brucie's record today would give him a good claim to the title. Last spring he was named best dog in the Morris and Essex show at Madison, New Jersey, the largest dog show ever held anywhere. In February he climaxed two sensational years in the show ring by going best in show at the three-day Westminster exhibition in Madison Square Garden, New York—the only dog ever to win at America's two largest shows. To make his claim to the title even stronger, in the Garden he defeated the beautiful springer spaniel, Champion Showman of Shotton, previously judged best dog at Crufts, England's biggest show.

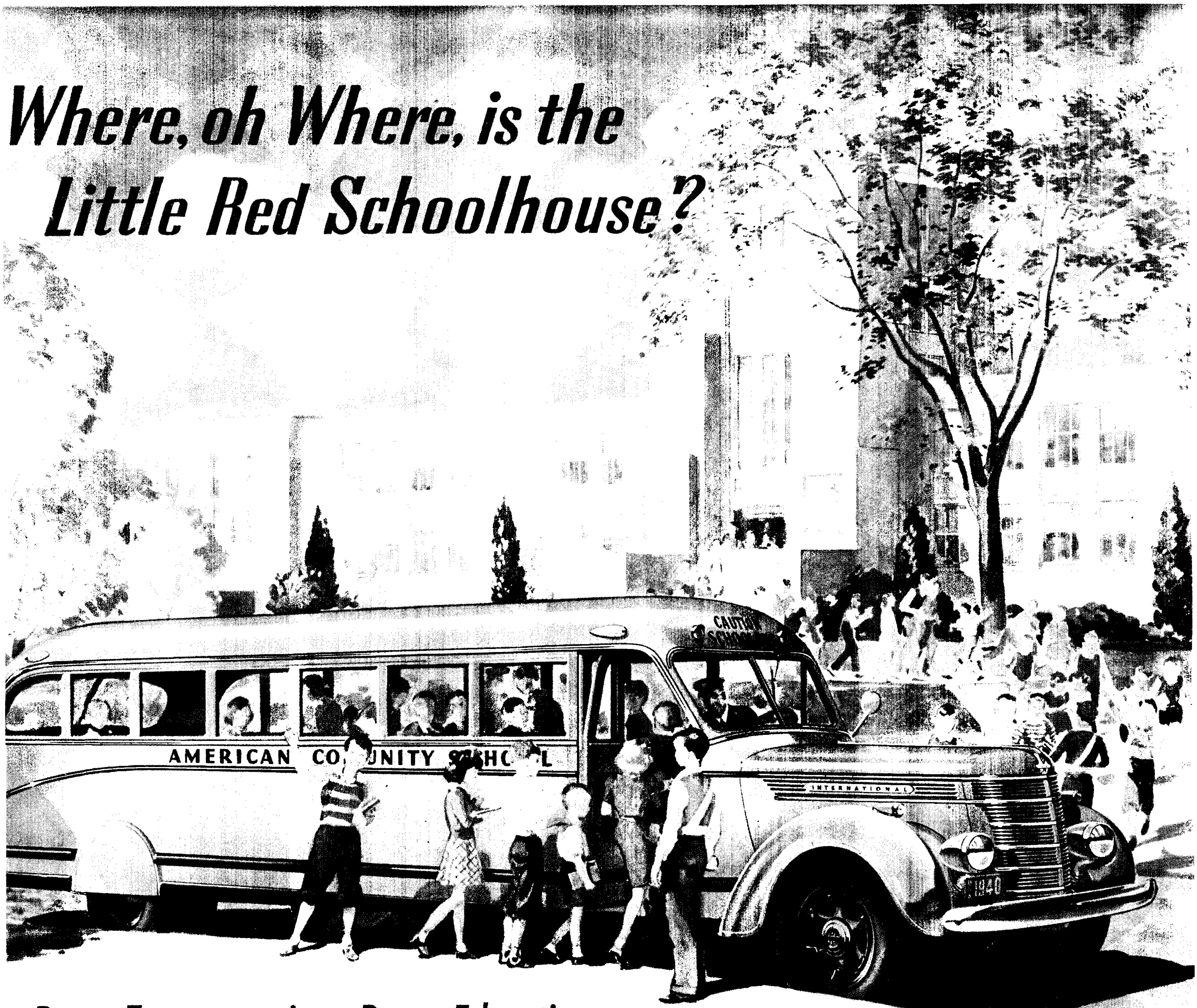
With Trophies to Spare

In 1939 Brucie was the best American-bred dog at Westminster and in the previous year won the American Kennel Club's annual award as best American-bred sporting dog. Crowned a champion soon after his show career began, he has never been defeated by another cocker spaniel since he was best of his breed at the Chicago show two years ago. He has carried off that honor twenty-seven times, has been best sporting dog at 14 shows and has 10 best-in-show awards to his credit. He has won enough trophies to fill a good-sized showcase and on one day alone, in August, 1938, at Saratoga, New York, he won silver plates and cups valued at $2,700. It would be impossible to set a value on My Own Brucie, although Mellenthin admits turning down an offer of $10,000. There is a blank check in his real-estate office at Poughkeepsie, New York, which he could fill out for any purchase price he thought reasonable. And what's more, the check would be good.

If you were one of those who braved New York's worst blizzard in years to see Brucie judged best dog in the Westminster show last February 14th, you know what an irresistible appeal this little black dog has for everyone who sees him. There was something regal about him as he moved gracefully across the ring, his head proudly erect, his stump of a tail wagging every minute. His poise, his attitude of utter fearlessness and the calm way he went about his business were such that 5,000 spectators stood and cheered in an unprecedented display of public approval when the judge waved him to the center of the ring as his choice for best-in-show.

(Continued on page 49)

Where, oh Where, is the Little Red Schoolhouse?



Better Transportation—Better Education

The Little Red Schoolhouse is just a memory in thousands of districts and in its place stands the Community School with every facility for modern American education.

Each of these schools—and there are more than 40,000 of them—draws its pupils from large areas. It is an operation made possible by hard roads and motor buses. Over 90,000 buses are in service over routes that add up to more than two and one-half million miles a day!

In this important work International School Buses play a vital part. Their daily performance for thousands of schools has written two indelible words into the records: *SAFETY* and *ECONOMY.*

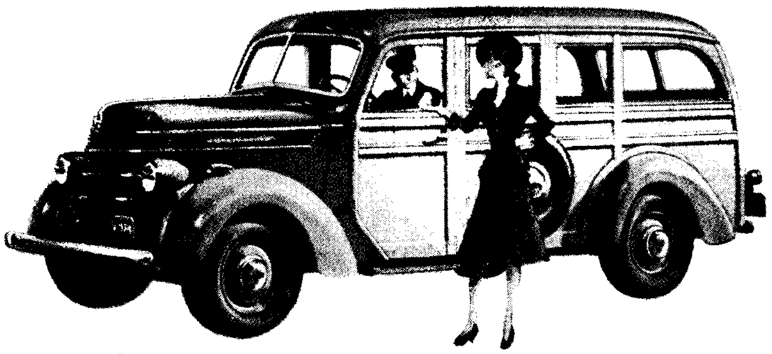
Into each International School Bus go the style, steel, and stamina that have built the world-wide reputation of International Trucks. As a result, these famous buses are outstandingly qualified to handle the safe transport of the school children of the country, with costs cut all along the line.

When the discussion of school buses comes up, ask the International Dealer or Branch nearest you for a demonstration of the *safety* and *economy* of the best school transportation you can buy... adapted to every type of body design and every capacity.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Copyright 1940, by International Harvester Company, Incorporated

INTERNATIONAL STATION WAGONS



Smart! International Station Wagons combine town-car style with sturdy utility and abundant power. Two wheelbase lengths accommodate either eight or eleven passengers comfortably in the roomy, upholstered seats. Here is smart, yet economical, transportation for schools, private homes, estates, country clubs, airports, and resorts. See the International dealer or branch, or write for catalog.

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL BUSES

"Tell me, young man, is your name Borden?"

"GOODNESS, NO!" exclaimed the surprised young man to Elsie, the Borden cow. "My name is William Todd. What made you think it was Borden?"

"Why, you look so bright and clean," Elsie replied, "that I figured you must be one of the Borden family. I didn't think *anything* could be so spotless unless it came from Borden's."

"You're bragging, because *you're* from Borden's," smiled Bill. "What makes Borden's so extra clean?"

"Scrubbing," exclaimed Elsie. "Why they're the scrubbingest people you ever saw. You'd never believe the amount of soap and water they use—*train loads* of soap and whole *lakes* of hot water every year! And not only hot water, but live steam! Why, there are miles and miles of pipe in the Borden plants that the Borden men take apart every day—and scrub *inside and out* for fifteen minutes. Then they sterilize them."

"Gee," said Bill, "that would take the hide right off you and me, eh? Why do they go to all this trouble?"

"For you, William," Elsie replied. "You need the cleanest, purest milk there is—and Borden's make sure of this with their 'Quality Control.' That means scientific care at every step. It's what makes Borden foods as fine and wholesome as they can be."

"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND WORKS MAGIC IN COOKIES AND FUDGE!"
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES

"You make me sorry I'm growing up," Bill said. "Soon I'll be eating lots of things *besides* milk, and that will mean Borden's won't be so important in my life."

"Don't let *that* worry you at all," said Elsie. "*Bottled milk* is just one of many Borden products. Right now, for instance, your mother uses *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* for cookies, cake-frostings, and fudge. Too bad you aren't big enough to have *them* yet."

"FOR CREAMED VEGETABLES AND SOUPS TRY BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!"
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"*You* only get grass!" grinned Bill.

"No, I get plenty of other nice, nutritious things containing loads of vitamins and extra nourishment," declared Elsie. "That's what makes *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* so rich and creamy for mashed potatoes and casserole dishes, not to mention its delicious flavor in coffee and tea."

"I do believe you think you're the big cheese, Elsie," said Bill.

"Not at all," Elsie replied, "although *Borden's Chateau,* America's most celebrated cheese-food, *is* made from my milk. *Chateau* is so good that lots of people have tried to imitate its flavor. But Borden's secret of combining rare old cheese with other delicious ingredients has never been found out."

"Stop blowing your own tuba, Elsie," said William. "Everything at Borden's can't be as hot as you say."

"BORDEN'S CHEESE FOODS DEFY IMITATION!"
Borden's Chateau
IT SPREADS OR SLICES

"You're right," Elsie admitted thoughtfully. "One thing isn't hot. It's *cold.* That's *Borden's Ice Cream.* M-m-m, is it rich and creamy and good! Try it. You'll be surprised!"

"BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS CREAMIER, SMOOTHER!"

"Nothing surprises a man of my age," said William.

"Nothing?" questioned Elsie. "Wouldn't you be a teeny bit surprised if you saw me change a white powder into real milk by adding water to it?"

"Yes," said Bill, "I guess I would!"

"Well, I can," declared Elsie, "and so can you. Borden's makes a wonderful product called *Klim* which is pure, whole milk, *powdered.* Only the water is taken out of it, and, to make it into real milk *that tastes like real milk* again, all you have to do is add water to it.

"KLIM—SPELL IT BACKWARDS, IT'S MILK!"
KLIM
POWDERED
WHOLE MILK

It needs no refrigeration. Sportsmen take Klim on trips. Mothers give it to babies and use it in cooking. Everybody who has tasted it agrees with that famous saying of Borden's that..."

"That what?" interrupted Bill.

"That," Elsie grinned, *"if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!"*

* * *

More than 27,500 Borden employees, in partnership with 47,000 stockholder-owners, work to provide you with the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Copyright, 1940, The Borden Company

Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 17

She said gently, "You could shave now, John. After that, no one would reproach you if you got some sleep."

His eyes, raised at last from the report, were steely with determination. "One counts on little things happening: Machines breaking down. Parts certified as accurate that should have been rejected. Unobtrusive flaws allowed to get by. There are always malcontents, and such things occur in all factories. But this fire was a defiance and a threat. It means the unions want war. Well, they can have it."

That was what the report said: that the fire was incendiary, an obvious act of terrorism. It would bring still greater numbers of investigators, though the mills were practically under military guard now.

"Natalie," he said, "anything you learn here is a secret that's not ours but someone else's, quite likely the government's. You must never breathe a word."

"You can trust me. And now it's time for my Sunday ride," she added, and went out of the library. . . .

Her mare was stabled at the hunt club. After a decorous amount of trotting on the track, she turned to the woods. Her blood began to flow faster, a pulse beat in her throat. She had a clear picture of herself, riding through sunny woods, fiery with expectation, anxious with doubt, undeluded by anyone, least of all herself.

SHE had a cool greeting for Gregory Ashburn who, in shabby tweeds, was leaning on the bars of his small paddock, watching Smurthwaite brush the coat of a two-year-old. Greg had never made money enough to support his dream of breeding horses, but he always had two or three at his farm, where Smurthwaite, part cook, part valet, part stableman, kept them burnished for sale or show. . . . They talked impersonally, two neighbors with a common admiration for horseflesh. There was the pretense that Smurthwaite knew nothing, had been blind and stupid through two years and suspected nothing.

Till Greg casually suggested that she come in for brandy and a biscuit. Her breath shortened, it seemed a mile-long vertigo to the house, the door closed behind them, and she was in his arms. So much for Smurthwaite! So much for Wallisport!

And, suddenly, so much for Greg Ashburn. While her pulses still pounded she crossed the room away from him and, enforcing a cold detachment on her voice, said, "By the way, this is the last time, Greg. It's been a delightful affair for everyone. You've had a fine time, I'm sure, and so have I. So set your mind at rest, my dear, I won't be troublesome. I'm walking out."

It was remarkable to feel her warmth turning to rage, and she must be casual.

He said, "I'm slow, dearest. I'm not—do you say—quick on the uptake. What have I done now?"

"You've put it over. . . . You're most un-English in one way, Greg—you manage women much better than you do horses. When a woman begins to bore you, you know how to dispose of her. It looks almost as if it were my idea, and that's very expert."

TALL, fair-haired, he was almost a caricature of the Empire's best. He said softly, "If you want to quarrel, play fair, Natalie."

"Be sporting?" She made her lips contemptuous. "I'm unfamiliar with the rules. You see, this is my first affair. No doubt you find me very awkward. But I suppose the time always comes when the beautiful innocent finds out he didn't mean to marry her after all. Probably that's an awkward moment under any rules."

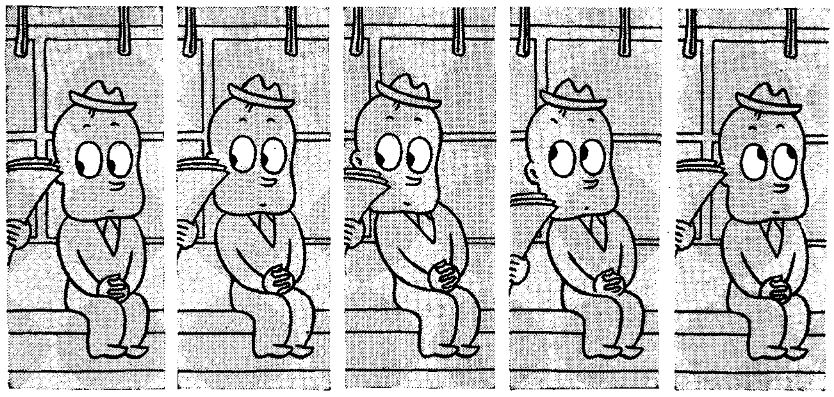
She had brought a dark flush to his cheek. "Say what you want to about me. But I won't let you insult—us."

"Considering how inarticulate you are, that's an excellent speech," she said critically. "Still—well, first I was the faithless wife. Then I was a widow whose widowhood would last just the correct time. But, dear, dear, when true love cools down to boredom, how widowhood can stretch on and on."

He was pounding a fist in the other palm. She warmed with power—she was able to hurt him horribly. He said with painful dignity, "I don't claim to be much of a man, Natalie. Decency—it's a queer thing. Right, I'm a rotter. But not rotter enough to let you risk a second widowhood—to marry you when I'm on call for war."

She had never been able to resist him very long—already his distress was sapping her will. "Right!" he said again. "I can't beg you. You're young, you've got your life ahead of you in a nation that isn't at war. You're right to drop me." She could watch desolation spread over him. Then, "No. No!" He crossed ten feet of rug. "I'll let you go when you can go!" In his arms there was no maintaining anger or arrogance. A skeptical feeling that this was just a well-played scene lingered for a moment, then was snuffed out. Passionately, "Try to, if you can! It takes two to make a smash!" Pleadingly, "There'll be peace one day, Natalie. The war will end sometime. We'll wait it out."

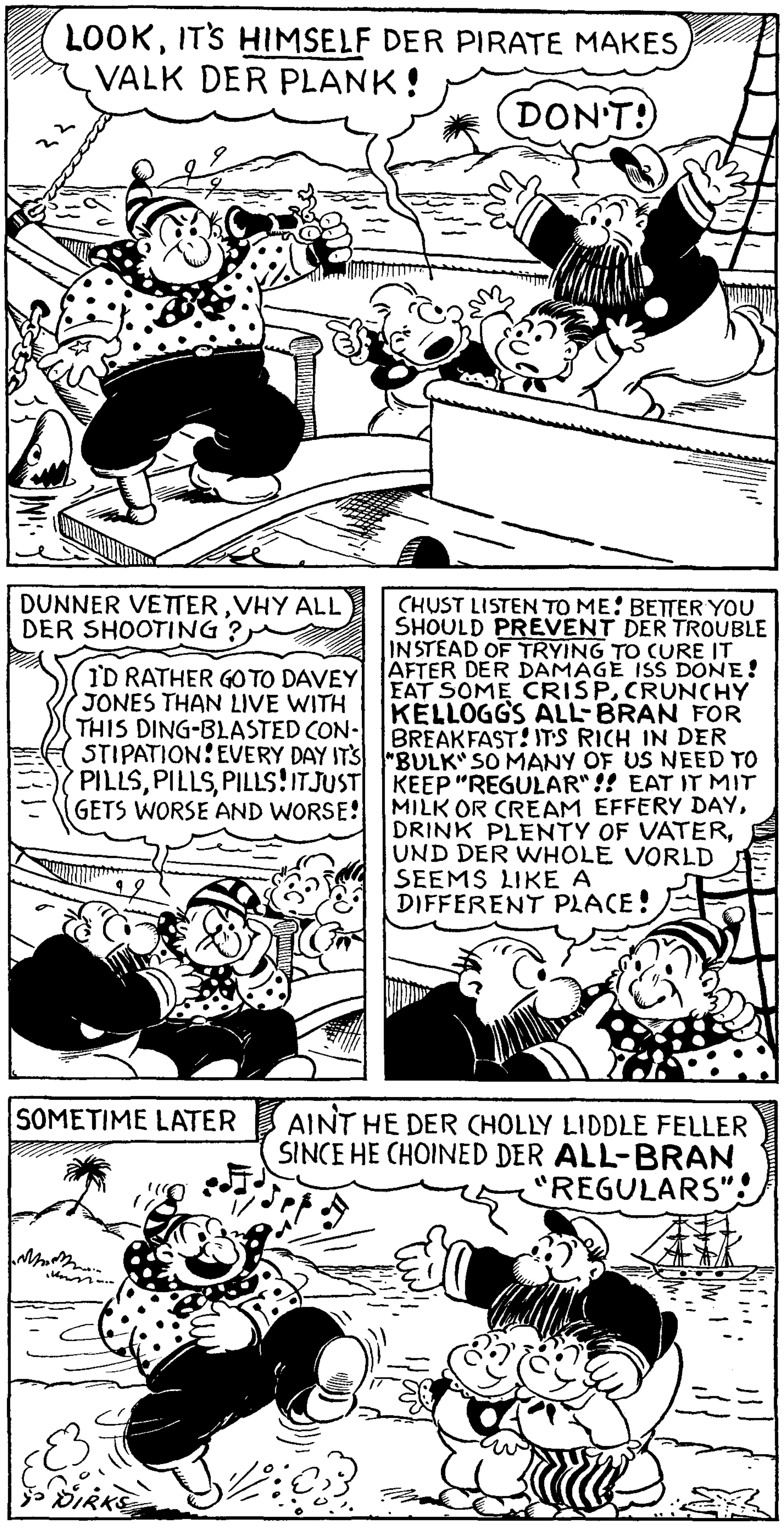
She had lost—or maybe she won. No matter which, when ecstasy like this could flow in her. "Women are troublesome," she said lightly. "Who am I to weigh a wedding ring against the British Empire?" She sat down, cross-



News Item

CROCKETT JOHNSON

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —by Rudolph Dirks


LOOK, IT'S HIMSELF DER PIRATE MAKES VALK DER PLANK!
DON'T!
DUNNER VETTER, VHY ALL DER SHOOTING?
I'D RATHER GO TO DAVEY JONES THAN LIVE WITH THIS DING-BLASTED CONSTIPATION! EVERY DAY IT'S PILLS, PILLS, PILLS! IT JUST GETS WORSE AND WORSE!
CHUST LISTEN TO ME! BETTER YOU SHOULD PREVENT DER TROUBLE INSTEAD OF TRYING TO CURE IT AFTER DER DAMAGE ISS DONE! EAT SOME CRISP, CRUNCHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST! IT'S RICH IN DER "BULK" SO MANY OF US NEED TO KEEP "REGULAR"!! EAT IT MIT MILK OR CREAM EFFERY DAY, DRINK PLENTY OF VATER, UND DER WHOLE VORLD SEEMS LIKE A DIFFERENT PLACE!
SOMETIME LATER
AIN'T HE DER CHOLLY LIDDLE FELLER SINCE HE CHOINED DER ALL-BRAN "REGULARS"!
DIRKS

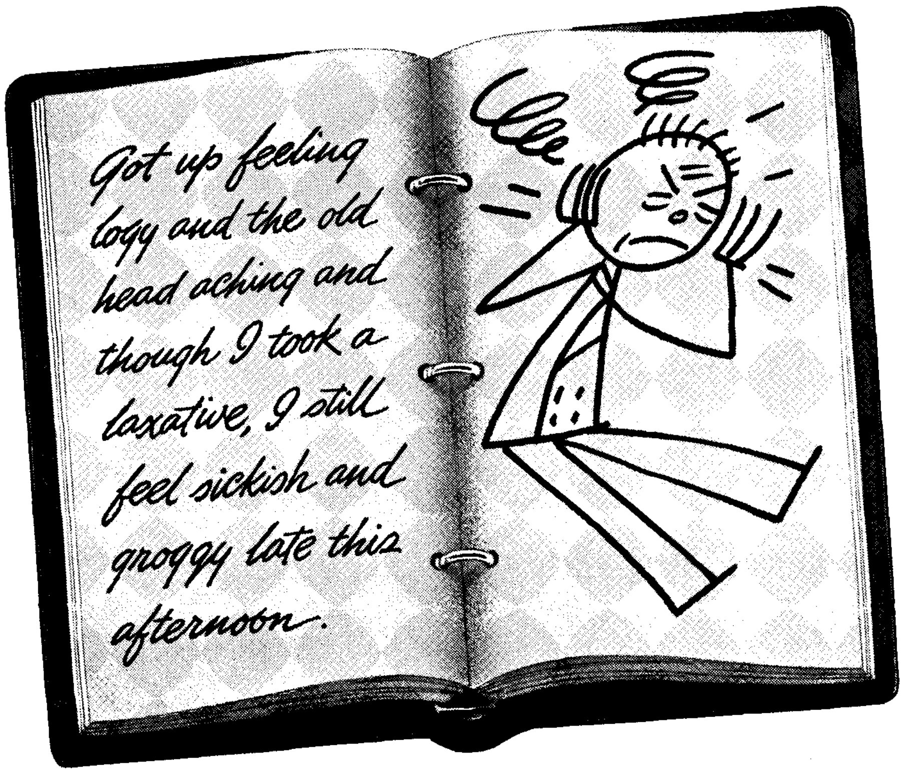
YOU DON'T have to choose between the burden of constipation and the harsh remedies so many people take to "cure" it! If your difficulty is the ordinary kind (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet), you can *avoid both the trouble and the treatment* by the modern ounce of prevention—a crisp crunchy breakfast cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

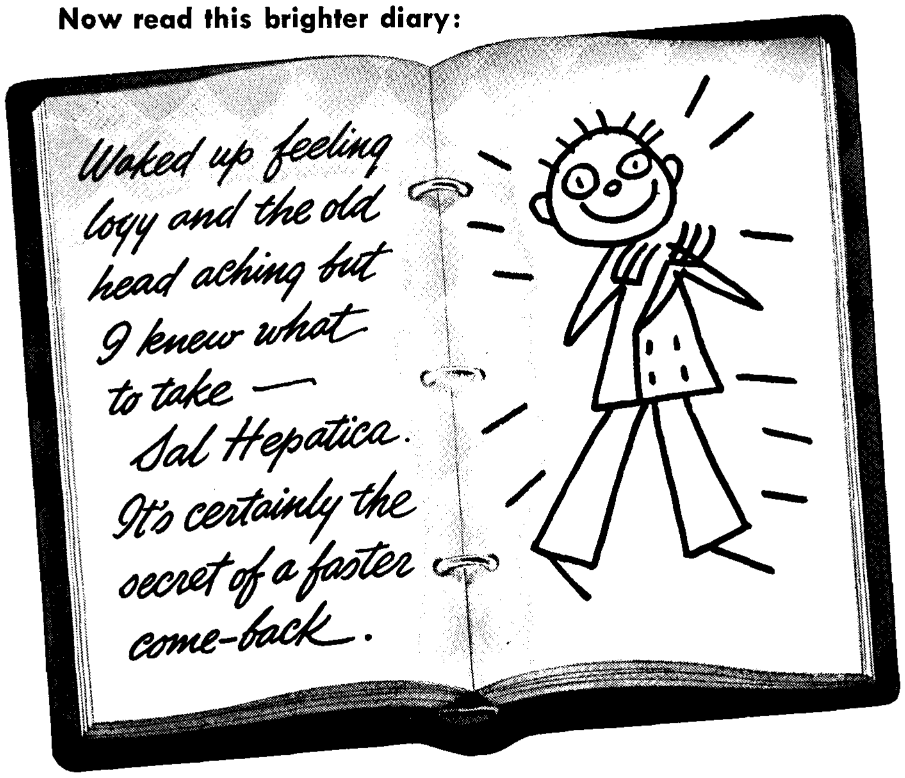
Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Too many gray pages in your diary?


Got up feeling logy and the old head aching and though I took a laxative, I still feel sickish and groggy late this afternoon.

It's foolish to take a slow-acting laxative when you could feel better so much faster by taking Sal Hepatica—a laxative that helps you fast—two ways.

Now read this brighter diary:


Waked up feeling logy and the old head aching but I knew what to take — Sal Hepatica. It's certainly the secret of a faster come-back.

You see, first Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually in one to two hours. Yet Sal Hepatica's action is gentle.

Second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies constipation, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Soon, your constipation relieved, your constipation symptoms leaving, you begin to feel like your old self.

Moderns, who can't afford a whole day of feeling under-par needlessly, appreciate Sal Hepatica's efficient, quicker help.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

ing her booted legs. "I'm a weak-kneed bluff—as you know much too well, my dear. . . . Even last night, after the dance, I came posting here on the wings of love."

"I told you I wouldn't be back."

"You were back, darling. But when I saw the lights I thought in time that someone might be with you. So like a good conspirator I went home again, unkissed."

"You are never to come unless I know about it!" In an instant eagerness had fallen away from him. His voice was harsh: "All that protects either of us is secrecy! You were risking your reputation. You were risking—me. Never again, do you hear? Unless I've been able to arrange for the coast to be clear! It was reckless, Natalie, it was imprudent. It was a foolhardy and dangerous thing to do."

She shrugged. "No doubt, and also a dead giveaway that the lovesick widow is putty in your hands. But I was more than a lovesick woman last night, my dear. I had news for you."

"Yes?"

"Yes. The south shop is to set up twenty-four Gabriel multiple-head drills for airplane blocks. Twelve of them will go to Connecticut Motors at Bridgeport. The other twelve will go to Whitcomb-Macy at Cleveland, Ohio."

The sternness that had swiftly come to his face changed as swiftly to intense concentration. "Then Whitcomb-Macy is to work for you Americans after all, not for us!" His knuckles whitened on the table. "If they were British engines they wouldn't use the same tools as Connecticut Motors." A fist banged. "The English are such fools!—so wretchedly slow, so damnably inept. There's five hundred airplane engines we should have had." He stopped abruptly, and she could watch suavity coming back to his face.

NATALIE looked at the toe of a polished boot, then, after a moment, at him. "Women in love are fools too. But not complete fools, my darling. . . . I think I'm tired of pretending to myself and you, Greg. It's been a silly pretense—that your interest in the mills was just that you were going to marry into the family."

He had put on his correct Oxford look. She said, steadily, "A Territorial captain who, week after week, isn't ordered home. And your business, Captain Ashburn. It has gathered information about American industry for five years. Lying awake in my widowed bed, I've wondered if there aren't a number of such Territorial captains."

Greg said coldly, "What you're saying doesn't mean anything."

"They probably find such a job in a neutral nation distasteful. Possibly they learn things. Possibly what they learn gets back home somehow."

"Probably there are such officers," Greg said. "I haven't heard about them. But all along I've supposed you might sympathize with them, if there are. It would be called detached service. It would also be fighting America's war for her."

A different intensity had hold of her. She had a vivid sense of England fighting for what America believed in, of England as a bulwark that kept war from this peaceful town, of an officer obediently, if ingloriously, serving king and country here—and serving a blind, heedless, deceived America as well. Fierce loyalty and anger for the blindness of those who would not see filled her.

"I'll do what I can for you!" she said, half sobbing. "It is our war too. It would be my war even if I weren't in love with you." That much as he swept her into his arms again, and she whispered against his shoulder, "Smurthwaite! Remember Smurthwaite." But Smurthwaite was the perfect gentleman's gentleman. You could depend on his being, at this moment, carefully polishing her saddle on the far side of the barn.

AS CALEB came out of the drugstore a man stopped beside him at the pi of Sunday papers and said casually, "Bert's got callers." Caleb said, "So I've been told already," and the nondescript stranger moved on. Caleb went on to his car and Nate Jenkins, one of the town police, eased up on his motorcycle and said, "Seen Bert Hendricks, Caleb?"

"He was over at my place two or three days ago. Why?"

"Thought I'd say hello. Him and me used to play on a ball team over to Lowell. You ain't seen him today?"

Caleb said, "No, maybe you ought to try the ball park," and drove off. When he got home, Bert was still on the leather couch, a highball, the Harvard Club cigarettes and the sports section within reach. Bert would take his ease while he could.

"Two people told me that there are visitors waiting for you at your boardinghouse," Caleb said, "and I'm to tell you don't bother to call for your clothes."

"The boys must think I'm slippin'."

"A cop named Jenkins who used to play on a Lowell ball team with you wanted to say hello."

Bert was all admiration, "Even the town constables, huh? Now wouldn't it be cozy if I'd ever been a ballplayer? Anything else?"

"Just that I may be dumb but that's a hell of a phony fire."

Still more admiringly: "Why, you don't act a bit dumb, Caleb."

"It seems there was enough gasoline-soaked waste to set fire to Plymouth County. Even a guy as dumb as me would guess somebody meant to set it. And a frame building too, and very important. It was where the designers used to work—the drafting rooms, the blueprint rooms, the secret files of a great manufactory. Even bright people might want to burn that place. If they were dumb enough not to know that everything had been moved to a new glass-brick edifice a month ago."

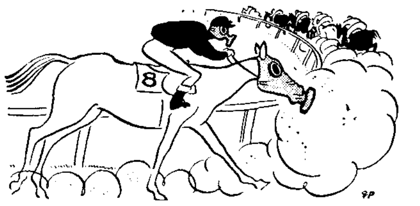
Bert's grin was cheerful but very hard. "That fire's paid its way already. Here I am layin' up at the Ritz, just waiting for a chance to take a powder."

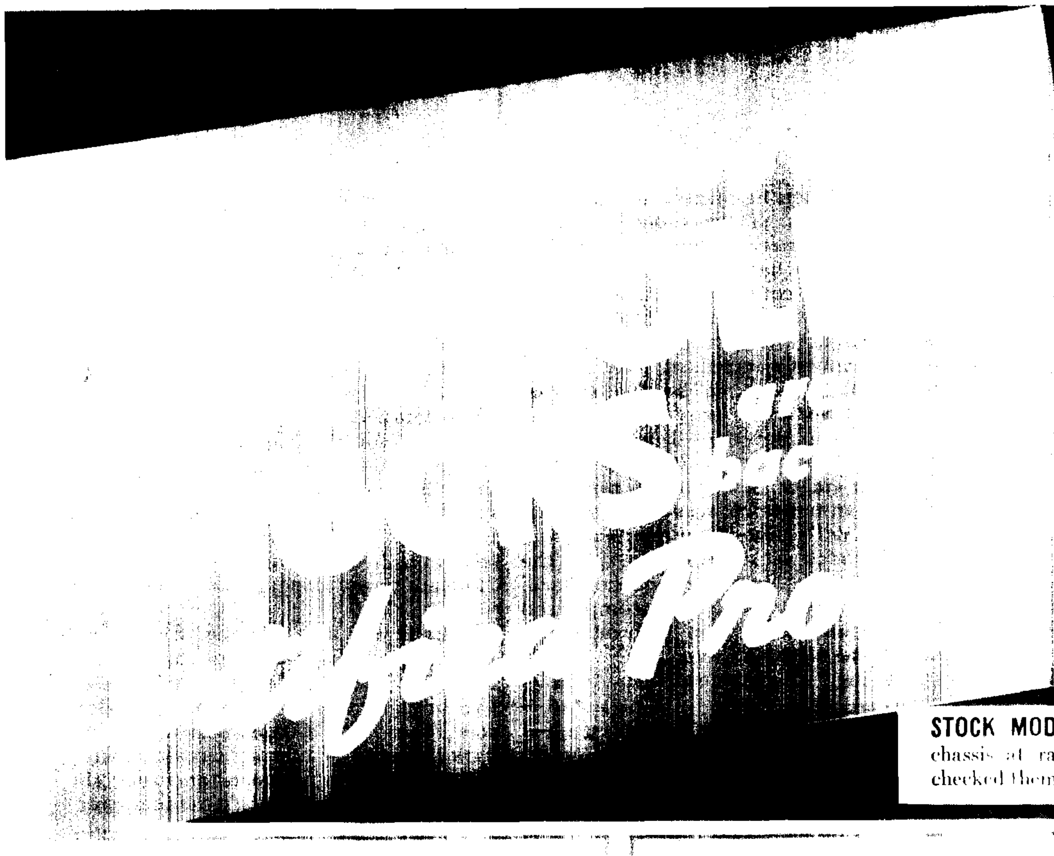
It was Bert's simple thesis that the Gabriel mills had set their own fire. They would take no chance on another election—they would gather in Bert Hendricks and he would trouble them no more.

"John Gabriel can't think that fast," Caleb said. "He certainly doesn't love you, but his footwork is too slow."

"Them solid birds don't have to be fast on their feet," Bert said cheerfully. "They can stand up there and slug. If I set that fire, if it even looks like I set it, I won't bother him nor nobody else for twenty years."

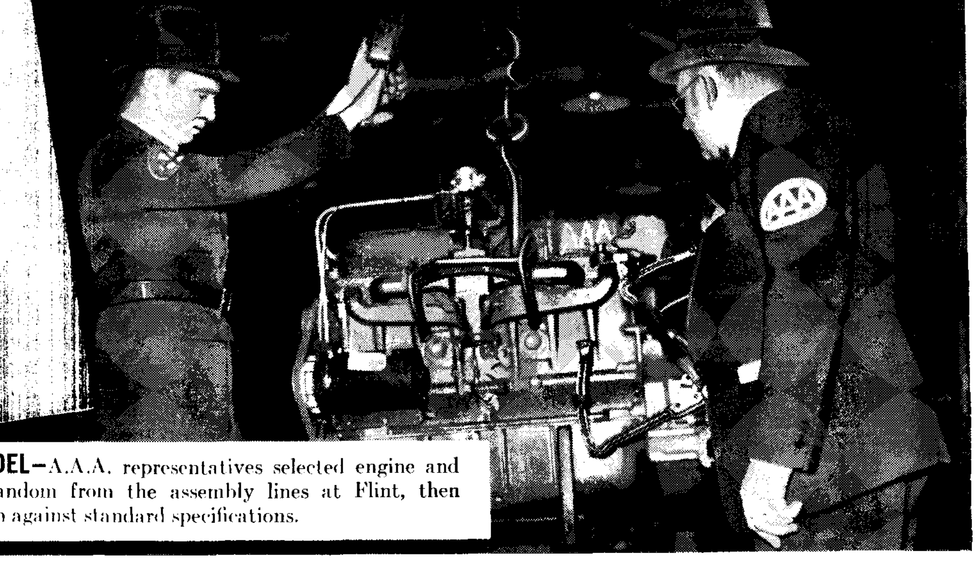
Whoever set it, flames had risen by night over Wallisport not by accident but as an act of war. War by Bert's defeated union, the management said. War by the management, Bert said. Caleb had a moment of wondering if it might be a different war, if those flames had been ordered from somewhere far away. Unlikely. But if not, then it was a deadly, illegal and despicable effort





100,000 MILES

at less than ½¢ a ton mile!



STOCK MODEL—A.A.A. representatives selected engine and chassis at random from the assembly lines at Flint, then checked them against standard specifications.

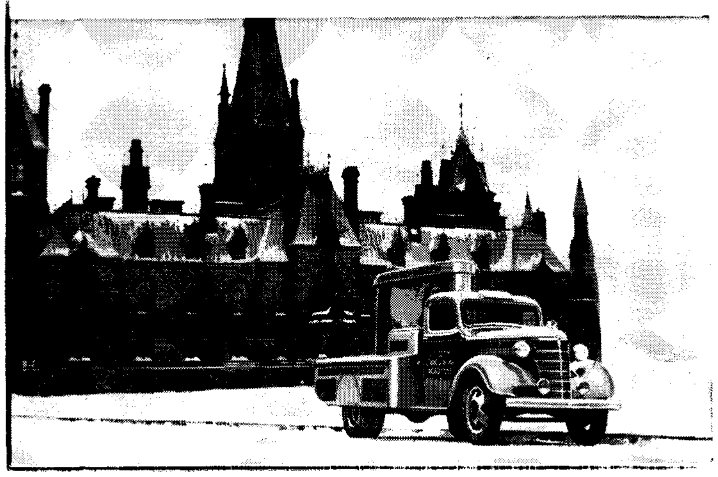
EVER before was a truck subjected to so conclusive a test under A.A.A. supervision as hat which a stock model 1½-ton Chevrolet, ith a 2¼-ton load, underwent between January 1, 1938, and January 19, 1940, covering 100,015.9 iles under working conditions.

Every mile and every minute of the test was nder the official control and observation of the 'ontest Board of the American Automobile ssociation, the one organization in the United tates whose certificates of performance are ecognized in this country and abroad. A.A.A. ecords are official. (All records listed on this age are A.A.A. certified facts.)

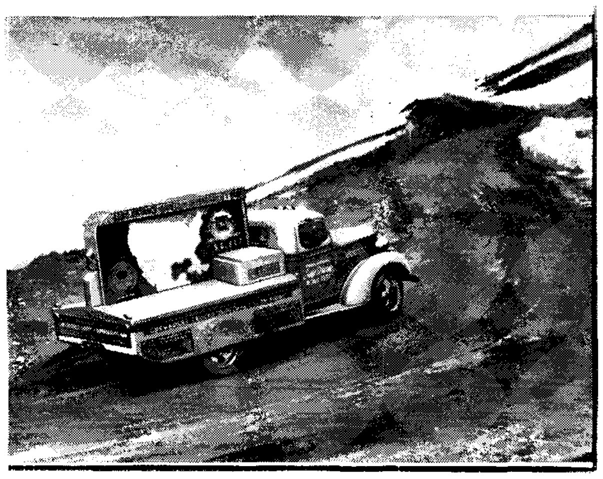
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

OFFICIAL LOGGING OF RUN—Every item of cost, every addition of water, oil or gas, every day's run, was entered in detail by A.A.A. observers who rode the truck.

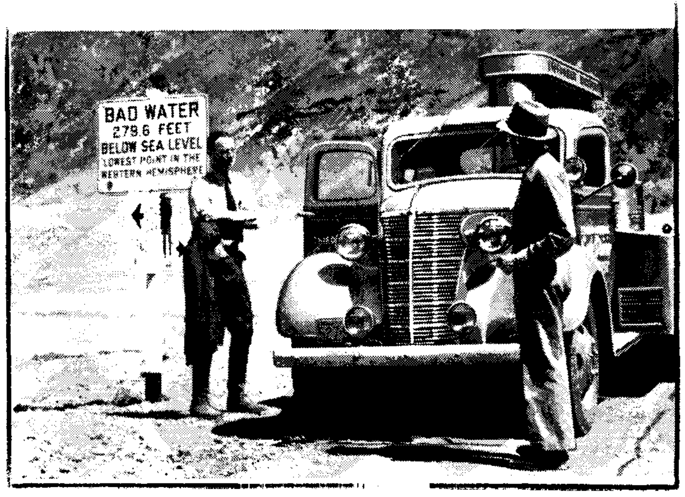
AT CANADA'S CAPITAL—The run began at Detroit, January 11, 1938. The first objective was Ottawa, whence the truck started its good-will tour to Mexico City.



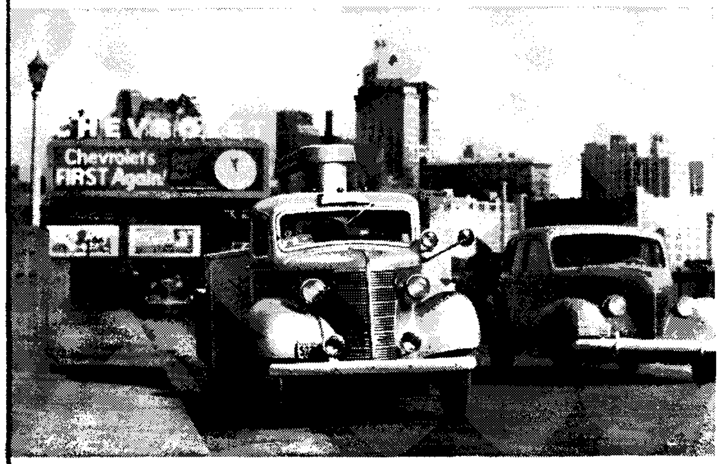
P PIKES PEAK—After 52,319 miles of the test, the 1½-ton uck, with 2¼-ton load, climbed to the summit of Pikes Peak ithout trouble of any kind.



AT DEATH VALLEY—The test went from 14,000 feet altitude to 280 feet below sea level—meeting every condition of highway, and the whole range of temperature and weather.

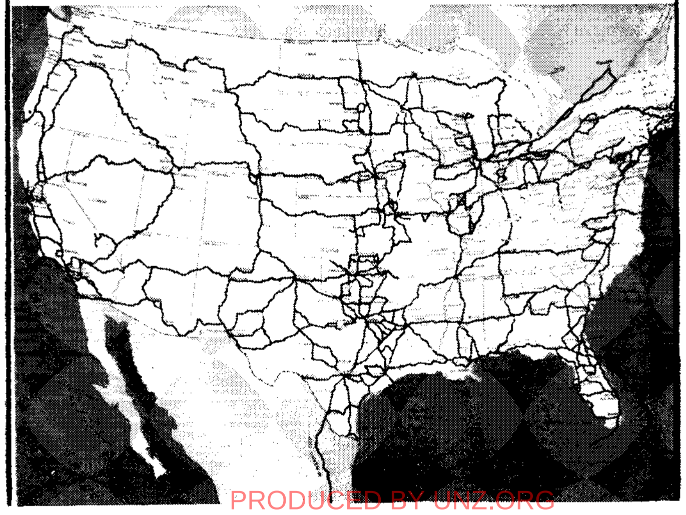

BAD WATER
279.6 FEET
BELOW SEA LEVEL
LOWEST POINT IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

STILL GOING STRONG—At the finish, the truck was running perfectly. For the last 10,000 miles, the miles per quart of oil consumed were 1181—better than for the whole run.



SPECTION AT FINISH—A.A.A. technicians certify that many rking parts were still within production dimensions; not one rt was unfit for further service.

100,000-MILE TEST ROUTE—Canada and Mexico were included in the longest truck test ever observed by the A.A.A. Each of the 48 States was visited at least twice.



Here's the Record!

The Hands of NORMAN BEL GEDDES

Industrial Designer Extraordinary

Bit by bit Norman Bel Geddes redesigns the world we live in. He has streamlined trains, automobiles, ships, aircraft; restyled highway systems; replanned homes and buildings for pre-fabrication; visualized whole cities in the "World of Tomorrow"...a world-honored artist of talent, audacity, imagination and purpose.

Mr. Bel Geddes' watch is a Longines Chronograph

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED HANDS WEAR THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

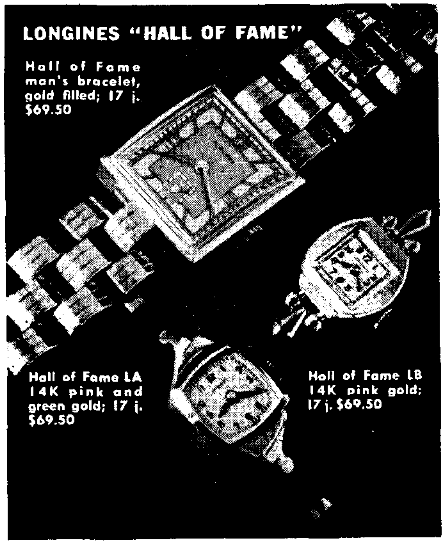
Longines

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The makers of Longines watches recognize that permanent reputation demands perpetual progress. With due honor to a glorious past, the Longines watch of today is a more perfect timepiece than those which have preceded it for 74 years. In this period, the simple product of the unaided craftsman, has become the composite product of science, metallurgy, engineering, and research technique. But now as then, the relative superiority of Longines watches is clean cut and definite. And now as then, the world's most honored hands wear Longines, the world's most honored watch.

Longines "Hall of Fame" watches represent special value. Their 17 jewel Longines movements are amazingly accurate, sturdy and long lived. Other Longines watches of fine character are priced as low as $37.50.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



LONGINES "HALL OF FAME"
Hall of Fame man's bracelet, gold filled; 17 j. $69.50
Hall of Fame LA 14K pink and green gold; 17 j. $69.50
Hall of Fame LB 14K pink gold; 17 j. $69.50

to get Bert Hendricks. He hardened. Anybody who tried to get Bert Hendricks would have to make a try for him too.

"You'll stay right here till dark. Then I'll drive you to Boston."

Bert shrugged. "All right, get your hair mussed if you want to. . . . Look, visitors." He pointed to the window. Gregory Ashburn was coming up the lane. Bert started for the bedroom. "You got a lot of friends today."

Greg was the country gentleman taking a walk, complete with tweeds, stick and Irish setter. He accepted a highball and had a few vague, neighborly monosyllables to speak. Hunt club talkin' about a spring show, more boats out at the yacht club, time for the mackerel to start runnin'. Outrageous, this fire at Gabriel's—Greg had been out of town and missed it—had Caleb seen it?

"I started for it," Caleb said. "I got diverted and didn't arrive."

ASHBURN drank the last of his highball and stood up. "A chap hears things. I wouldn't want to go throwin' my weight about. You haven't had a visitor today?"

"Visitor?"

"This Communist Johnny. Hendricks, is it?"

"No, I haven't seen him," Caleb said. "He isn't a Communist, by the way, just a union organizer."

"Ah! American politics beyond me, I'm sure, but a Red's a Red, what?" Ashburn seemed to get caught in a conflict of British reticences. "I talked with John Gabriel. He will have it this Johnny is behind that fire—and he don't like you teamin' up with him. What's John got against you, Thatcher?"

"Just the ant and the grasshopper. I'm a moral bum."

"You never ran up a score with him? Never took a golf cup he'd set his heart on? Never took a girl away from him?"

"Look here, Greg, are you trying to tell me something?"

Greg looked dreadfully embarrassed. "I told him it's all nonsense. I mean to say, nobody lets his own side down. He's a stubborn beggar, though, and very down on you. I thought I'd mention it."

His walking stick made a salute, he whistled the dog in, and they moved in stately procession down the lane. Bert came out of the bedroom.

"Communist Johnny!" Caleb said. "You heard me warned about you."

"Yeah—about me or our Gabriel pal. Did I tell you about John?"

"John's gone too far—he's offended the British sense of fair play. Ashburn feels it isn't cricket to suspect one of your own crowd. So, the perfect sportsman, he comes to tell me about it." Caleb laughed. "It's a friendly act—meant as one, anyway. But if the British army has many like Greg in it, how will they ever win a war against bright people?"

"THERE'S no use even trying to keep it a secret," Hope said. "If we were sandwich men it wouldn't be printed any plainer on us. Look!"

John was going home at last and they were in the hall. She drew him to the mirror and it was true! He had been haggard when he came; now his face was smooth and exalted. And she looked—well, bridal. How soft her eyes were, how tender her mouth—and how changed forever and ever inside. Panic struck her and she sought the new refuge of his arms. "I'm not all thumbs, John, I'm not knock-kneed, I don't trip over my feet—but I act as if that was the general idea. Remember about me, darling. I'll try not to let you down, but whenever I sprawl, give me a hand up, like the family defective."

Naturally there was only one answer to that, which was probably the idea in saying it. Then he started to go again, and came back. Twice more, and then he said, "I'm new at this, Hope. How do I find out what size your finger is?"

A ring, of course! "You steal my glove and carry it in your pocket always, kissing it at appropriate intervals. But watch your impulses, John! Diamonds don't have to be the size of grapefruit—or even hens' eggs."

"Till I can get one—I wonder—it's probably too large." He took a ring from his finger, an antique seal that weighed an ounce. It was much too big, but—"Wait!" She flew upstairs and brought back a silver chain, put the ring on it, and hung it round her neck. So more ceremonies were extemporized and she was wearing a Gabriel claim for all the world to see.

"Darling," she said, stricken, "you've given me other things to think about—you've—well, occupied my mind—I forgot to ask about the fire!"

"Don't think about it! I want to keep you safe from disagreeable things."

She stood on the curb while his big car moved away, and blew kisses like any schoolgirl. What did the engaged girl do now? Well, the engaged girl seemed to want to sing, to sit down at the piano and play a few bars and get lost in pink bliss, to move around the house, abstractedly straightening furniture and falling into a blank, delightful stupor. She wanted to look in all mirrors and study those eyes and gaze at a silver chain with a seal ring on it. . . .

She wanted to tell Caleb and he would want to be told. He would make some cynical wisecracks, but underneath them would be the warm accord that had never failed, a wholehearted satisfaction in her happiness. And clearly he was entitled to have his clothes returned. Well, keep the underwear to be laundered—but she packed the trousers and sweater and slippers in a bag and drove off in her worn old yellow coupé.

So the engaged girl was driving across Wallisport in late afternoon. Possibly the air was as bright as she thought it was, the sea breeze as fragrant, the clouds as fleecy, but more likely they weren't. Passing the Gabriel mills, she stared through the high wire fence at a half-charred building. She would learn to have a family interest in such things! She went on toward Caleb's and the clouds caught the first glow of sunset. Greg Ashburn, practicing chip shots in his front yard, waved and ran out to ask if she had seen the fire last night.

"From a distance. I started for it but I got delayed."

"Oh? How?"

"Something came up." She thought that what had come up was Hope Shaler, spouting water, but amusement faded from the thought. Greg's eyes were searching her, inquisitive, too intimate. "I've got to get along. I'll be seeing you."

CALEB was at a window. She waved and went in with the bag, saying, "Give me back my clothes, you bounder. I've brought yours." She saw that Bert was there. "Hi! You've heard about dark deeds on Witchcraft Creek?" Bert's smile lacked enthusiasm, and now she noticed that Caleb wasn't looking overjoyed. "I'll go back into the night and storm," she said, "but you might have a cheery word for me before I start."

"Sweetheart," Caleb said, "you'd oblige me a lot by getting out of here."

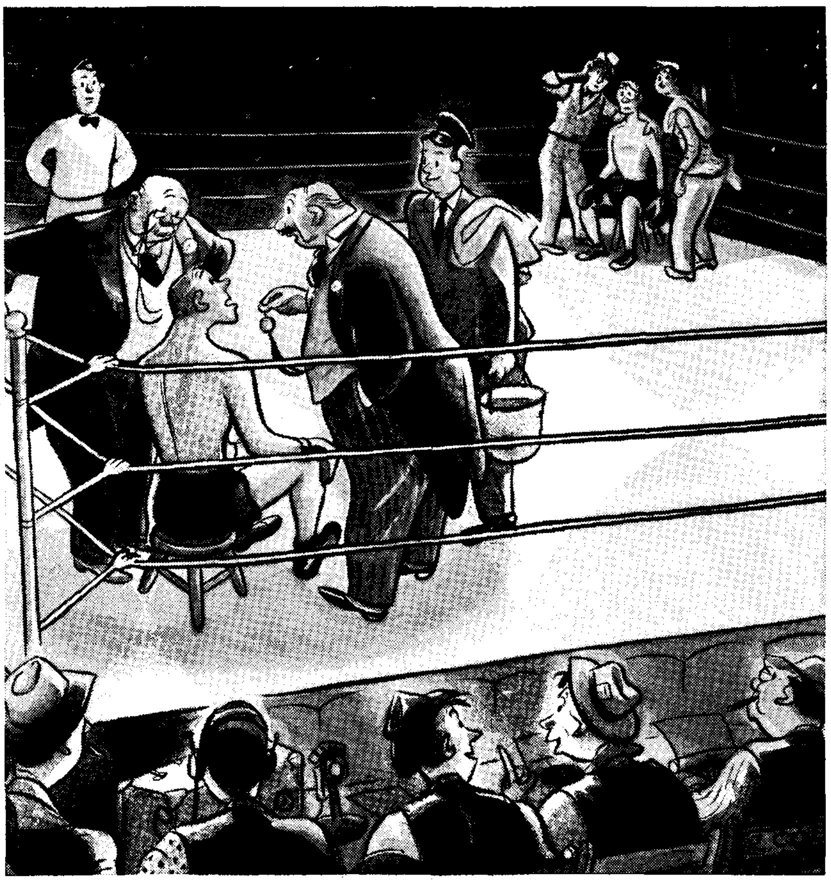
"I get it, you don't want me here." She sat down and crossed her knees attractively. "That's men for you—last night you thought I was just swell. Aw, I only dropped in to borrow an egg for a chocolate cake." She saw that that wasn't sounding as funny as it might have. Caleb was irritated and Bert was—well, watchful. "All right," she said, "let's have it, what's going on?"

Caleb said, "Just get out!" and scowled. But Bert said, "Oh, tell sister. It's this way, babe: when we heard your car we wondered if you was the cops."

"I see. You've been stealing things again. After all I've said."

Caleb grunted but Bert said again, "Never be peevish with a lady. Sister, it could've been the cops. They got here this morning before I did and woke our pal out of his beauty sleep. They were looking for me. Maybe they would be again, that's all."

"And," Caleb added, "you took a



"His bank assumed control for the benefit of his creditors"

ROLAND COE

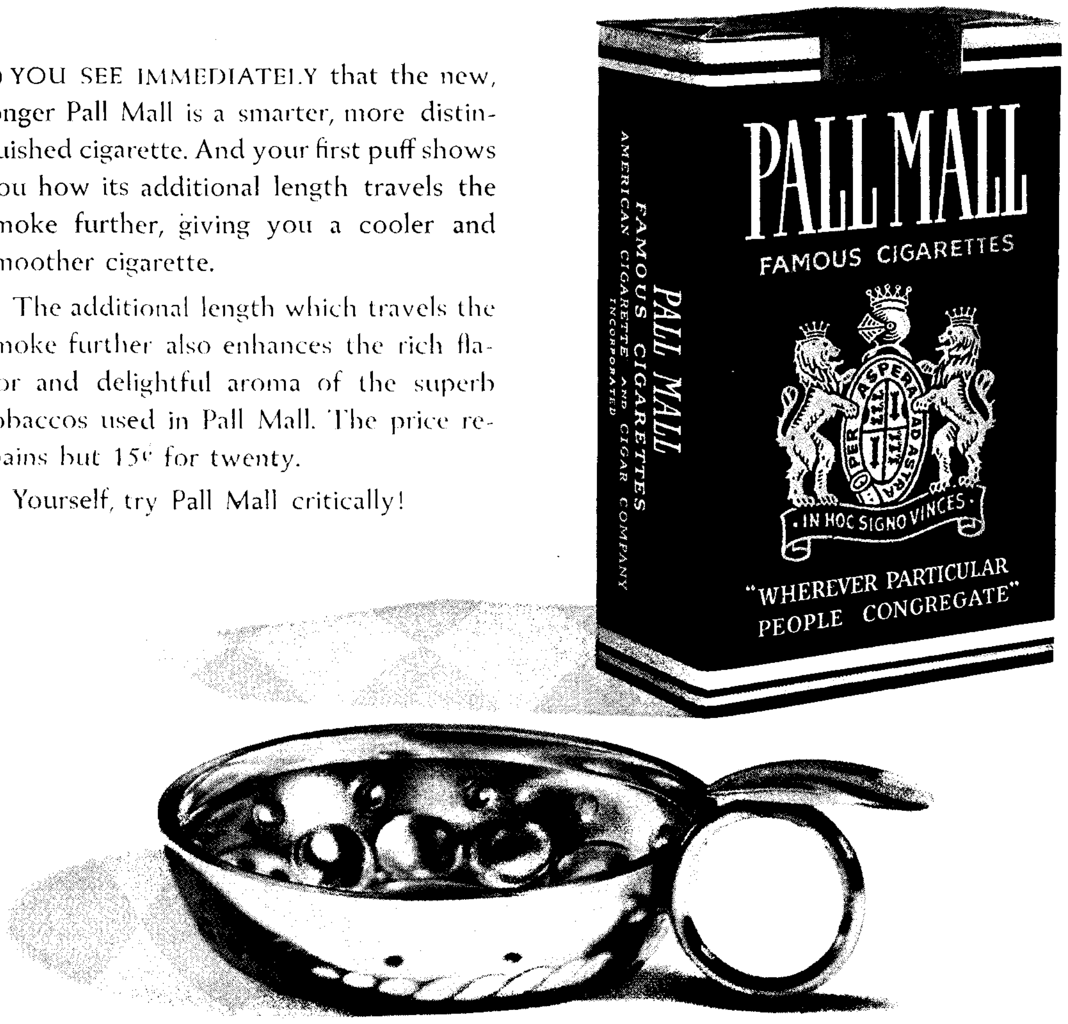
A noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette

● **THE ADDITIONAL LENGTH TRAVELS THE SMOKE FURTHER**

● YOU SEE IMMEDIATELY that the new, longer Pall Mall is a smarter, more distinguished cigarette. And your first puff shows you how its additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a cooler and smoother cigarette.

The additional length which travels the smoke further also enhances the rich flavor and delightful aroma of the superb tobaccos used in Pall Mall. The price remains but 15¢ for twenty.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY INCORPORATED

Copyright 1940 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

dive into cold water last night and you don't want to take one into hot water today. And besides, you're in the way."

"Why should policemen be looking for you?" she asked. Here Caleb exploded, "Hope, please get the idea—" but she got a flash of anger instead, and said sharply, "Stop treating me like a child! Bert, will you tell me what this is all about?"

He gazed at her, a hardboiled man, a man she had laughed with late at night in dingy diners, nodded, spat and said, "Sure. Somebody lit a fire last night. The idea is, maybe that was me."

"It wasn't, was it?"

"It happened I was out of matches last night."

"Then why worry about policemen? Let them come here all they want."

Bert nodded again, his face derisive and amused. Caleb said, "On your side of the tracks, that's quite right. You're the privileged classes, dear. Over in North Wallisport the cops help old ladies across the street."

"We don't want to see the cops," Bert said gently. "Whoever was playin' with matches, it was my fingers they wanted to get burned."

"He means, somebody was trying to frame him," Caleb said explicitly.

Hope loosed one syllable of incredulous laughter but it sounded hollow in this room. They weren't amused—they were serious, alert, tense. Something dreadful, something unclean was in their deadly seriousness. She felt first scared, then sick. "You're crazy!" she said. "Things like that don't happen."

"You're over on the far side of the tracks now."

"Who would try to do such a stinking thing?"

She saw some kind of command travel from Caleb's eyes. Bert said, "It would be nice to know. You see, babe, you been associatin' with a notorious character. You like me in this room, but lots of folks would like me more in the can."

However unbelievable, these two believed in a hideous injustice. Here they sat in a room in Wallisport, in America, and it was seriously suggested that someone had tried to get Bert Hendricks thrown in jail. Her sick loathing turned to indignation. "You mean there are policemen actually looking for Bert, now? You mean they really want to make him seem to be a criminal when he isn't one?"

"Maybe you'd better read something about the facts of life."

"They been wonderin' all day if I'm in town, sister," Bert said. "They're out on the roads now. Maybe they put me on the radio. Maybe by now you know one of them five thousand dead or alive guys."

"Then," she said furiously, "why do you sit around here? Why don't you get away somewhere where they can't find you?"

"He thought of that," Caleb said. "As soon as it's dark I'm going to drive him to Boston. That is, after our guests leave."

To be in Wallisport, a peaceful town where there were just friends and neighbors, not ugly things—to be in Wallisport and know that the police were looking for Bert Hendricks, to arrest him under a false charge, to railroad him into jail. It was an unspeakable vileness—and it was intolerable. "That's bright!" she said heatedly. "You'll drive him to Boston! When everybody knows you're his friend, when they've actually been here looking for him! You'll get as far as the corner drug and then they'll stop you. Use your head, Caleb! I'll drive him to Boston."

"Uh-uh," Bert said. "No, sister. You go home and make up your lips."

"It's an idea!" Caleb's face blazed. "Every cop in town knows that yellow convertible. To any cop it would just be the Junior League rattling around. You could—" He stopped. "Don't be a fool! I know, buzz saws attract you but this is one you'll leave alone. This is no job for the Junior League. Furthermore . . ."

Something guarded was in his face but she had no time to notice. For now her anger was a vehement flame. If somebody was trying dirty work in Wallisport, decent people had to get together. They'd frame Bert, would they? Bert the hardboiled and entrancing, the only man she'd ever known who could spit between his teeth, and did.

"Oh, shut up!" she told both of them. "Here you sit, and I might have been the police, and the next car will be the police. You're too damn' noble for words. You won't let a lady get involved! You fools, only a lady can do it safely."

"Babe," Bert said, "you're even crazier than you act."

But Caleb had thought some more. "She's right and it's the answer. I'd begun to think of getting a boat—we've got a Junior Leaguer and that's better still. Sure, it's letting Hope take a chance. You're taking a chance on twenty years in stir."

Hope stood up. "Why, they can be sensible! Get your suitcase and let's go."

"Suitcase? I can buy a razor at any dime store."

That showed you how innocent they were on the other side of the tracks! She went out into the April dusk and put the top up. Bert came out, wearing Caleb's old brown beret—good idea! for it was as familiar in Wallisport as her car. Caleb brought out a bag and said, "Here are your pretties. They're still wet and a bachelor is too shy to pack them well." Hope said, "Anyway, they're off your conscience. The corset probably fits a smaller girl by now. Oh, by the way, what I came to tell you was, you were right, darling, and I got engaged today."

"Well," Caleb said, "that's nice." He took Bert's hand. "She's a Republican snob but a good chauffeur—she'll get you where you want to go." She saw their hands cling in the dim light, and she could feel the rugged friendship between them. Two proved men, who had shared danger before this, who faced danger casually and confidently. Jealousy stirred her—women had no such alliances. "I'll be seeing you," Caleb said. "Send me a post card. So long." Bert said, "So long. Kiss baby for me." The clasped hands fell apart, the two men were grinning—this in the shadow of a suspended sword, the shadow of a twenty-year sentence, of a man hunt.

Bert looked back at Caleb, standing to watch them go. "A good guy," he said, "a guy you can take along." Bert was just a dim bulk beside her. Passing Greg Ashburn's, Hope thought how appalled the Oxford man would be if he knew that she was helping a suspected criminal to escape. Excitement prickled along her spine and it didn't abate when, on the highway, Bert said, "Drive nice, babe. This wouldn't be a good time to get stopped for speeding."

She laughed. "You make me see bogeymen. I get to thinking there may be a gun leveled at us round every curve."

"Yeah," Bert said, "that's a very comical joke."

She remembered the fairy tale: what's fun for you is death to us! It was true that in Bert's life there could be leveled guns. Here he sat beside her, a man whose life had nothing in common with hers, who had known violence and pursuit and escape, who spent his days and nights in risks she could not even imagine—and he was a companion, a man she liked, a friend. A friend in trouble, victim of a dirty deal, and she could help him, as a friend must. To hell with the enemies of our friends!

They came to the brightly lighted square of Wallisport Center. Her favorite policeman, Nate Jenkins, astride his motorcycle, was talking to the traffic cop. She waved to Nate, flashing him a smile that would have made any cop tear up a ticket. He grinned and waved back. "See, it's easy," she said, her heart pounding.

It was so easy that, once they were heading toward Boston, her excitement ebbed away. But strangeness, a sense of the wildly improbable, remained. "I'm assisting a fugitive from justice," she said. "That makes me a criminal too. Is it old stuff to you?"

"I've got out of town lots of ways," he said. "On the rods. Inside trucks. Covered with hay or potato sacks. Yeah, and with a deputy's gun in my ribs and another deputy booting me one for luck at the city limits. But this is the first time I been drove out of town by a society girl. If you ask me, I don't like it."

"Be polite and pretend you do."

"You're a white man, babe. And still I don't like it. You could get to be damn' sorry about this. Maybe you will yet. So I'd feel like hell."

She must communicate something of the loyalty she felt. "You've bought me beers. That was the three of us having a good time, three good friends. This is the same thing, Bert." He touched her hand, saying, "Okay, babe, I owe you a beer," and that casual acceptance deeply touched her. She asked curiously, "Are you a pretty hard guy, Bert? How hard?"

"Sometimes I tell fibs, sometimes I hook a banana from the stand. Oh, just in the way of business."

She mused, "And a soldier with Caleb. You like him, don't you?"

"I like white men."

She was a white man too, he had said so. That linked her, in a way, with the deep fellowship of men who had lived through war and the threat of death. . . . A half-hour later they came to the Blue Hill Reservation and Bert said, "This is good, here. I'll go in on my own power. You done it, babe." She turned the car off the boulevard, fifty yards up a bridle path, and stopped it in the deep gloom of overhanging boughs. "You know best," she said. "Are you safe now?"

"Anyway, I'm out of Wallisport."

"What happens next?"

Bert only shrugged. He got out of the car and went around it and stood by her window. Behind him, fifty yards away, headlights flashed and there was the hum of motors. She had a sudden, unbearable pity for the loneliness and danger of his life. He said, "Thanks, sister. I'll remember about you." That wrung her heart and, seizing his hand, she said unsteadily, "Aren't you going to kiss me goodby?"

Bert said, "Well, I never kissed a lady up to now," and, half laughing, half crying, she said, "But you would kiss a woman, wouldn't you?" So he kissed her, bashfully. He gripped her hand hard, said, "So long, Hope," and walked away.

She watched him go. Could it be true that the police wanted him, that he really was a dangerous man, that he was an enemy of her whole way of life? He turned back, coming up to her window again. "I got you out on a long, shaky limb already," he said, "but I keep thinkin' of things for you to do."

"Keep on thinking. I'll do them."

"Just in case I should get picked up before I make the water front." He took something out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Could you keep this for a while?"

It was a small, flat leather folder. "Of course," she said.

"I wouldn't want you to show it around."

"I'll put it under my girdle now. I'll hide it safely when I get home."

"Good. It's kind of dynamite and I oughtn't to let you. But—"

"Oh, hush, Bert!" Forthrightly, she put it under her girdle right then and there. "There!" she said. "I'm the privileged classes. No one will search me."

"Thanks. I'll write you a note where to mail it." Once more he squeezed her hand. She expected him to go then but he didn't—he just stood there in the dark. There was something on his mind, and he wasn't talking about it when he said, "That was a nice jail break—thanks again, Hope."

"I'll be seeing you. . . . I will, won't I?" She must! He was so grand!

"I hope so." Pause in darkness. "Wallisport's a nice town—parts of it." Another pause, which lengthened out quite a while. She felt a struggle going on in him, something he wanted to say, something he felt he had better not say. Finally he did say it: "Maybe you won't see me. Just maybe you'll read about me in the papers. Well, if you do . . ."

She waited but he didn't go on. "Yes, if I do?"

"It's this way, Hope," he said slowly. "If we get together again over that beer, well, I didn't mention this. This was something you didn't ever hear about. I mean, I like Caleb Thatcher and you like him—so we never got talkin' this way at all—unless you happen to read about me in the papers. If you do, then you tell Caleb something—but not unless. Tell him I heard that a friend of ours was over here, a fat guy."

Curiously impressed, feeling mysteriously solemn but making nothing of it, she said, "You heard that a friend of yours and Caleb's was over here, a fat guy."

"I did if you happen to read about me." Now he squeezed her hand so hard that she nearly cried out. "So long, sister." And he was really gone.

An old friend of hers was striding out of sight in spring darkness, and no one knew what danger was ahead of him. He was wanted by the police and he would send her his address for the little leather wallet. And if she read about him in the papers, but not otherwise, she was to give Caleb a message. . . . She drove swiftly back to Wallisport, mystified, pondering dark things, but rejoicing that she had helped prevent injustice, had helped Bert Hendricks get away.

She was coming into North Wallisport when a whistle shrilled and a motorcycle drew even with her. She pulled up to the curb and leaned out. "I was doing all of thirty-five," she told Nate Jenkins witheringly. "What does that add up to—obstructing traffic?"

Under the street light, Nate looked sheepish. "I told them apes that was your car. Massachusetts license 57038. I said, 'That's Hope Shaler's car, some boob can't read numbers.' Don't blame me, Hope, word come out to pick up that number ten minutes after I seen you. So now I picked it up. You been breaking any more laws than usual?"

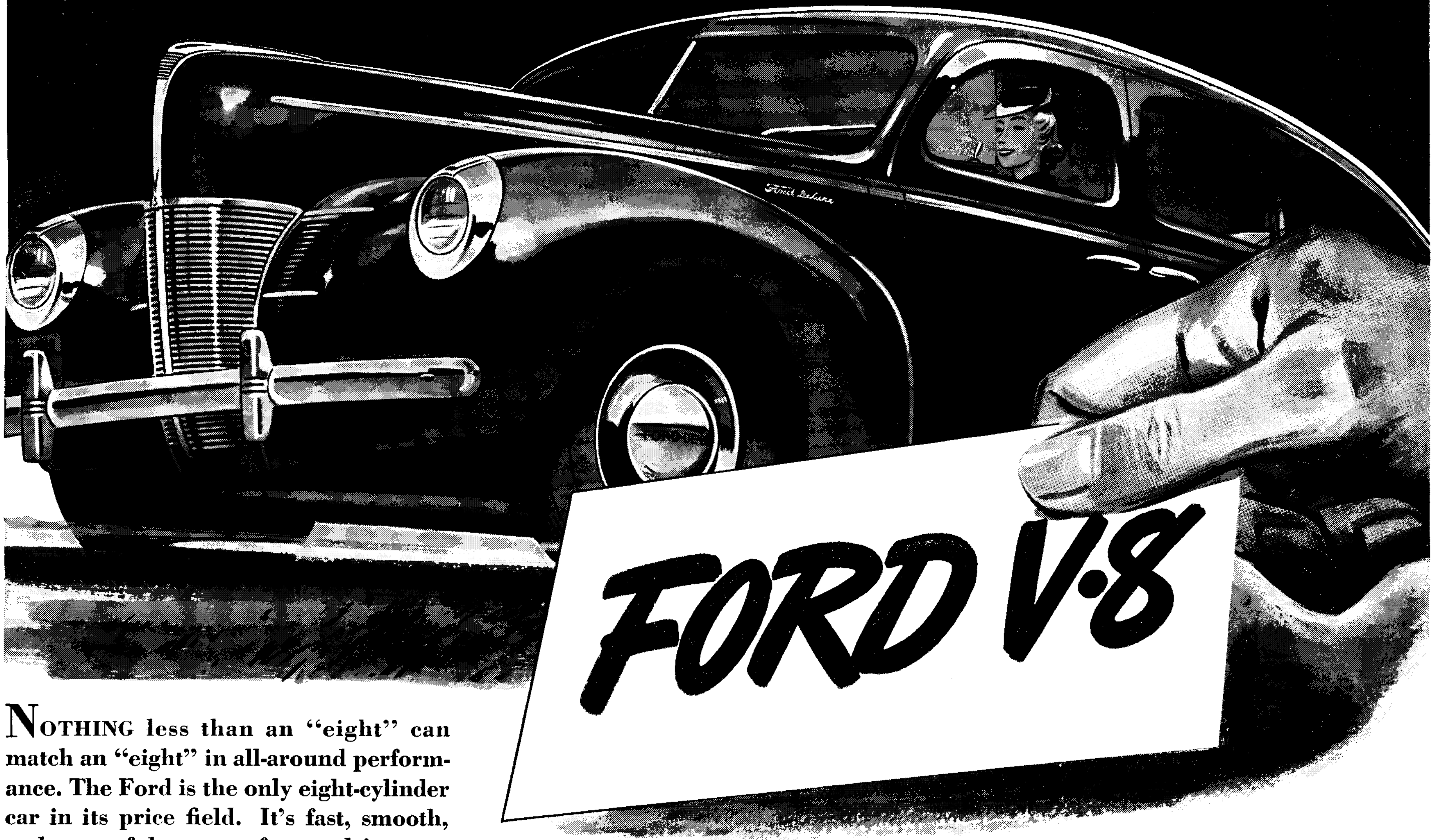
"If it's any of your business, I drove Caleb Thatcher up the line a way. You need a shave. Your uniform is sloppy. You're drunk on duty and you beat your wife. Furthermore, I'm the governor's daughter and this costs you your job. I was hurrying home to dinner because I was hungry, but one look at your face, Nate Jenkins—"

Nate grinned. "I told 'em I'd rather stop an army tank. Run along, Hope! Them illiterate apes!"

She smiled at him ever so girlishly. And, under her girdle, a sharp corner of a little leather wallet dug into her thigh.

(*To be continued next week*)

It takes an eight to beat an eight



NOTHING less than an "eight" can match an "eight" in all-around performance. The Ford is the only eight-cylinder car in its price field. It's fast, smooth, and powerful — more fun to drive.

In the things that really count, the big, roomy Ford is ahead of its field. It has the biggest hydraulic brakes, a stabilized chassis that doesn't bob and dip when starting and stopping. The only full torque-tube drive. The most rugged rear axle.

Only in the Ford V-8 will you find the restful comfort of seats built with soft "floating-edge" and individually pocketed cushion springs. It has appointments you would expect to get in any fine car, *included* in the price.

It has De Luxe two-tone instrument panel and light, harmonizing interior — the new style note for 1940.

Simplified Finger-Tip Gearshift, Controlled Ventilation, Scientific Soundproofing — the Ford has every important modern feature in addition to the greatest engine in its field.

This is the all-time, unmatched value produced by the company that has built more cars than any other. Drive this car. You will find it the fastest and most powerful of the leading low-price cars.

And you will learn right then where your dollars buy the most automobile!

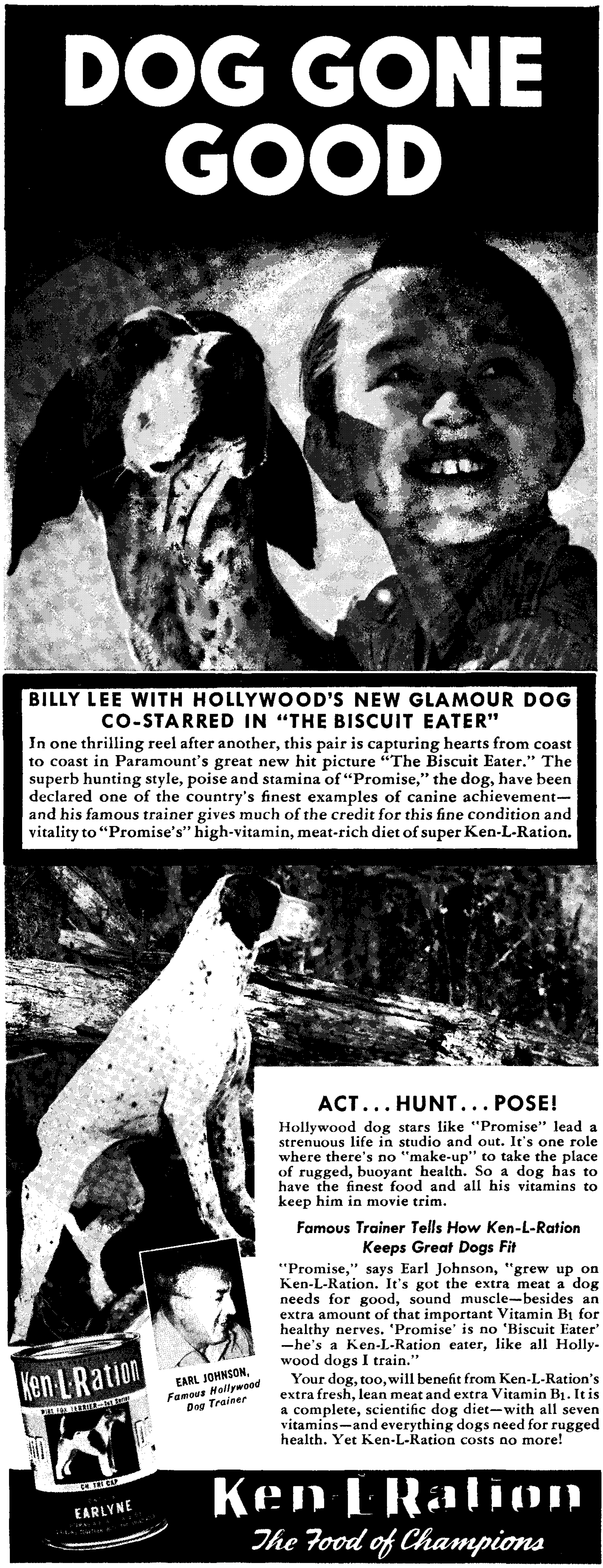
IT PAYS TO DEAL WITH THE FORD DEALER

He is ready, willing and anxious to trade—any make. Before you buy any car, let him show you how easy it is to own a new Ford V-8. Prices are low and include equipment for which you often must pay extra.

• VISIT THE NEW FORD EXPOSITIONS AT THE TWO FAIRS, NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO, 1940

Ford

STEP UP TO THE V·8 CLASS



DOG GONE GOOD

BILLY LEE WITH HOLLYWOOD'S NEW GLAMOUR DOG CO-STARRED IN "THE BISCUIT EATER"

In one thrilling reel after another, this pair is capturing hearts from coast to coast in Paramount's great new hit picture "The Biscuit Eater." The superb hunting style, poise and stamina of "Promise," the dog, have been declared one of the country's finest examples of canine achievement—and his famous trainer gives much of the credit for this fine condition and vitality to "Promise's" high-vitamin, meat-rich diet of super Ken-L-Ration.

ACT... HUNT... POSE!

Hollywood dog stars like "Promise" lead a strenuous life in studio and out. It's one role where there's no "make-up" to take the place of rugged, buoyant health. So a dog has to have the finest food and all his vitamins to keep him in movie trim.

Famous Trainer Tells How Ken-L-Ration Keeps Great Dogs Fit

"Promise," says Earl Johnson, "grew up on Ken-L-Ration. It's got the extra meat a dog needs for good, sound muscle—besides an extra amount of that important Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves. 'Promise' is no 'Biscuit Eater'—he's a Ken-L-Ration eater, like all Hollywood dogs I train."

Your dog, too, will benefit from Ken-L-Ration's extra fresh, lean meat and extra Vitamin B1. It is a complete, scientific dog diet—with all seven vitamins—and everything dogs need for rugged health. Yet Ken-L-Ration costs no more!

EARL JOHNSON, *Famous Hollywood Dog Trainer*

Ken-L-Ration
The Food of Champions

Out of the World

Continued from page 15

The average level on which scheduled air lines in this country now commonly operate is 8,000 feet. Upon occasion of wind conditions or similar necessity, or in accordance with airways traffic regulations, this is varied to somewhat lower or higher levels. But 8,000 represents the daily mean. It is not only a safe level—attested by the records—and an economical one for modern engines; it is also a comfortable one, proved by experience to be a notch at which passengers are not troubled by effects of altitude. Indeed, most persons remain unbothered to 12,000 feet or a little more, although you will probably begin to feel like putting your book or brief case aside in favor of a little shut-eye or just plain mopsing.

The purpose of the Stratoliner, and of other supercharged passenger ships to follow it, is to keep you near this optimum and familiar level of flight comfort—8,000 feet—while it actually continues upward to take advantage of certain favorable operations influences which are known, or believed, to lie within the "second decade" of altitude: 10,000 to 20,000 feet.

Aviation is a business—a commonplace factor in the calculations of everyone who travels. The commercial airplane is a common carrier. The legitimate aim of air-line operators is to make profits for stockholders and employees. You, as a passenger, now pay more than 60 per cent of the revenues of domestic air lines. If more of you are attracted to flying there will be bigger revenues, better service. Good business in aviation is represented by safety, comfort, timesaving. If these points combined to dictate levels so low that you could look into second-floor parlors en route, that's where you'd fly. But they are augmented by altitude. That is why you are going to fly the "upper levels." Meanwhile, it is pertinent to recall that even long ago, and for perhaps less formal reasons, pilots habitually referred to altitude as "money in the bank."

In your flight today, you did not leap from sea level to three and a half miles into the air. You climbed gradually. On the ground it was a day of murky patches and threatening rain—"high fog," as the professional climate optimists of the Pacific Coast say. The Stratoliner tangled into the gray lint at 7,000 feet; alternately, then, you flew through irresolute darkness inside cloud blobs, or bridged great holes between them, or cruised in gleaming ravines among thunderheads. It was more than half an hour before you came over the top.

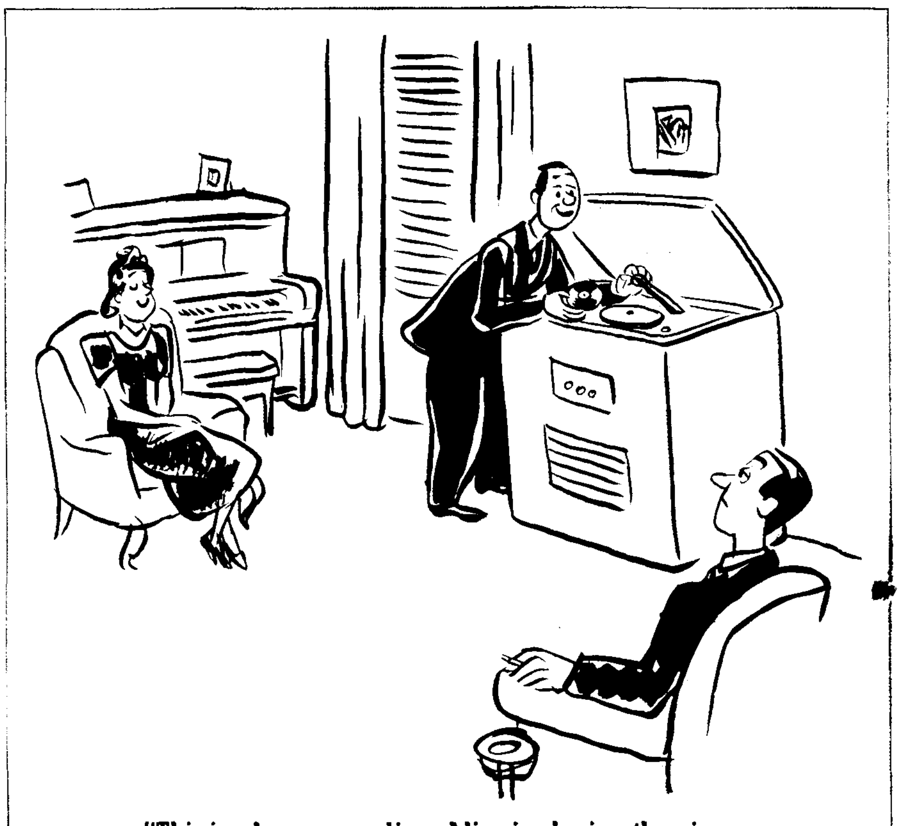
A Little at a Time

By the same token, aviation has not reached the "upper level" of flight in one hop. The pressurized ship would not be possible even now save for the airways radio aids, flaps, controllable pitch propellers, flight instruments, the steady contribution of research, the hundred and one improvements in planes, engines and methods. From Kitty Hawk to the Stratoliner has been a patient series of small, logical gains. The supercharged plane is not revolutionary so much as inspiring and inevitable. In case you have any exciting misconceptions, let's slay them at once.

On your present flight in TWA's Number One Stratoliner, and on busy air lines for years to come, you are not going into the overpublicized stratosphere. You are not even going into the substratosphere. You are going where the young man in the song of our boyhood promised to take his girl friend, Josephine, in his flying machine: "*Up, up, a little bit higher*" until, "*Oh, my, the moon seems on fire!*"

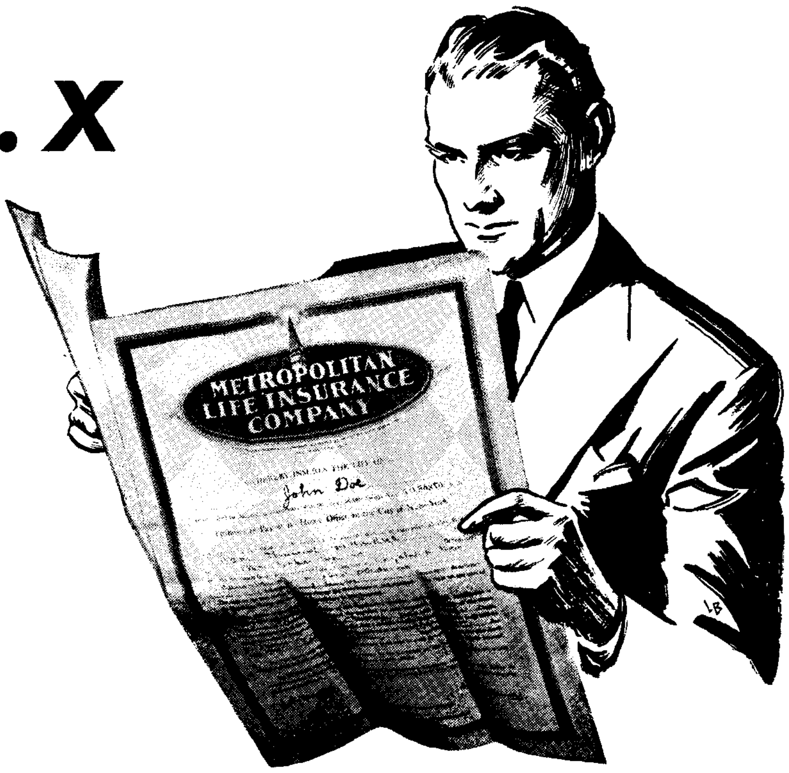
The true significance of the Stratoliner as a concerted forward movement of the whole air transportation industry can be understood by comparing it with the impetus which balloon tires and four-wheel brakes gave to the automobile industry; or which automatic block signals and air brakes gave to railroading.

Some advantages of operation on the upper level are purely technical; others are of personal interest to you as a pas-



"This is a home recording. Alice is playing the piano, I'm tap-dancing, and the pounding is the neighbors" ROBERT DAY

The 3 Choices of Mr. X



An explanation of one of the most important provisions in your life insurance policy

A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO, Mr. X bought a life insurance policy from Metropolitan.

Recently, Mr. X and his wife reviewed his policy. They wanted to refresh their memory concerning the benefits they would receive if, for some unforeseen reason, Mr. X should decide not to maintain his policy in force any longer.

They knew, of course, that from their premium payments a "cash value" had been built up in Mr. X's policy. Usually such a cash value is available after the second or third year the policy has been in force—except in the case of Term policies.

Mr. X and his wife found that if premium payments were discontinued, he would have three choices—three ways in which he might take advantage of his cash value . . .

SHOULD I TAKE A CASH SETTLEMENT?

1. *Mr. X might elect to take his cash value.*
If Mr. X should decide that, because of changed circumstances, he no longer needed the protection afforded by his life insurance, he could, if he wished, take an immediate cash settlement.

If his policy happened to be an Ordinary policy and was five or more years old, he might prefer to have the money paid out under one of the so-called "Optional Modes of Settlement." This would provide him with an income for life or for a certain number of years—the payments to begin immediately, or later in life.

2. *Mr. X might elect to retain his present type of insurance, paid-up for a reduced amount.*
Let us suppose that Mr. X, for some reason beyond his control, should find himself unable to keep on paying his premiums—but still wished insurance protection.

SHOULD I KEEP MY PRESENT TYPE OF INSURANCE—PAID-UP FOR A REDUCED AMOUNT?

In that case, Mr. X would find that he could get fully paid-up insurance for whatever amount his cash value, used in this way, would provide. He would need to pay no further premiums.

On the other hand, Mr. X might feel that he had need of greater protection for the immediate future than this choice offers him. In that case, he would have still a third option . . .

SHOULD I TAKE PAID-UP TERM INSURANCE?

3. *Mr. X might elect to apply his cash value to provide Paid-Up Term Insurance—which would remain in force for a limited period.*
By thus using his cash value, Mr. X could continue as much protection as possible in force, in the form of paid-up Term insurance. This protection would continue in force for as long a period as his cash value, used in this way, would cover.

* * *

If Mr. X should decide not to maintain his policy in force any longer, could he reinstate it at some future date if he is still insurable? Yes, at any time—providing he had not taken his cash surrender value, or, if he had converted it into Paid-Up Term Insurance, the period of this insurance had not expired.

Mr. X would, of course, have to pay all back premiums with interest. Any loan outstanding against his policy, together with interest, could either be repaid in cash, or be continued against his reinstated policy.

▶ The case of Mr. X indicates the care that is taken in writing your policy, to make certain that you will be protected if you find you are unable to continue your present insurance policy in force.

But, obviously, only the person who keeps his life insurance in force until its maturity, can be sure of achieving the full benefits for which he planned when he purchased his policy.

Because all the provisions in your policy are vitally important—not only to you but to those for whose benefit you purchased the insurance—it will be well worth your while to take the time to read your policy carefully, if you have not done so recently.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

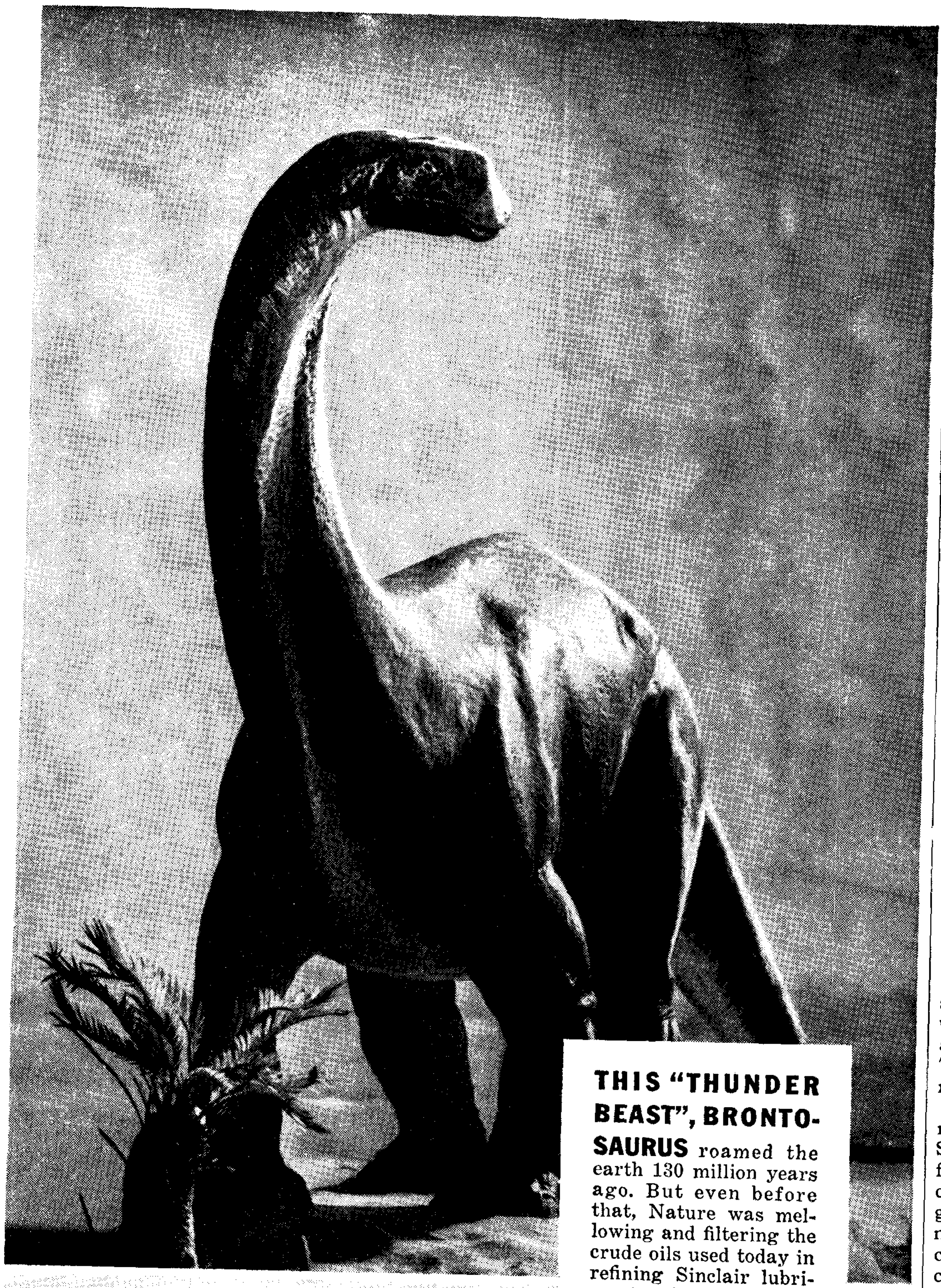
This is Number 26 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In Canada the privileges outlined in this advertisement must be exercised in conformance with the laws concerning the rights of beneficiaries in the various Provinces. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

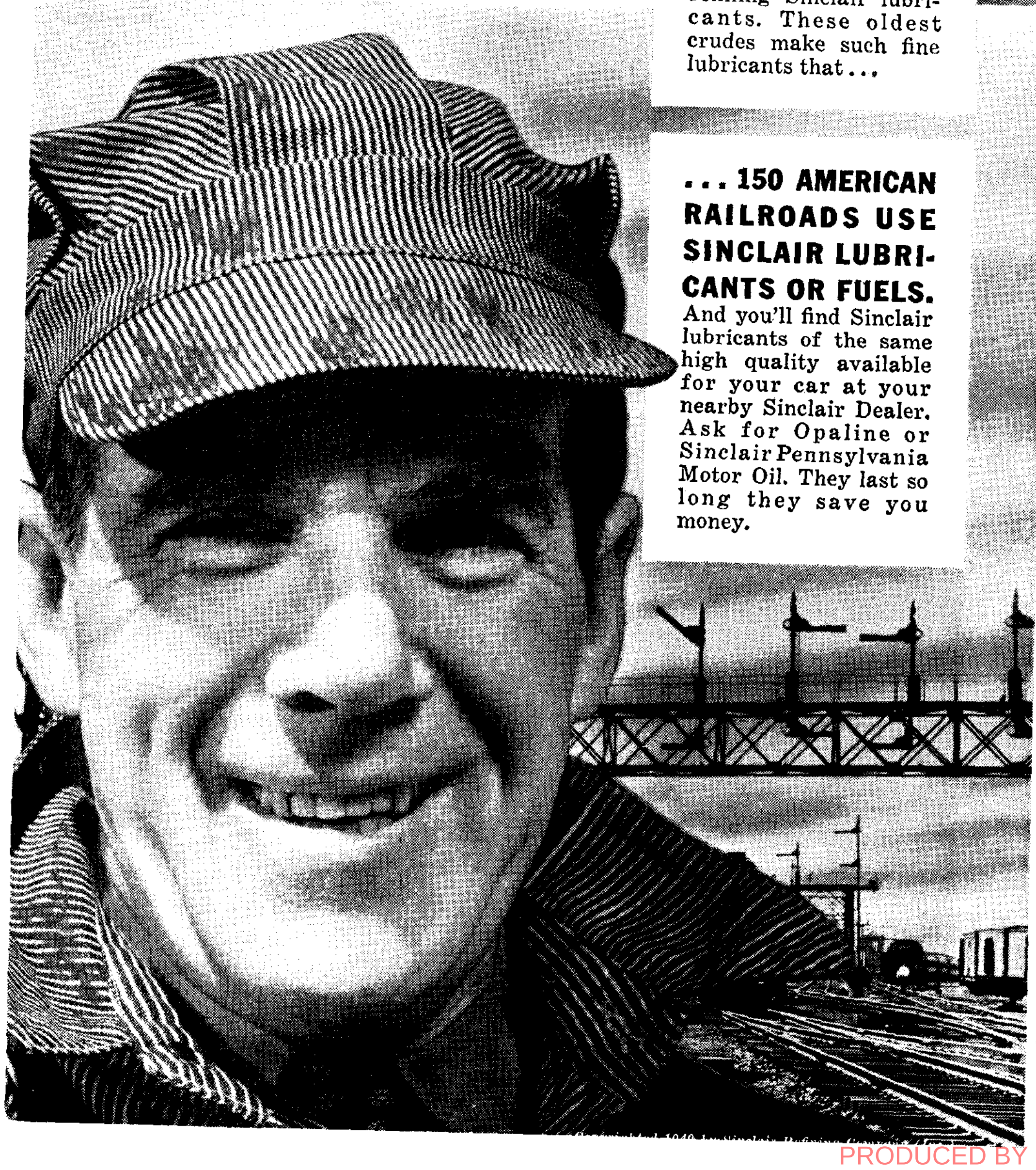
(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the New York World's Fair and at the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.



THIS "THUNDER BEAST", BRONTOSAURUS roamed the earth 130 million years ago. But even before that, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair lubricants. These oldest crudes make such fine lubricants that . . .



. . . 150 AMERICAN RAILROADS USE SINCLAIR LUBRICANTS OR FUELS. And you'll find Sinclair lubricants of the same high quality available for your car at your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Ask for Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. They last so long they save you money.

senger. In the main, all corroborate the safety and comfort and prudence already distinguishing this modern and youngest transportation industry that last year was the only common carrier in the United States to operate its schedules with a record of one hundred per cent safety to passengers. There was another record involved, but unnoticed. No other method of scheduled passenger travel has ever, within a comparable short period of development, attained a whole "safety year." You must remember that scheduled daily air travel on a national scale is not yet 15 years old in this country.

You will be even safer in the "upper levels": this is the first virtue of the Stratoliner.

The airplane is a vehicle of the air. The air is an ocean of space. Adventurous man stands looking up now, as five thousand years ago he stood at the edge of the ocean of water. He pushed his boats out upon the deep sea partly because he was lured by its mysteries, partly because he learned by experience that he was safer away from the perils of the coast—rocks, shallows, reefs, headlands and tides.

There's Safety in Altitude

With regard to the new ocean that his brains and skill and imagination now face, man almost exactly parallels his course with the familiar seas.

He flew his first planes by visual "contact" with the ground. He kept within sight of, and guided himself by the well-known contours of the earth, which are like a coast line turned on edge. Those early planes were akin to the rafts and dugouts of old.

Pioneer investigators of the deeper air, men like Major Rudolph ("Shorty") Schroeder, kept warning: "Get away from the ground!" Nearly all plane accidents were caused by collision with the ground, unseen in storm or fog or darkness—just as early mariners oftenest came to grief by piling onto shrouded coasts.

Several years ago the introduction of high-speed planes, supercharged motors and "instrument" flying to replace "contact" flying enabled commercial air travel to launch out into deep air and begin the compilation of safety records.

"Weather" is the skin of the earth's countenance, upon which are reflected her variable moods and tempers. In comparison with the depth of the atmosphere, it is a very thin skin. Commander D. W. Tomlinson, chief engineer of TWA, who has conducted all of that line's outstanding researches on upper air conditions, does not argue that it is always fair weather on high. "Tommy" has spent more time higher away from the earth's surface than any other man now alive or in history. Of his 7,000 flying hours, more than 30 have been spent at altitudes in excess of 30,000 feet. Others have penetrated the substratosphere for a few minutes at a time; only Tommy has been up there, where no man can live without the aid of oxygen and artificial heat, approximately a day and a quarter. He has been many times 30 hours in altitudes between 15,000 and 30,000 feet.

Commander Tomlinson, of whom you have read more than once in Collier's, is with you on your flight today. When he speaks, you know it is with the greatest amount of firsthand knowledge possessed by anyone.

He tells you two of the important safety factors he found.

First, that icing—stern foe of airmen—is rarely found above 16,000 feet. Second, that 95 per cent of bad weather is avoided when you reach 18,000 feet and upward.

It follows that the "upper level" will be more convenient, with fewer cancellations and interruptions of flight due to weather.

You will be more comfortable on the upper level too; herein is the second advantage of the supercharged air liners.

The reason is closely allied to the reasons for greater safety—weather, plus the degree of separation from the ground.

By use of "weather," the word, we usually intend a positive description of the state of the part of the atmosphere that immediately concerns us. It is either "bad" or "nice." Indifferent weather we don't notice much. "Bad" weather is activity of certain elements. Man's affairs on earth contribute heat from his city pavements, from mill furnaces, smoke from chimneys, incinerators, ferries. The wind is the stick that stirs weather up. Wind is largely brought on by surface conditions: unevenness caused by the varying heat-reflecting properties of oceans, lakes, plowed lands, forests, glaciers. The course of the wind is made erratic by the contour, or upedged coast, of the surface: it dips into valleys, glances off hills, funnels up ravines and makes whirlpools over jagged mountain country. All this builds even on some clear days the "down and up" drafts, or columns of moving air that we used to call erroneously "air pockets" and now call merely "bumps."

It has long been known that "rough air" caused by the influence of the earth's contour upon wind or simply by reflected heat waves does not extend up very far. Ordinarily it does not reach the 8,000-foot levels.

Commander Tomlinson, in his substratosphere investigations, has observed clouds above his head at 35,000 feet. He has found high winds at the base of the stratosphere. He has descended through more than 20,000 feet of unbroken cloud structure.

More Fun for Passengers

But his conclusions, of interest to you as a passenger on the "upper levels" of flight now contemplated by the air lines, are that "rough" or turbulent air commonly disappears above 16,000 feet; that such clouds as are sometimes found in the vicinity of 20,000 feet are wispy, or, if heavy, a zigzag route may be picked among them without much deviation from straight-line flight.

You will find it more interesting in the upper level—that is a third merit of the Stratoliner.

Range of vision unfolds like a sunflower in morning as you go up. From perhaps twelve miles to the horizon at sea level, your gaze runs out to hundreds of miles in the high air, defeating curvature of the earth. At 20,000 feet Captain Stevens of the Air Corps has taken photographs of mountain peaks more than 200 miles away. Captain Codos, French pilot, in crystal air 25,000 feet over the South Atlantic, sighted the coast of Brazil 380 miles away. The island of Jamaica can be seen from PAA ships at ordinary levels when still 100 miles at sea.

Today, from 16,000 feet, you see Puget Sound, from below Tacoma to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and Victoria in British Columbia, below you as if laid upon a table. Cities like Everett and Bellingham and Seattle that are hours apart by surface means seem only inches apart. You see the whole of the Olympics on the west; and the Cascades from north of Mount Baker to the south of Mount St. Helens, the world's most beautiful mountain (yes, I've seen Fujiyama). You can observe the difference between regions of abundant and of scant rainfall: the green fir slopes west of the Cascades, and the redly arid eastern side. The crew tells you that one day from 20,000 feet they saw the city of

Vancouver in Canada and Mount Hood at Portland, Oregon.

Your soul is due for a bit of stretching on the upper level, and your store of adjectives will be sorely tested.

Technical debates over power and structural performances and the like you are willing to leave to air-line operators. Mostly you want to know: What is this supercharging that makes possible the miracle of your flying apparently thousands of feet below the ship in which you sit?

Supercharging is just another of the many scientific discoveries and inventions by which man cheats or thwarts nature.

The atmosphere is the whole envelope of air that surrounds the earth. Air is composed of gases, chiefly nitrogen and oxygen, which are necessary for our breathing. The atmosphere is divided into three main layers. The troposphere is the one in which you live. The tropopause, or substratosphere, is the second layer as you go up. Roughly, it begins around 25,000 feet. The stratosphere is the top layer, beginning from 35,000 to 60,000 feet. Temperature and density of air decrease as you go up. Unsheltered and unaided human life becomes very difficult at 20,000 feet; impossible before you are in the substratosphere, where the temperature may reach 60 or 70 below zero, Fahrenheit.

Primitive amount of oxygen, or "atmospheric pressure," for the human engine—lungs and heart—is found at sea level. A few thousand feet won't make an appreciable difference—many races on all continents, some important cities, exist well above the ordinary air-line operating level of 8,000 feet.

At sea level the atmospheric pressure in which you live is 14.7 pounds per square inch. At 18,000 feet it is only half as much. However, the percentage of oxygen in it remains the same. It is just "thinner"; that is, fewer molecules of oxygen and nitrogen occupy the same amount of space.

You have noticed that you breathe faster when you are in the mountains. Your lungs are trying to get in more of the oxygen. If you could breathe fast enough you could suck in the necessary amount of oxygen. But you are physically unequipped to. If you could wear a little fan in your mouth to scoop and hurry the air into your lungs you would be all right.

Supercharging, in the case of the airplane cabin, is a device for compressing, or hurrying, or packing the outside air into the cabin at a rate which gives you the same amount of oxygen to breathe that you would have at sea level, or at any comfortable level you select.

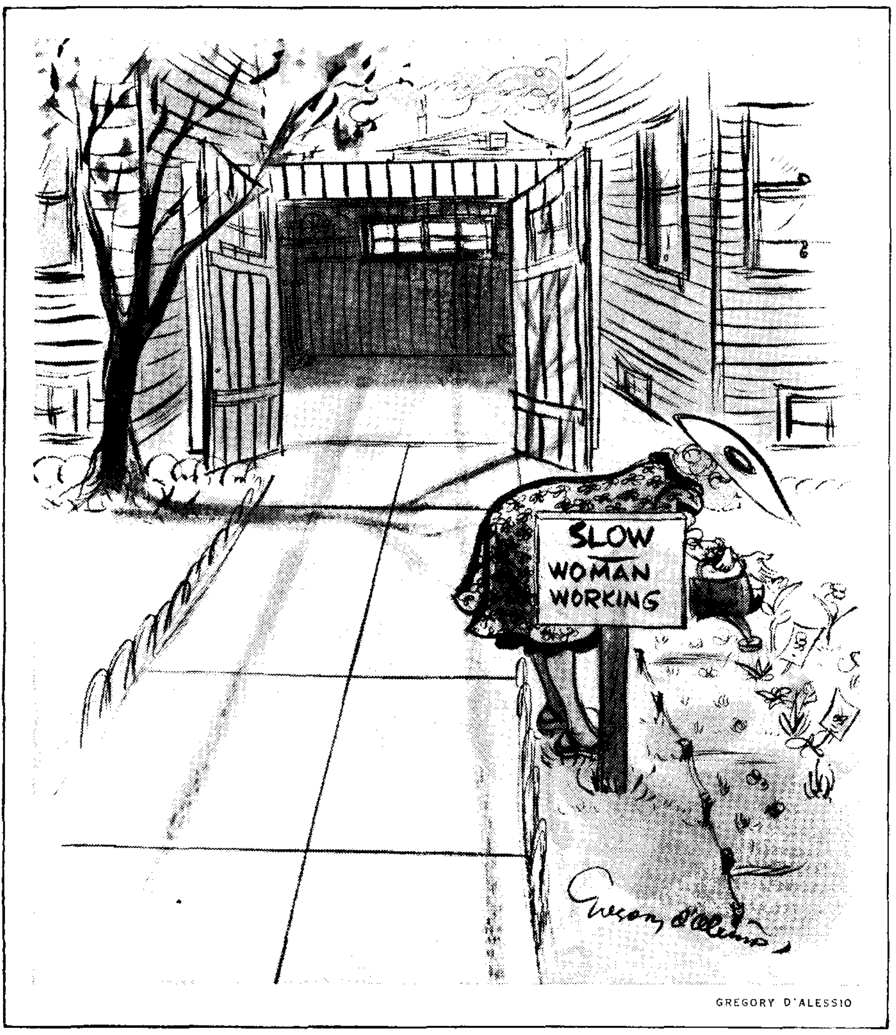
From take-off to 8,000 feet our Stratoliner today flies as a conventional airplane, without supercharging. Fresh air is scooped in through an opening in the nose roof of the ship. It follows a duct in the wall beside it. In cold weather, this fresh air can be heated. Warm or cold, this fresh air is exhausted through an outlet in the bottom of the ship.

Safety Margin: 100 Per Cent

Up to 8,000 feet the atmospheric pressure decreases normally. Because you climb gradually at the rate of 300 feet a minute, your breathing adjusts itself effortlessly and safely to the pressure at this level, which is about 10.9 pounds per square inch. You have reached the altitude at which air liners, averaging country-wide operations, are flown. And now a change takes place in your ship.

The conventional fresh-air scoops and outlets are closed. Fresh air is now taken through an opening in the front edge of each wing. It passes through "blowers," or fans, which are run off the generator shafts of the engines. There are two blowers: one for each air inlet. This makes a double system, because only one is necessary to maintain the required pressures.

The blower pulls the air in fast enough, packs or compresses it, so that henceforth during your flight the atmospheric pressure inside the cabin will be maintained at a 2½-pound differential with the atmospheric pressure outside the plane. That is, the atmospheric



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

DO YOU KNOW ME?

Born in Columbus, Ohio. In 250 races, I was first 75 times and second 50 times. Won National AAA race at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1939. Experience has taught me that Firestone Champion Tires are safer than any other tires that money can buy. That's why I always use them on my personal cars as well as on the track.

Do you know me?*

ALL tires are not alike. I know how tires are made. I use only Firestone Champion Tires because they give greater protection against blowouts and skidding and deliver such sensationally long mileage.

Here's premium performance without premium price!

Take the silent tread — its Gear-Grip design has 3,456 sharp-edged angles for greater protection against skidding. Just think of that!

And the body — it is the only tire made with Safety-Lock Gum-Dipped cords and other patented construction features that bind the tread inseparably to the cord body and give you greater protection against blowouts.

When it comes to wear —tougher tread gives sensationally longer non-skid mileage— that means most miles per dollar.

Get them from your nearby dealer today.

Mauri Rose

*Mauri Rose

See Firestone Champion Tires made in the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at New York World's Fair

Firestone CHAMPIONS

THE ONLY TIRES MADE THAT ARE SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

The lady with the saucer eyes, on the opposite page, ⟶ knows that the

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

is the Statler Hotel in New York

1. Gay, newly decorated rooms... Spacious, and some are air-conditioned. Comfort and convenience beyond your expectations.

2. Ideal World's Fair headquarters... Handiest in the city! Across the street to Pennsylvania Station and World's Fair trains—10 minutes, 10 cents to Fair Grounds. More time to enjoy the great Fair!

3. Food to tickle your appetite... Sparkling new Café Rouge and Coffee Shop—3 restaurants to fit your budget!

4. New York's big value!... During last year's Fair, Hotel Pennsylvania did not raise rates one penny. *That goes for this year too!* Make reservations early!

More for your money at
Hotel Pennsylvania
NEW YORK
YOUR WORLD'S FAIR HEADQUARTERS
JAMES H. McCABE, General Manager

➜ DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE! ➜

pressure within the cabin remains the same as it was at 8,000 feet until the plane reaches 14,700 feet. At this point, the outside pressure is about 8.3 pounds to the square inch. Now your cabin begins to move up, always maintaining its pressure at a point 2½ pounds higher than the surrounding atmosphere in which you are flying. Thus, when the plane has reached 16,000 feet you are breathing the air of 9,000-feet altitude; at 18,000 feet, the cabin is 10,600 feet, and when the plane is actually cruising in the thin and bitterly cold air of 20,000 feet, or nearly four miles above sea level, within this cabin you are still apparently at the not dangerous altitude of 12,300 feet.

Outside, it is zero. Inside, the supercharged air is heated to a notch agreeable to land animals like yourself. Spent air is discharged through an exhaust chamber below deck. The whole system is automatically controlled, just as your home air-conditioning and heating plant is guided by a thermostat. It can also be run by hand, and with everything in duplicate, worked out through years of research and experimentation, it all seems quite foolproof.

"But," you ask, with a glance at the steel-blue void outside the window and a reasonable quaver in your voice, "what would happen if the system failed?"

Playing with Pressures

Your engineer friend answers by "pulling the plug," as he calls it. He opens a large valve which releases all the supercharged air and suddenly equalizes the pressure within and without the cabin. The effect is not unpleasant. In fact, it is slightly tonic; like drinking a glass of sherry at a gulp.

The engineer starts the supercharger again, quickly "building up" the atmosphere until you are back at the apparent level of 12,000 feet. Your ears pop and your head is full of mattress stuffing. But you chew gum furiously, or yell, or hold your nose and swallow, and that procedure soon equalizes the pressure on your eardrums and you are comfortable once more.

The Stratoliner is designed to withstand a differential in pressures of 6 pounds to the square inch. With a planned top-operating pressure of only 2½ pounds, there is a safety margin of 3½ pounds. It could, without danger of structural failure, carry you well into the substratosphere and still provide you with livable air inside the cabin. It could actually keep you at sea-level pressure up to 15,000 feet.

It gains this strength by monocoque, or cylinder, shape which gives equal pressure upon all points. Sealing, of course, was a problem. The places around the pilot's controls, such as throttles, were particularly bothersome. Live rubber glands fixed those. Seams in the aluminum skin are made tight by impregnated tapes inserted between the overlaps before riveting. Doors and hatches and windows are made leakproof by soft rubber gaskets and channels, like your refrigerator.

The four Wright Cyclone engines, each of about 1,000 horsepower, are supercharged in their way, too, of course. Each has a low-speed blower for moderate levels; and a high-speed blower for higher altitudes. Their purpose is to provide the internal combustion cylinders, through the carburetors, with the same proportion of air to gasoline they would get at sea level.

The 45,000-pound Stratoliner is much smaller than its predecessor from this factory: the 82,500-pound Boeing Clipper, used by PAA on its European and Orient runs. Its mechanical ancestor really was the "Flying Fortress" of the Air Corps, of virtually the same dimensions and weights. The United States Army Air Corps, always a fruitful leader in aeronautical progressiveness, twenty-one years ago made the first known experiments with a supercharged cabin.

Jack Frye, youthful flying president of TWA and long devoted to the idea of "upper level" operations, authorized Chief Engineer Tomlinson's researches. These cost about $100,000. Boeing, above the contract price of about $350,000 each which it has got for the Stratoliners, has expended nearly $2,000,000 on their development.

The Stratoliner comes from a famous hatchery: the Boeing Aircraft Company in Seattle, Washington. Here more than a generation ago was built the first flying boat for international air mail; old "80-A," the "Pioneer Pullman of the Air," which in 1929 linked Chicago with San Francisco; P-26, notable Army fighter, blandly copied by the Russians who used it in Madrid in 1936, where it outperformed the best Franco's Germans and Italians had; 247, the twin-motor transport that first brought "three mile a minute" speed to the scheduled airways; the latest great clippers of PAA; and the Army's "Flying Fortresses."

Today, as you roam at will through the Stratoliner, it is a jungle of wires; a maze of boxes and dials and test apparatus for the tracking down of decibels and data and checking how much warmer it is in the pilot's cockpit than in the chartroom. Temperature measurements are required from more than 60 different points in the Stratoliner's mechanism, while pressure figures are wanted from over 50 places during test flights and at varying altitudes. This would be a hopeless task by hand. Cameras are used. Hundreds of photographs have been taken, each so full of information that it takes two experts more than 25 minutes to copy off all its data.

Tomorrow the décor will be different. Slip covers that protect the upholstery from the gadgets and splay thumbs and greasy breeches of the engineers will be taken off. You will see four six-passenger compartments on the right side; nine reclining chairs on the left side. Room for 33 day passengers, or 25 sleeping travelers, sunk deep in live rubber cushions, amid pastel wall stains and two-toned upholstery.

Now the memorable day is ending, and you glide downward and homeward from your invasion of air realms upon which heretofore no one save lone-wolf pilots and research crews have ever looked. There is not a quiver to the great ship; nor any sense of motion. Relaxed and serene and no doubt a little smug, you reflect upon this demonstration, among other things, of that good fortune which in a world at war permits our nation to continue the achievements of peace; that incredible luck this year—when elsewhere the brains and youth and energies of the aviators of many chief nations are given over to death—by which the young workers and leaders of American commercial aviation have been able to continue to make daily travel swifter, more comfortable, more interesting and safer.

The Sun at Your Feet

You look at them now with as much interest as you have looked at their ship all day. These government men; these Boeing employees, still fussing with their dials, and their notes, and their panels with blinking lights; these men whose wires you tangled up and tripped over, whose work you interfered with, whose good nature you imposed upon with your endless fool questions—and you not remembering a hundredth part of what they patiently explained.

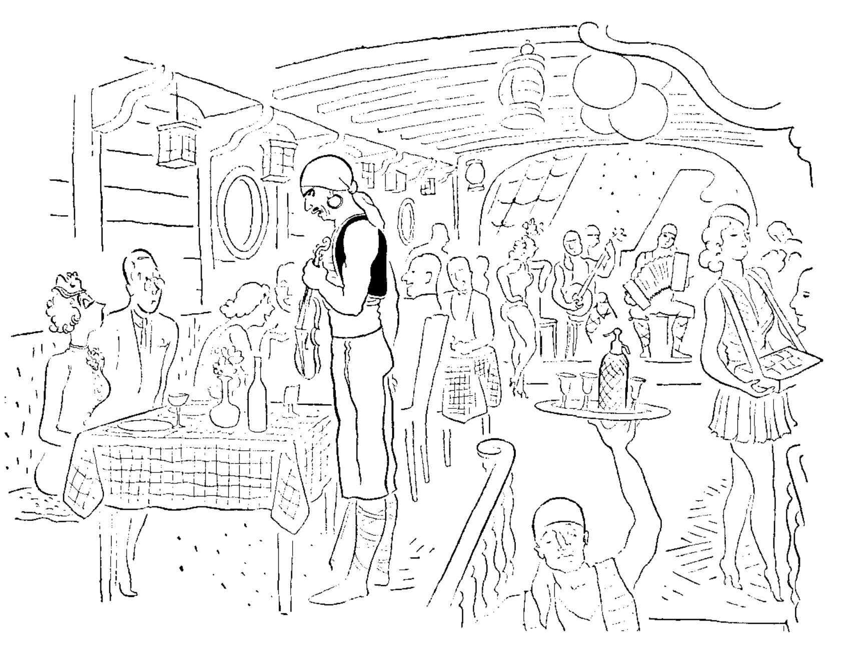
These men—they all look so prosaic and matter-of-fact and bored. You know—that old "it's just a day's job to me" pose.

But they can't fool you, who read so many books when you were a kid. You know your Jules Verne.

Already Puget Sound and its verdant hinterland are purple with early night. We hold our sun longer, up here. It stains the snow-tufted Cascades with lemon mist. But the tops of our wings are dark, and the starboard one throws its shadow *upward* across our fuselage, as the sun beneath us reaches and dances upon a low south foot peak of the Olympics.

The hill pricks the sun like a bubble. Instantly the paint flood of the spectrum is released and suffuses the higher world. The snowy mountains take fire. The puffball clouds become as randomly vivid as Easter eggs. You look around inside that cabin, full of blasé pilots and engineers. You grin to see every man jack with his nose pressed to a window, his eyes fixed upon rare, wondrous beauty the earthbound cannot know.

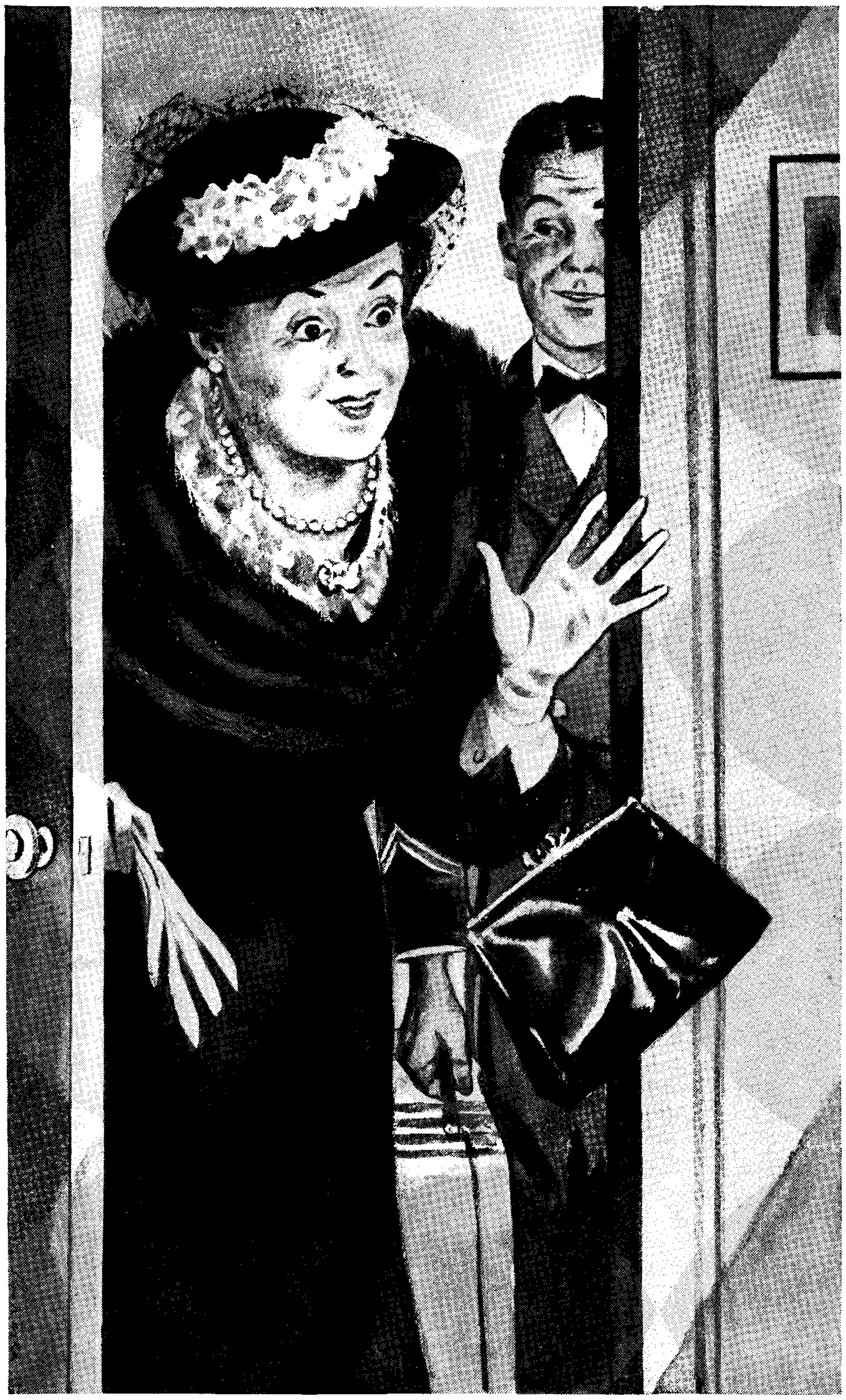
The young spectacled engineer who has been your kind mentor all day calls your attention, but never turns his gaze from the outside. "Look!" he says in a small and wondering voice, "I never noticed this before—*the sun at our feet!*"



"Are you the party that requested 'Would'st Could I But Kiss Thy Hand, Oh, Babe'?"

ALAIN

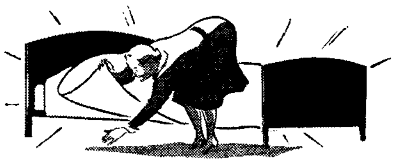
The lady with the saucer eyes



SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE SAUCER EYES when she first entered the hotel. Instead, she had the rather sharp eyes of a critical woman.

But you should have seen her a few hours later.

"My friends have always told me that I was an excellent housekeeper. But—" and her eyes were wide with amazement—"my home was never like this. Why, I never saw rugs and furniture so clean! The bathroom is absolutely shining. And — you even sterilize the drinking glasses!"



(Sterilized and cellophane-sealed drinking glasses, and sterilized toilet seats are among the more recent examples of Statler thoughtfulness.)

"And the service!" the saucer-eyed lady continued. "Why, your staff is better-trained—quieter, more efficient—than my own servants at home!"

(The Statler employees with whom you come into contact have, on the average, many years of loyal service behind them. They are highly trained to think from the *guest's* point of view.)

"Yes," concluded our newest Statler convert, "I thought *I* was an exemplary housekeeper. But I'm not one-two-three to Statler!"

More for your money at a Statler

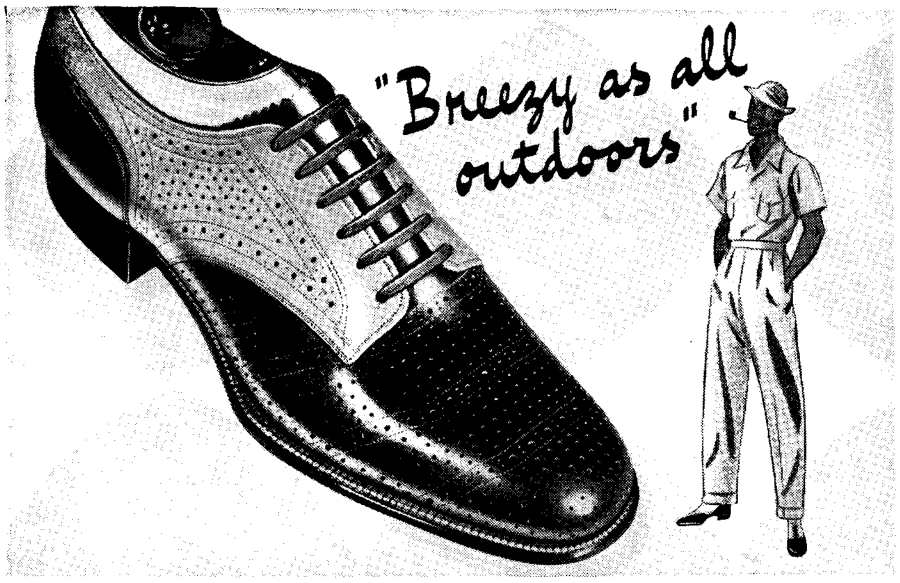
Exceptionally thorough housekeeping, and superlative Statler service are but two of the extra values that Statler hotels offer you. Add to these the greater comfort of spacious rooms and beds with special deeper mattresses, scientific Certified Lighting, finer food, and many another Statler innovation—and you get, at Statlers, what we confidently believe is the greatest hotel value in America.

STATLER OPERATED
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA $3.50
NEW YORK
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN $3.50
PITTSBURGH

More for your money at a
Statler Hotel

HOTELS STATLER IN
BOSTON $3.50
BUFFALO $3.00
CLEVELAND . . $3.00
DETROIT $3.00
ST. LOUIS $2.50

◀ Don't miss opposite page!



"Makes life worth loafing"

"Fans your feet every step"

Under your feet, sidewalks may sizzle. But you'll be cool in KOOLIES—Walk-Over's breezy gift to a sweltering world. Every step changes the air inside these shoes, forces out hot air, sucks in fresh.

And, being Walk-Overs, KOOLIES give you the extra ease of *natural* fit. Keep their smart looks and comfort through months of hard wear. KOOLIES, in town colors, white or sport combinations at your Walk-Over dealer's today. *Illustrated (top to bottom)* RANCHO, CASINO, BROADWAY. Walk-Over prices $7.50 to $12.50 (higher west). Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

WALK·OVER KOOLIES

Dudes are Pretty People

Continued from page 23

and we can see fine. Pretty soon Hade yawns. He says, "I wonder what time it is."

"I left my watch over in Nevada, with my saddle," I remind Hade. He says, "Well, one thing about it, these dude girls are not going to get up this early. What we ought to do, Steve, we ought to take a little nap ourselves."

We stretch out on the grass and I have hardly got my head on my arm, and I am sound asleep. Suddenly I wake up. The sun is hot; it is up in the sky. I look at Hade, and he is sitting up, too. He looks kind of sleepy. He says, "What was that noise?"

"I didn't hear a noise," I tell him.

"Something woke me up," he says. Then the noise comes again. It is an automobile horn. I and Hade look down the road below us, and there goes a car, with a cloud of dust behind it. It pulls up at the lodge. Three fellows get out. They have got green uniforms on.

Hade stands up and takes off his hat and throws it down. "The rangers!" he says. Hade is swearing. He says, "Steve, we have sat here and went to sleep and the rangers have beat us. Our chances has went." Hade takes aim at the hat with his foot and kicks it a mile.

"Hade," I tell him, "there is only three rangers down there, and maybe sixteen, seventeen dude girls. That's enough to go around. We don't need to worry."

Hade brings his hat back and puts it on the ground and sits on it. "The way you figure it," he says, "is anyway ten dude girls to a ranger. You want to remember, Steve, ever since these girls has left New York or wherever it is they have left, they have got their eyes wide open for something like what just walked in on them. They wouldn't look at no bum like us. A ranger is first prize."

We sit there, thinking it over. Afterwhile Hade gets off his hat and puts his hat on, any old way, over one eye, and he says, "Well, let's go see if we can find Bill Albertson. I'm mighty good and hungry." So we walk down the side of the hill and across the road to the bar. Hade asks the bartender, "Have you saw Bill Albertson around?" The bartender is wiping off the bar for the morning trade. He says, "Bill is back there playing poker since last night." He jerks his head toward the rear.

So we go back and some fellows is playing poker, and Hade waits until the hand is over, then he touches a fellow on the shoulder and the fellow looks around. He says, "Well, if it ain't Hade!" He tells the dealer to deal him out a hand and he steps away from the table and Hade introduces us, and it is Bill Albertson. They talk a while, this and that, and Bill Albertson says, "Hade, I have got it some place in the back of my head I owe you a buck."

"I don't know what buck that would be," Hade says, "unless it would be the buck," he says, "I let you have last year on my way back from the Dubois rodeo."

"That is the buck," Bill Albertson says.

He gives Hade a buck.

Hade says, "Bill, how about a job over at the Lazy K? Fellow with his own bedroll and saddle."

"I tell you," Bill Albertson says; "it just happens I have got a place there for a good man with his own bedroll and saddle, up at the cow camp. But it would have to be somebody would stay on the job, Hade." He looks at Hade. He says, "I wouldn't want somebody just looking for a month's wages."

Hade laughs. He says, "Bill, you are speaking in the presence of a man practically married and settled down. By the way," he says, "I have heard there is a few dude girls around."

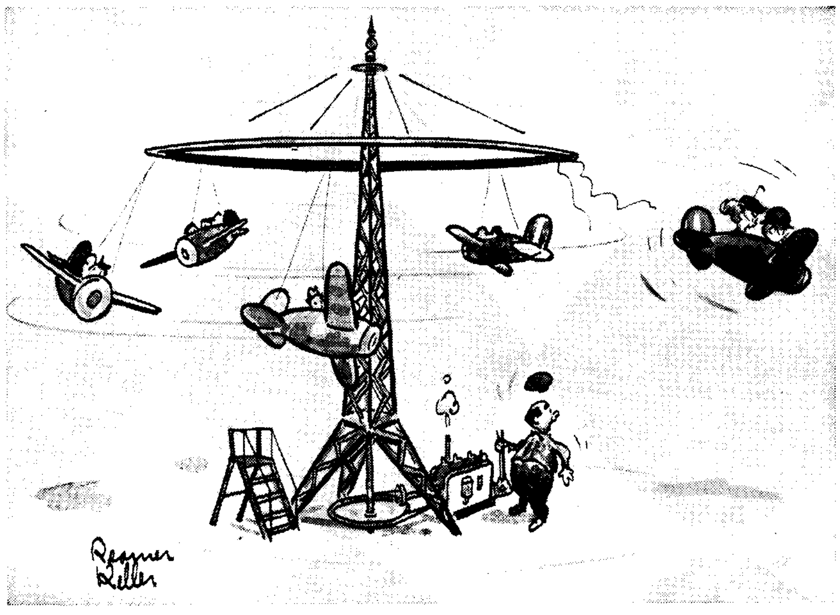
"Well, sir," Bill Albertson says, "there is a few dude girls around all right, and there is a dance at the lodge tonight, and if you take and hang around you'll see fellows you haven't saw for ten years."

WELL, it is the next deal at the poker table, so Bill Albertson goes back, and I and Hade go out to the barroom. There is a fellow there taking the cover off the roulette wheel. Hade stops and looks at it. He says to me, "Steve, I am hungry enough to eat a horse."

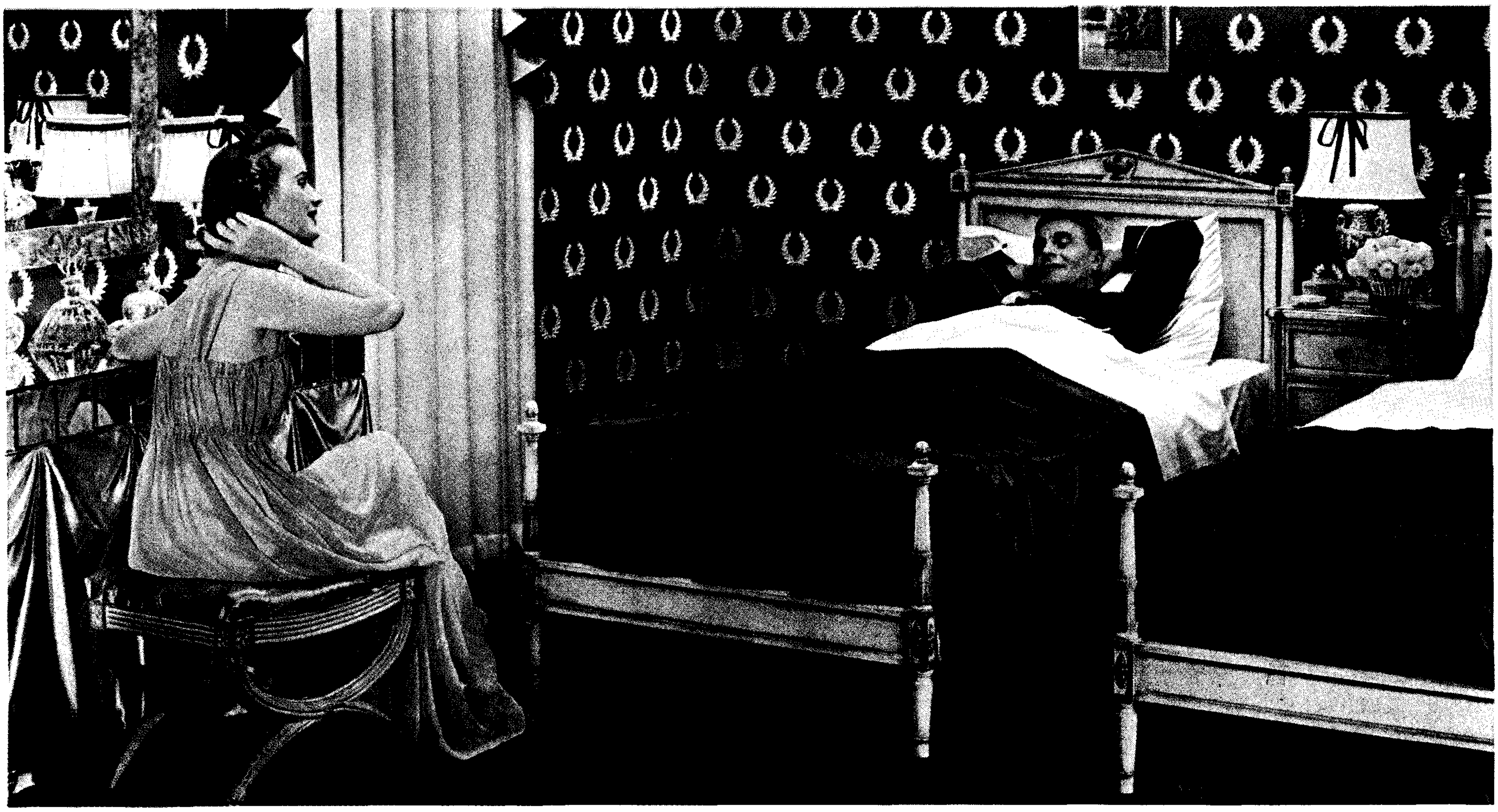
"I could sure do her, too," I tell him.

He says, "All we got is half a buck apiece. When you are hungry enough to eat a horse, the grub comes to a dollar each." He has got the dollar in his hand, turning it over. He says, "The way I look at a thing like this, we have practically got two dollars if I put this on the red." He steps over and slaps the dollar on the red and the fellow spins the wheel.

The ball is running, and I do not breathe. It begins to drop, and I am closing my eyes. When I open my eyes, it is red. The dealer slips a dollar across



"Otis, will you please follow the others?" REAMER KELLER

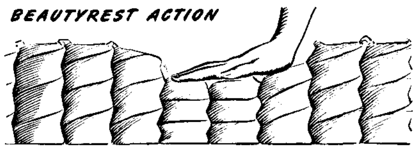


"LUXURY COMFORT"

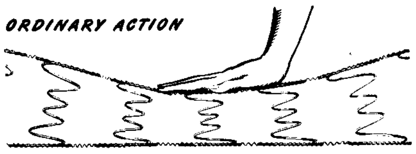
on the deepest Beautyrest ever made...only a penny a night!

One of the coziest moments of the day comes when you curl up on your luscious New Beautyrest. How you'll relax on this *deeper* mattress! You won't even be aware that you're on a mattress. All you'll be conscious of is a delicious feeling of luxury . . . of utter abandon . . . of the most peaceful rest of your life!

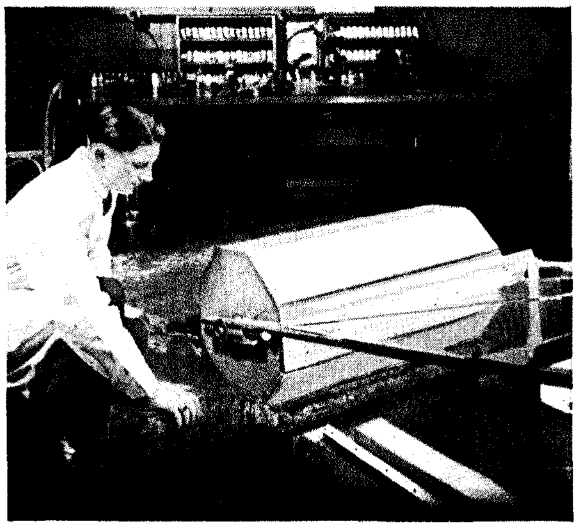
MAKE THIS COMPARISON



Beautyrest action. Every spring inside the New Beautyrest has its cloth pocket. Each spring works independently—*has no connection with any other*. Springs under your hips can't pull away springs from under your shoulders. *Every* part of your body gets proper support.



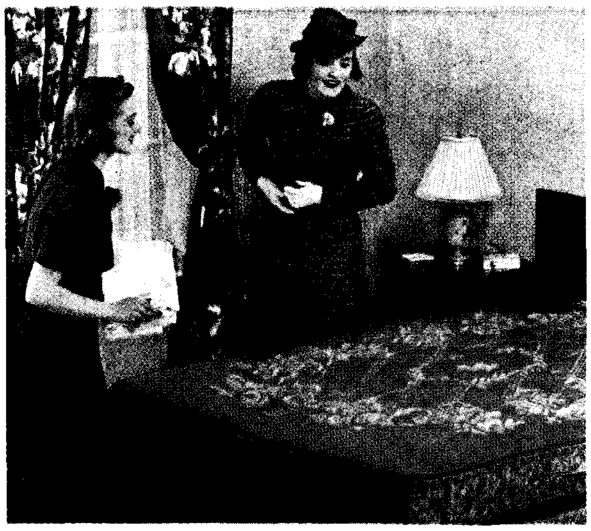
Ordinary action. Some mattresses have their springs wired together. The heaviest part of your body not only forces down the springs beneath you, but it forces down the others, too. This cannot give you *supreme* comfort. *We know*, for we make not only Beautyrest, but also the "ordinary action" mattress.



Lasts 3 times longer by test. Ten different types of mattresses were tested by the United States Testing Company, Inc., Hoboken, New Jersey. Each mattress was pounded and crushed by a 200-lb. roller. The New Beautyrest lasted 3 times longer than any other. It is the only mattress regularly tested, and certified, by this well-known laboratory. That's why we guarantee the New Beautyrest for 10 years' service—although under normal use it should last even longer.

Beautyrest Box Springs, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

NEW DEEPER BEAUTYREST
MADE ONLY BY
SIMMONS COMPANY
CHICAGO

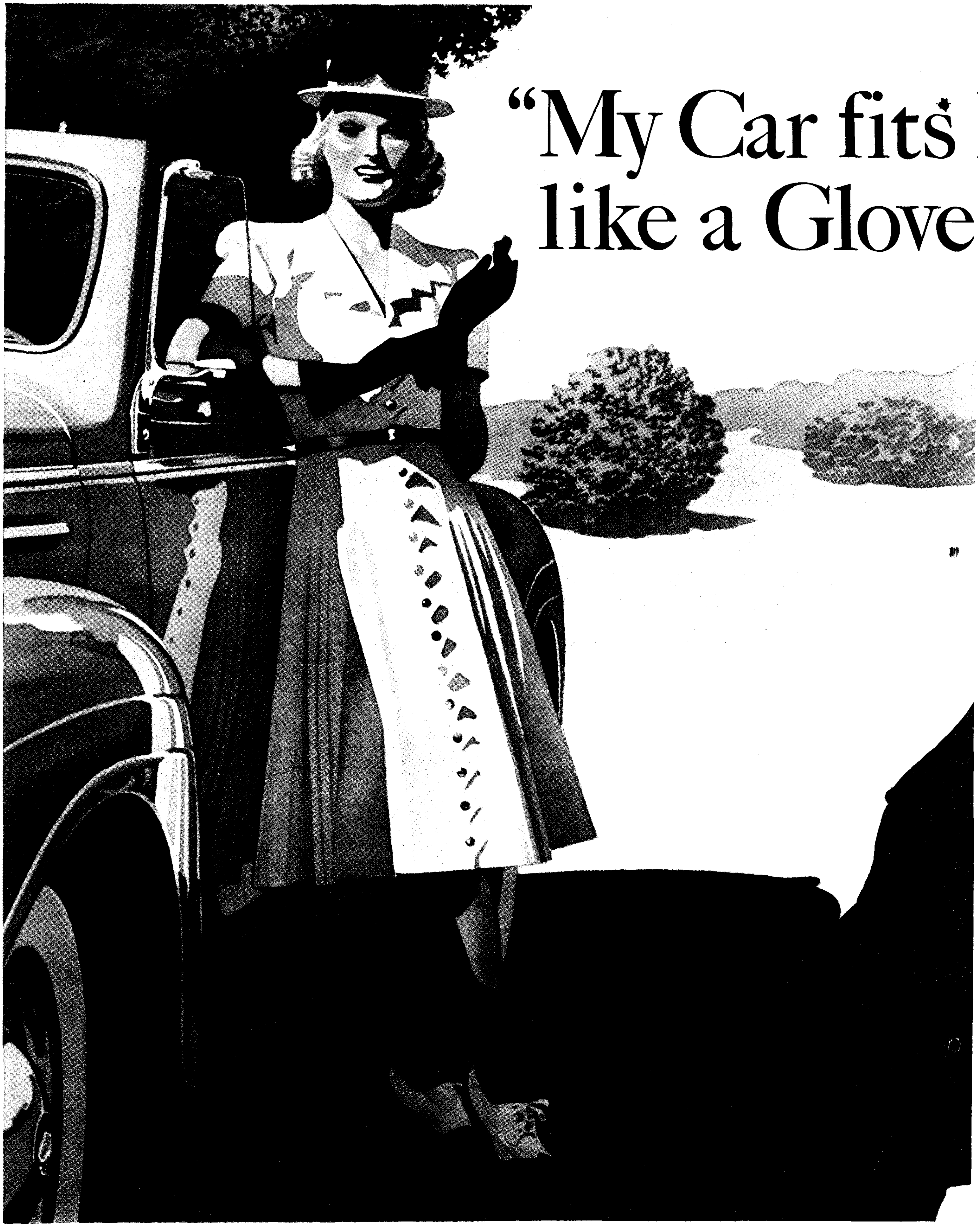


Edges sag-proof! The New Beautyrest has patented sag-proof edges that won't "break down." So you get "mid-mattress" comfort right to the very edge. Because the New Beautyrest never gets lumpy, you do not need to turn it so often. After the first few months, 4 turnings a year are sufficient.

A penny a night for the finest mattress Simmons ever made. You can get a New Beautyrest for $39.50 (time payments easily arranged). Based on our 10-year guarantee, this means that you get the best mattress Simmons ever made for a penny a night. So why deny yourself this glorious "luxury comfort"? See it at your furniture or department store today.

IMPORTANT: If you are shown other mattresses supposed to be "just as good" as Beautyrest, remember: no other mattress in the world can give you ALL its advantages. Always look for this label.

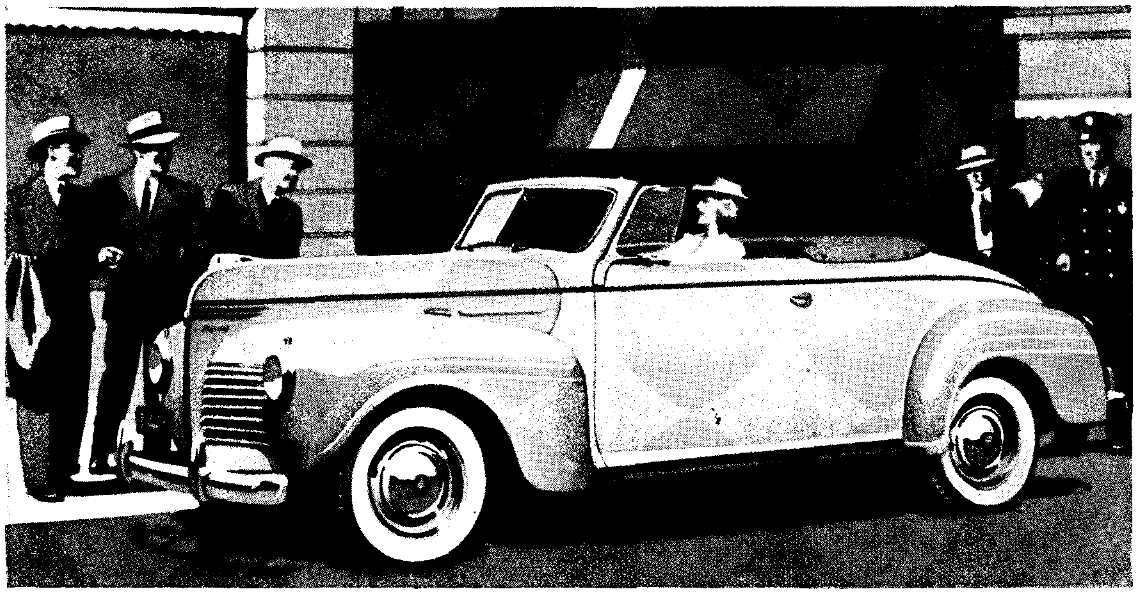
THE NEW
Beautyrest
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
SIMMONS COMPANY


"My Car fits
like a Glove

le

RONALD
McLEOD

BEFORE YOU BUY A PLYMOUTH, you know it by reputation, as you know certain prominent people. When you own and drive one, you quickly come to know it as a friend—it seems to fit you like a glove. ¶ The size, angle, and feel of the seats, the richness of upholstery and appointments, the design and placement of instruments, the nice grip of the steering wheel—all immediately appeal to you as being just what *you* would have done had you designed the car yourself. ¶ When you travel in the car, you realize why people talk about Plymouth's performance and the wonderful Luxury Ride.



DOES A BRAND-NEW CAR "feel a little strange" to you? Are you at first inclined to handle a new car gently and gingerly, as if it is "somebody else's" car? You'll find that you can drive right off in a new Plymouth and feel "at home."

Plymouth is that kind of car. It seems friendly and intimate—like a member of the family. When you sink into the *restful* cushions of its wide, deep seats—take that big, well-placed wheel in your hands—finger the gearshift arm—eye the beautiful appointments—you feel as if the Plymouth engineers had read your mind in designing this car.

When you start the big Floating Power engine and listen to the smooth, quiet purr of its great energy—and experience Plymouth's Luxury Ride—you *know* you're in a brilliantly engineered car.

Plymouth is the biggest of "All Three" low-priced cars—its 117-inch wheelbase is 4 inches longer than one, 5 inches longer than the other. Its famous "L-head" engine is *Superfinished* in vital parts for greatest smoothness and longer life. And even the lowest-priced Plymouth has soft-acting *coil* springs of special Amola steel.

In low price, low operation and upkeep, Plymouth is good to your pocketbook. Get a new Plymouth and you get most for your money.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF PLYMOUTH CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Plymouth Builds Great Cars

All-Round Protection!

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Safe! With Mobiloil in your hot-running, modern engine, you can be sure of all-round protection! Drive in today—get Mobiloil, Mobilgas and famous Friendly Service!

Notice that this fat little fish is safe from every angle.

Here's the point! Your precision-made, modern car engine needs this same kind of all-round protection!

For even at moderate speeds, it's a scorching, churning inferno...a torture chamber for weak, thin oil.

But Mobiloil is tough, clean, clinging ...made to insure engine safety at *every* vital point under *every* condition. You get all-round "Balanced Protection" with Mobiloil every mile you drive.

That means long enjoyment of all the *smoothness* built into your engine.

Change to Mobiloil. See how it...

1. Retards wear. Flows fast at starting temperature; resists thinning under heat.
2. Resists sludge formation. Mobiloil is distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered.
3. Reduces wasteful "oil drag." Helps you save on gasoline.
4. Resists carbon formation because unstable elements are removed from the oil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co. · General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

to Hade. Hade says, "Steve, if the red—"

That is all Hade has a chance to say. I pick up the two dollars and haul Hade out by the arm, and give him one of the dollars. We go to the lunchroom up the street. It smells wonderful.

Hade says to the girl, "One dollar's worth of bacon, eggs, hamburger, coffee, hashed-brown potatoes and bread, for the each of us."

"Not for me," I say. I look at the list on the wall, and order bacon and eggs and coffee, which comes to a half buck even.

Hade looks at me and says, "Ain't you hungry, Steve?" I explain we ought to save some of our money for later. "Well," Hade says, "it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

IT IS a wonderful day after we eat. Hade takes a deep breath. He says, "Steve, the way it looks to me right now, we will not give up so easy. We will go wash up and take the dude girls away from the rangers."

So we go in the shed back of the bar, and there is a pail of water there, and a wash basin and a dark gray towel and piece of mirror and some soap. "Complete accommodations," Hade says; and he takes his razor out of his pants pocket and we both shave.

We walk out to the street. Hade looks around. "Not a dude girl in sight," he says. He is disappointed. "Maybe," he says, "they are around in front of the lodge, by the lake. Come on." So we go across the street and walk around to the front of the lodge.

"Damn it, the rangers!" Hade says, and sure enough on the porch of the lodge is the three rangers and anyway half a dozen dude girls, some with pants. "Walk right past them," Hade says to me, "we'll show them we ain't afraid." When we are in front of the porch Hade slows up and looks at the rangers and says:

"Hello, Pinky."

Nobody says anything, and Hade says "Hello, Pinky," again; but Pinky is busy talking to a couple of dude girls and does not hear Hade, so I and Hade walk on without speaking.

When we are around the corner of the lodge Hade says, "Well, I guess we showed them." He does not say anything for a minute and then he says, "Steve, we will have to think up something else."

While we are thinking up something else we walk over to the bar. Bill Albertson is standing at the bar.

Hade says: "Bill, the place here is sure full of park rangers. The way it is with me, I have never met a dude girl in my life. Although I have saw quite a few, looking in places and so on. They are mighty pretty people."

"Hade," Bill Albertson says, "I have got a date right now with one dude girl that is so far ahead of the rest in looks you just can't believe it. Her name is Ethel Conant and she comes from Trenton, New Hampshire. She has got a friend, not quite as good-looking, and I could introduce you."

"Well," Hade says, "I don't think much of dude girls, take it as a rule, but I and Steve was thinking of taking a walk anyway, a little exercise, and we could walk over there with you as well as any place else. Maybe you could introduce Steve to a dude girl, too."

Bill Albertson looks at me and he says, "Well, one thing about it, I could try."

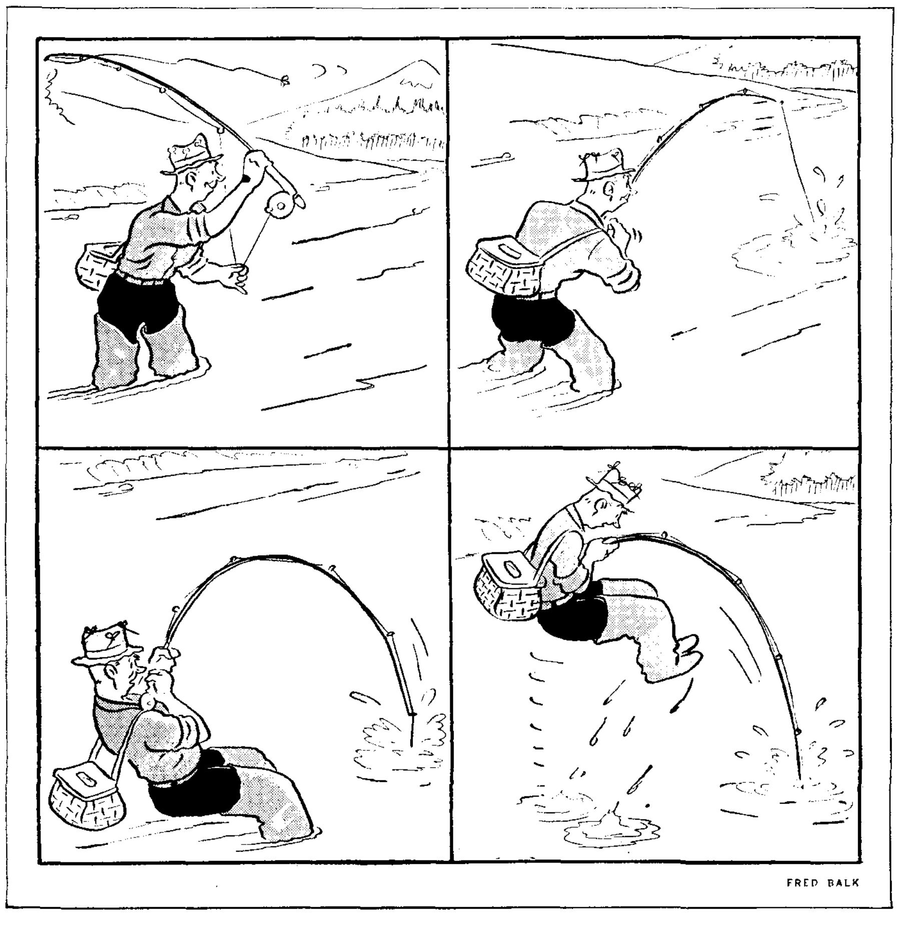
In this way I meet a dude girl.

I am in love with this dude girl the minute I see her.

Her name is Frances.

I WILL explain how it is about Frances. I and Hade and Bill Albertson go over to one of the log cabins the lodge owns, they are strung out along the lake shore, and Bill Albertson knocks on the door and this Ethel Conant comes out and she sure is mighty pretty. Bill Albertson asks her if she has got a couple friends would like to walk along the lake shore with us, so she goes back in and comes out with two dude girls. One is named Beryl Hastings, and it don't seem possible but she is even better-looking than Ethel Conant. She is beautiful. She is for Hade. I don't know who the other one is, I don't catch her name, she goes back in the cabin too fast, she says she has got a headache and can't go.

So Ethel Conant says she knows another girl, staying in one of the other cabins, and we go over there. I walk along behind the others, and Ethel goes in and comes out with a girl. This one has not got a headache. All I and Hade and Bill Albertson can do when we see this girl is stand there with our mouths open. I cannot explain how beautiful she is, and if I could explain it nobody would believe it anyway. She is for me.



So we all walk along the shore of the lake, toward the lodge, and I am walking with this beautiful dude girl and she is asking me questions and I am trying to answer them, all about being a cowboy. Every time I speak to her I take a good long look, and Hade is right, a dude girl like this would sure be a nice thing to have around the house. After you get used to talking to them. They are too beautiful to talk to, right at first; you don't know what to say.

Frances is calling me darling when she talks to me. She also takes hold of my arm.

I am extremely happy and I am hoping Frances will marry me when I ask her. I have not asked her yet.

I am just walking along, very happy.

Then suddenly I have not got Frances any more.

The whole thing is over.

We are walking along, quite a ways behind the others, and we are passing the lodge. Out of the lodge comes a sight that sends a chill along my back. It is a park ranger. It is Pinky. He takes one look at Frances and he says, "Well, well, I have been looking for you all my life."

It does not seem possible.

But when Pinky walks on, however it happens, I am all alone. In other words, along comes Pinky, and when he walks away I have not got Frances.

So I go over to the bar and sit down. I am very sad. I hate to give Frances up like this. I am thinking, maybe if I had a good hat, just a good hat, and a green silk neckerchief, I could somehow manage to get Frances back from Pinky, no matter how long he has been looking for her.

Well, I have not got any money. Then I remember this fifty cents from breakfast. If this was three dollars, I could get one of those cheap Western hats the dudes buy when they want to look Western, at the store up the street. There is only one way to get this three dollars, and I walk over to the roulette wheel. It is almost a cinch I am going to lose my half buck, but I am disappointed in love and very reckless, and it is my only chance.

So I put the fifty cents on red, and it comes red. I leave the buck. It comes red. I put the two dollars on black and it comes black. I have got four bucks, and I pick her up and hurry out, on my way to the store.

JUST outside the door I meet Hade, on his way in. He is alone. He does not look happy. He opens his mouth to speak. "Don't bother to tell me," I say to him. "A ranger come along."

"Yes," Hade says. He takes off his hat and looks at it. He says, "Steve, it is just like I said, it is them damn' uniforms." He throws his hat down and stands there looking at it. It is a funny thing about a hat, take it here in the West. Some places fellows even go without hats, I have saw dudes without hats, but with us a hat is part of you, just like your pants are part of you. Hade says, "With my new boots and jacket and pants, if I had a decent hat, Steve, I would go back and ask Beryl to the dance tonight and take her away from them rangers so fast they would be blinking their eyes for two days."

Hade is right. If he had a new hat, he sure would look like something. Hade would look wonderful, as good as any ranger. But with me, I guess a new hat would only make my vest and pants and boots look even worse. It is hopeless with me; it was just a kind of accident I ever met Frances to begin with, and it

We've Got The
AUTO RADIO
We've always wanted

. . . It's a Genuine
Motorola Radio
that FITS and MATCHES
Our Instrument Panel
EXACTLY!

● No matter what make or model car you're driving, it can be fitted perfectly with a MOTOROLA—America's Finest Auto Radio. And the control head with accurate, automatic push button tuning, will exactly fit and match your instrument panel. Get the kind of fun and entertainment you've always wanted—don't take *no* for an answer! *Insist on a genuine* MOTOROLA!

Motorola 3-Power
PORTABLE
For Fun and Music Wherever You Go

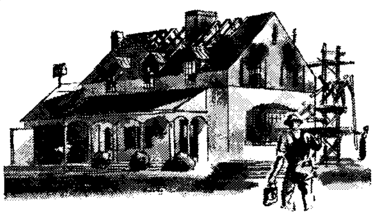
You'll be delighted with its rich, radiant tone, and its power to bring in far distant stations. It's a smartly designed 6 tube set that works equally well on your 110 volt house current or the powerful Eveready Minimax B batteries ... the "*HOTTEST*" number in radio today. See and hear it at your Motorola dealer.

FREE! ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
Know "How to Measure and Judge Good Car Radio Performance." Write to:

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
4541 Augusta Blvd., Chicago

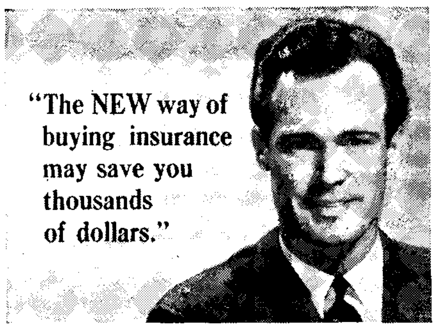
Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR YOUR CAR AND HOME

Ever hear of this way to protect your pocket?



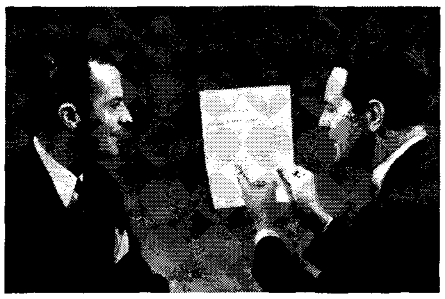
"A Hartford policy is helping to rebuild our house—and is paying our rent in this apartment till we can get home again."

1. *Suppose you have a fire*—have to live away from home for several months. Your fire insurance pays for repairs—but who pays your rent bill? Not *you*—if you buy insurance the NEW way. For your policy should be endorsed to cover that *extra* expense!



"The NEW way of buying insurance may save you thousands of dollars."

2. *"If you lose $1,000* it doesn't matter *how* you lost it—it's gone!" says the Hartford Insurance representative. "That's why it's so important to let a competent insurance man study all your risks—block the loopholes against large losses."



3. *When you buy insurance* the NEW way, you get a clear picture of your real needs. Often it's not a question of *more* insurance—but simply of insurance better planned to give you greater protection. It will pay you to look into the NEW way.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

To learn more about the NEW way of buying insurance, just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name of the Hartford representative nearest you. Or get in touch with your own insurance broker.

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE . . . . *Hartford, Connecticut*

just didn't last very long. I have lost Frances forever.

"Hade," I tell Hade, "that half buck I saved from breakfast, I put it on the wheel and made four bucks out of it. What we are going to do with it, we are going to get you one of those Western hats the dudes buy, and a green silk neckerchief."

"I wouldn't be caught dead in one of them hats," Hade says.

"It would only be for tonight," I remind him.

Hade stands there. He says, "Steve, we can't spend all that money on me. It belongs to the both of us."

"Hade," I tell him, "we come up here for one thing, to get you a dude girl and married and settled down, like you said. With me, I have this understanding with Nancy Church, which I am very pleased about, now that I have lost Frances. The both of us have got to do what we can to show these rangers where to get off at."

Hade picks up his hat. "Steve," he says, "we will do her."

So WE go over to the store and buy the hat and green neckerchief and we have got forty cents over for eating. When we come out of the store Hade looks wonderful. We walk up the street.

When we get near the lodge we see a big bus pulled up there, and a lot of dude girls running around.

"What is that," Hade asks a fellow, "another tour?"

"No," the fellow says. He says, "It is the same one. They caught the fellow over in the Black Hills and brung him back to take these dude girls the rest of the way on their tour."

I and Hade stand there in a kind of stunned condition. We are standing there watching, and after a while the dude girls are all in the bus. The bus pulls away. It makes a lot of dust.

Hade takes off the hat and blows the dust off it. He says, "Steve, the way things are now, we'll take the hat back and get our money and have the damnedest feed we have ever had in our life. Now that I have got time to think of it, I could eat a horse."

"Give me the hat," I tell him, "and I'll take it back and you go to the lunchroom and get the girl started."

So I take the hat back to the store, and Hade goes to the lunchroom. There is a few people in the store and it takes the fellow quite a while to get to me. I ask him if he will kindly give me the money back, it is an act of God that we do not need it any more. He says he will, and he is just giving me the money and I am giving him the hat when Hade comes in.

"Wait a minute," Hade says. He takes the hat out of the fellow's hand. "We want the hat," he says. He winks at me and we go out of the store and when we are outside he says, "Steve, dude girls are all right in their place, which is in the East, but here in the West they can't measure up to the local product. In other words," Hade says, "I have went and fell in love. It is the real thing this time, Steve." He put on the hat and neckerchief.

"What in the hell has happened now?" I asked him.

He takes a big sigh. He says, "Steve, what you said about waitresses was right. What has happened is, the night waitress has went on duty. The park rangers and a couple forest rangers and some others that have come in for the dance tonight, all the dude-girl survivors, is in there trying to date her up, and I am going in there, Steve, and I am going to do it myself. I have suffered enough."

"Is she pretty?" I ask Hade.

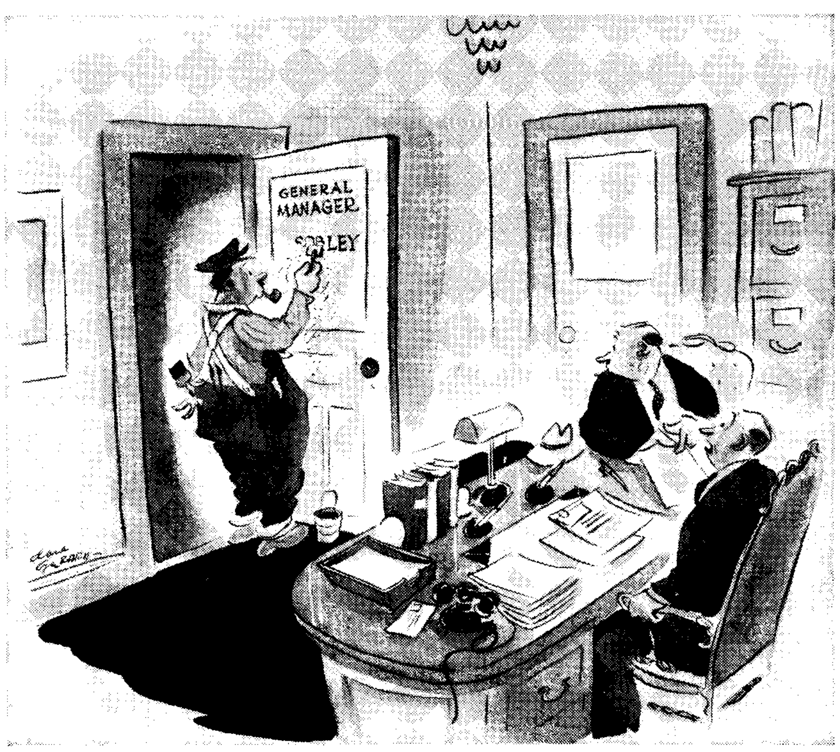
Hade sighs again. "You can hardly believe she is real," he says. "If this waitress you have mentioned, this Nancy Church, looked like this, you wouldn't be up here looking over no dude girls, Steve."

So we go into the lunchroom. Hade is right: the rangers and a dozen other fellows, all different kinds, is crowded together at the other end of the counter, where this waitress is at. They are all talking to her. We are almost there before I get a glimpse of her. Then I say to Hade:

"Hade, that is Nancy Church."

HADE can sure think fast. He grabs me by the arm and turns me around and pushes me out of there. When we are outside, he has got his new jacket on me, and the hat and neckerchief, and is taking off his boots. He says, "Steve, the whole thing is up to you. Go in there swinging and do your best."

I tell him never mind the boots, Nancy Church is used to my old ones, so he puts them back on and we go in. Hade says, "Steve, give her a line like



"Oh, oh, here I go! They have such a subtle way of firing here!"

DAVE GERARD

Copyright 1940
The Texas Company

A GOOD TIME TO INSULATE

The oil in your engine takes a whipping, too. A harmful whipping from heat, *unless it's insulated.*

For a running engine gets hot, you know—hot enough to break down ordinary oil and form harmful varnish that makes your engine labor, consume excessive gasoline, may even cause pistons to seize.

That's why we *insulated* Havoline against heat by an exclusive Texaco process.

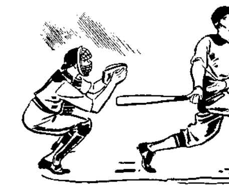
Insulated Havoline Motor Oil gives your engine full protection—no matter how steady the running, no matter how hot the day. That means safety plus economy of operation. What's more, you get the full power and pep out of your engine, thanks to another Texaco process that eliminates carbon-forming impurities, thus keeping your engine clean and sweet running.

Hotter days ahead! Better insulate! Ask for Insulated Havoline at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU TO tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE—A full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

TEXACO
T
REG. T.M.
HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
DISTILLED AND
INSULATED

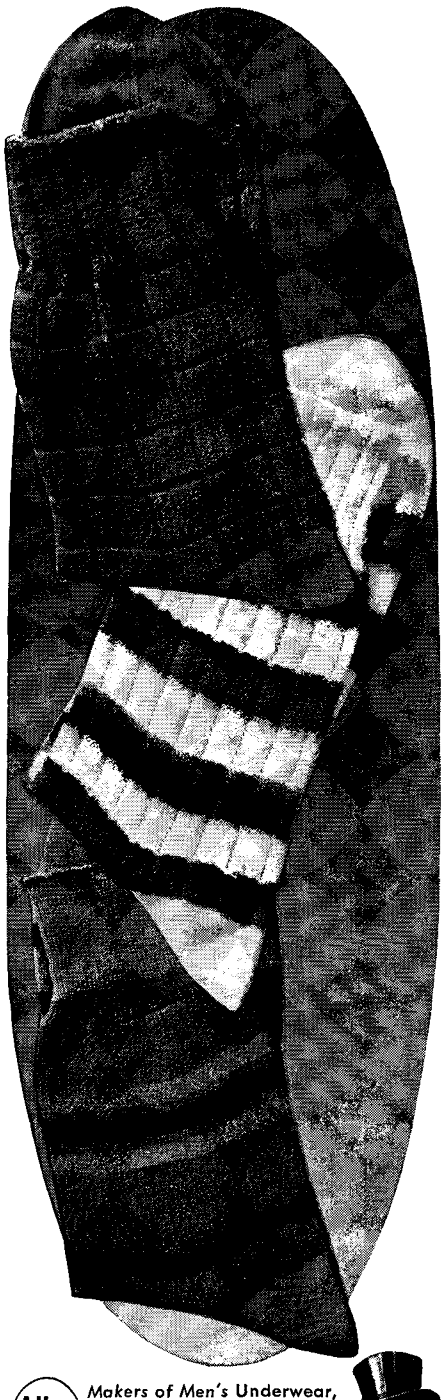
DISTILLED AND
INSULATED
...AGAINST HEAT...AGAINST COLD



Allen-A's Style Triple IN SOCKS!

Take your pick or take 'em all from this Allen-A Sock Triple. Colors? . . . solid or in loud combinations . . . Styles? . . . rib, blazer, or block design. Anklets in terry cloth cotton . . . Lastex tops . . . pastel shades in new dusty tones. Ideal for summer sportswear with slacks or shorts.

Allen-A Sock Wardrobe priced from 25¢ to $1. Name of local dealer on request.



Allen A Makers of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Swim Trunks, Sweaters, Sportshirts

THE
Allen-A
COMPANY
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

you never did before. Just sweep her off of her feet."

"All right," I say; so we walk up and I say, "Hello, Nancy."

Nancy looks at me. Then she puts a cup of coffee down in front of Pinky, and it slops over on Pinky's sleeve, and she stands there looking at me, and she says, "Steve!"

So I push in between the rangers and I have got hold of both of Nancy's hands and Nancy says, "Steve, are you going to take me to the dance tonight?"

"Hold on," Pinky says. He has got a quarter in his hand. He says, "Don't forget, Nancy, I won the toss between the three of us here, to take you to the dance. I got you."

NANCY looks at him. She says, "You got hell. This," she says, "is Steve, that I have been asking you if you have saw him any place. I have been looking all over Wyoming for this devil of a Steve." She looks at me and says, "Stevie, I have never saw you look so wonderful. Beside of you, Steve, a lot of those people with fancy uniforms on look like something the cat has drug in." She says to the rangers, "Move over out of the way and let Steve and his friend sit down."

They move over and I and Hade sit down. We see Bill Albertson sitting up the counter a ways, and I say to Pinky, "Pinky, move over one more seat for a friend of ours." And Pinky moves over and Bill Albertson comes and sits with us, and we order coffee and pie.

Bill Albertson says, "Hade, are you ready to go on the job we was talking about, up at the cow camp?"

Hade shakes his head. He says, "Bill, you got me wrong on that. I was asking about the job for a friend of mine. The way it is with me, I have not got no interest in this part of the country. I am anxious to be moving along. Steve, here, is the one I had in mind, Bill. He is settling down here."

Bill Albertson looks at me. He says, "Well, that is sure all right with me. Nancy was just saying, Steve, you was the best man moving steers in a roundup she has ever saw."

"Wait a minute," I say. "The job calls for a saddle and bedroll. I was playing stud poker over in Nevada—"

"Steve!" Hade says. He looks at me very hard. He says, "You must be losing your mind, Steve. You got a saddle and bedroll back there in town, in the shed behind the hardware store. And I got a bedroll with seven-fifty worth of groceries in her, back at Piney Draw. Which," he says, "I am pulling out for tonight. A bedroll with groceries wrapped up in her is a mighty nice thing to go back to. It is kind of like going home."

Hade—my old friend Hade.

And Nancy Church brings our coffee and sets it down careful, and she is smiling at me. Such a beautiful girl as this. Smiling at me. And she is closing her left eye. She is giving me the signal she is going to slip I and Hade and Bill Albertson an extra piece of pie.

Night-Club Cafeteria

Continued from page 18

beer garden where they played the music of Strauss and drank the beer of Muenchen. When Decker came back to New York he was filled with a dream. He would get some backing, rent a place, hire the best music, buy the best food and tap the great middle class of New York City. He rented the enormous loft atop the Rialto Building and somehow persuaded a few gentlemen of capital to back him. The Danceteria is the answer to his dream.

For a dollar and twenty cents a young man and a young lady may listen to sweet, hot and South American music from 5:30 until 2 A. M. They may dance this whole eight and one-half hours if they wish because there are two immense rooms and music is continuous. For this dollar and twenty cents each may have a substantial supper. If they wish to scrimp a little on the food they may have a bowl or two of beer. No hard liquor is served but ice-cream sodas are. Decker believes that the type of person who wants wine or whisky with his music is sitting in a night club. He isn't after their trade.

The financial gymnastics that enable Decker to give so much for sixty cents per person can be explained in one word—volume. Since the Danceteria opened, the average daily attendance has been 3,500. The Subway Set has taken the place by storm. Each week an average of $30,000 trickles into the Decker cash register. During the week, when admission is sixty cents, the average check is seventy cents. On Saturday nights admission is eighty-five cents—the average check is ninety cents. Once you have eaten or drunk up your admission check you can of course always order more, but seldom does anyone go more than ten or fifteen cents above the admission fee. There is no tipping because cafeteria society waits on itself.

The food served—and take it from one who went through the kitchen from soup to herring—is good food. We mentioned the word volume. Let us look at some of the food figures from a typical week. Three hundred and ten pounds of coffee were served; five hundred and sixty quarts of milk; twelve turkeys each week night and twenty-five on Saturday night were gobbled; two hundred and fifty lobsters and three hundred pounds of shrimp were devoured; fourteen cases of eggs went each day and five hundred pounds of cheese. That's right—the cheese sandwich is a great favorite and it takes only three five-cent punches out of your sixty-cent ticket. Listen to this—fifty pounds of caviar were served during the week. Caviar canapés are included in the hors d'oeuvres, and, believe it or not, 2,100 banana splits were served.

Yeah, man! The average New Yorker has found a spot at last. The jitterbug kids love it because the bands are changed each week. This week it'll be Ben Bernie. Next it'll be Jack Jenny or Red Norvo or Dick Messner or Gene Krupa or George Hall or Van Alexander. The mommas and poppas love it because every now and then some band will play a waltz and middle-aged feet will have a chance to do something they haven't done for years.

Decker usually pays about $8,000 a week for music. The high-hat honkytonks on the East Side can't afford that kind of music. As a rule they get rather tired bands. But the Subway Set demands the best. They get it at the Fiesta Danceteria.

But I know this: there are only three night clubs in our town that are reached by elevators—the lush Rainbow Room atop the R. C. A. Building, the swanky Penthouse Club overlooking Central Park South and our Danceteria. Yes, sir, you can step out of a subway train at Times Square, walk a few steps and hand your partner into a lift, old boy, which will whisk you right up to our Danceteria. All included in the sixty-cent admission charge.

PIPE SMOKERS WEAR WELL

Some people just sweep you off your feet, overwhelm you, then peter out, quickly. But not your pipe smoker. Steady, dependable, he mellows but never mars a friendship. You know where he stands, every time.

Crosby Square wears well, too—has that distinctive difference that never gets monotonous. A big reason why this master blend of choice tobaccos climbed to national prominence on personal endorsement.

Now advertising is spreading the message of Crosby Square farther afield—bringing the news of its fragrant, mellow smoothness to you. Try Crosby Square. We rest our case on your opinion.

Crosby Square
Pipe Mixture
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

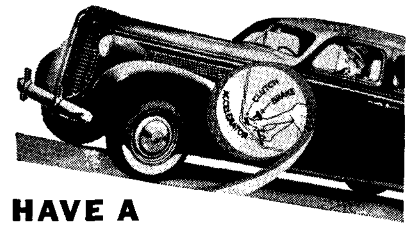
Only 15¢ A Package

Special Offer

We will send a generous sample of Crosby Square Pipe Mixture for 6¢ in stamps to help cover packing and mailing. Address CROSBY SQUARE DIV., 102 Delmar Bl.

CHRISTIAN PEPER TOBACCO CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

STOP and GO uphill with greater SAFETY

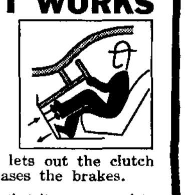


HAVE A NoRoL PUT ON YOUR CAR

This proven safety accessory keeps car from rolling backwards when start is made from up-hill stop, and leaves right foot free for accelerator

NoRoL actually becomes part of the brake system, and does not alter the outward appearance of the car. There are no buttons or levers to operate.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS



Driver brings car to a stop and depresses the clutch and brake pedals as he normally does. NoRoL holds the brakes applied as long as clutch pedal is depressed--just as though the driver were actually pushing down on the brake pedal. When ready to go, the driver steps on the accelerator, and lets out the clutch pedal which automatically releases the brakes.

When ordering a new car, specify that it come complete with a NoRoL . . Also available for many 1937, 1938 and 1939 makes of cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

Many Models Only $12.00 Installed
SEE YOUR CAR DEALER--or write us

N 40-14

Wagner Electric Corporation
(Manufacturers of Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes)
6432 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Send FREE CIRCULAR and details on NoRoL.

Name
Address
City State
Make And Model Of My Car Is

Black Champion

Continued from page 24

A half-hour later, when the photographers were getting their last shots of the winner, one of them asked Mellenthin to wait just another moment.

"After all," the photographer said, "I've been waiting three days for this."

"Three days?" answered Mellenthin. "Listen, brother, I've been waiting thirty years."

And he meant it. My Own Brucie is the culmination of thirty years' patient study, careful planning and scientific breeding. Although Brucie wasn't whelped until May 4th, 1935, Mellenthin had been building up a mental picture of him since he showed his first winning cockers as a young man in Milwaukee. Later, while he bred dogs for himself and trained trotting horses for the well-known reinsman, Tommy Murphy, he looked forward to the day he'd pick this dog out of a litter of puppies. And he took his biggest step toward that day when he bred Red Brucie in 1921.

From a Distinguished Family

Red Brucie has become a legend among dog breeders. He lived from June, 1921, until November, 1935, and if you examine the pedigree of any cocker spaniel you're bound to come across his name sooner or later. Merely because Mellenthin kept him at home while campaigning his pups to their championships, his show-ring record wasn't impressive. But when you consider the place Red Brucie holds in the development of the modern cocker spaniel you get some idea of his greatness. He sired thirty-eight champions, more than any other dog, and you could never compile a complete list of the champions among his descendants.

Red Brucie was fourteen years old, he was deaf and almost totally blind, when Mellenthin chose My Own Lady Huntington to bear his next to last litter, of which My Own Brucie was one.

When Mellenthin scooped that jet-black puppy into his arms in 1935 he brought him home to Poughkeepsie. But he didn't keep him there. He followed his usual custom of "farming out" his pups to homes where they get more loving care than in a kennel. Brucie went to the home of Mrs. John Moris in Livingston Manor, New York.

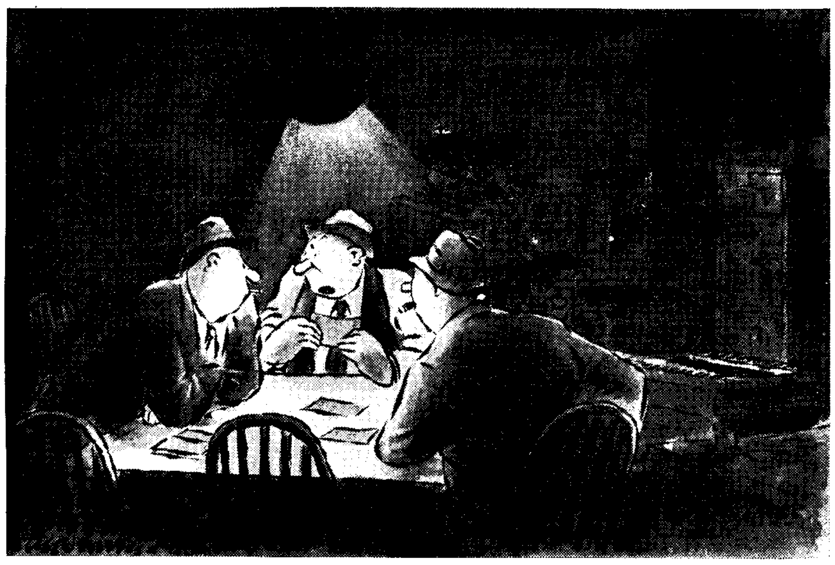
For ten months Mrs. Moris took care of Brucie and still regards him somewhat as a child who has left home to seek his fortune. She never writes to Mellenthin, always to Brucie, her last letter being one of congratulations on his victory in the Garden. She nursed him, groomed him, took him for long walks in the woods. Slowly she built up the stamina that today carries him through grueling show campaigns which often leave other dogs thin and fretful. His coat took on an attractive sheen. His ribs sprung out wider to give him greater lung capacity. He developed a smooth, effortless hunting-dog gait.

But now the dog was ready for serious schooling in show-ring manners. And this job Mellenthin entrusted to Sterling Yoder, manager of the Dungarvan Kennels of Mrs. Francis P. Garvan at Roslyn, Long Island. There Brucie learned to walk on a lead without breaking his stride and to pose patiently without moving a muscle. It was there, too, that he started his career as a producer. Seven of his puppies are already champions and several others dominated the classes in the last Westminster show. You can't buy one of his pups for less than $100 and at least one of his sons is valued at $2,500. Brucie is so sought after for breeding purposes, even at a fee of $100, that many breeders must be turned down.

His life is divided between the kennels at Roslyn and Mellenthin's home. At the kennels he is out in his run early in the morning. Then he takes a two-mile walk with Yoder, which includes a romp in the fields where he scares up all the game within sight or scent. He shows true hunting instinct, and if the brambles wouldn't tear his silken coat to shreds he would have been trained long ago for the field. As it is, he is groomed every day and posed for five minutes. Late in the afternoon he eats his only meal, raw beef and broken biscuits. He also gets some cod-liver oil and yeast every day.

At Poughkeepsie his routine is different. He plays with twelve-year-old George Mellenthin, his greatest admirer. And the number of visitors Brucie receives ranks him with the annual intercollegiate rowing regatta as one of Poughkeepsie's main attractions.

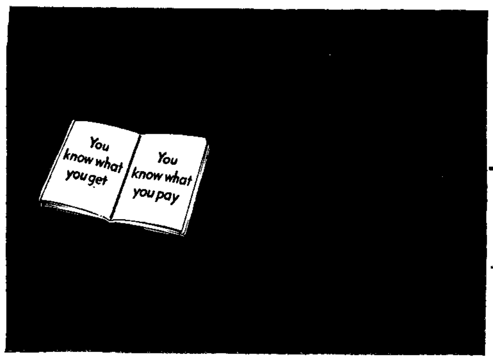
There are few more worlds for Brucie to conquer. He is now the outstanding dog in a breed so popular that 18,568 cockers were registered in the A.K.C. studbook last year and more than 9,000 were exhibited at shows.



"See what I mean? Th' gov'ment don't make no three-dollar bills—so if we make 'em, it won't be counterfeitin'!"

Send for the Chart that has helped thousands to Save Money when they buy a car on time.

Thousands of prospective car buyers have received copies of this General Motors Instalment Plan "Figuring Chart"—and thousands more are currently sending in requests for them. ★ For, with this chart you can know... *before you buy*... the exact cost of the financing and insurance for your new car—and what complete insurance protection you get. ★ And it's so easy to understand that you can figure your own "deal"... based on the amount of time *you* want, and the amount *you* wish to pay monthly. ★ You'll see that this "Open Book" plan is *the* convenient, low cost way to buy your new car on time. ★ Send the coupon today and get your chart! Learn how easy it is to figure the costs ... and the savings ... yourself!


You know what you get
You know what you pay

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York B-5
Please send copy of the GMAC *Payment Chart for car checked below.*
☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE
☐ BUICK ☐ LA SALLE ☐ CADILLAC
Name
Address
City
County State U. S. A.

This plan is available only through dealers in CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK, LA SALLE and CADILLAC cars.

1 **CLANG!** I rang that bell like nobody's business. Then I passed Fred the hammer. "Match *that*," I said, "or the drinks with No Rough Edges are on *you!*" He squared his shoulders, braced his feet, and swung—

2 **PLUNK!** He missed the plunger entirely. I was still laughing when Fred set up the drinks. That TEN HIGH Doubled My Enjoyment...and as for Fred, he smiled, and said, "This whiskey sure rings the bell!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE

YES, SIR, TEN HIGH'S RICH FLAVOR ALWAYS 'RINGS THE BELL'! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THIS SWELL STRAIGHT WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"?
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double your enjoyment with Ten High

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 19

"She said she had never breathed it to anyone! Did my mother—I mean did Aunt Emma's sister—did Lottie tell you?"

"I never saw Lottie. Everyone else in the household had seen her, for she used to come and stay with Emma. But I had been living in Washington, and had only been home a week or two when this tragedy occurred, and both you babies came into the world."

"But if Aunt Emma didn't tell you?"

"My brother did. Fred did. He knew. You see Lottie was actually in this house, and she had come downstairs that night to—in her despair and weakness and anger—to reproach him. She had been so ill—she had so bitterly resented his freedom to enjoy his position, the welcome that was awaiting the other child, that I suppose she hardly knew what she was doing. He didn't know she was staying here, but a few days after that scene, when Amelia and the baby had been taken to the hospital, he was at home in mid-afternoon trying to get some rest—for the fight for Amelia's life had pretty well exhausted us all, and Fred had twice given her blood transfusions—when he heard a baby fretting. At first he thought it was a dream—just the echo in his head of what he had heard a few nights earlier when the poor little purple baby had been born, but it came clearer and he went out into the hall and listened and then went on upstairs.

"LOTTIE was lying in bed asleep; Emma was out. Emma, as a matter of fact, had notified my mother that she was giving up her position, and was looking for a little place somewhere to which she could move Lottie and you. Fred told me afterward that the floor seemed to rock beneath his feet when he saw Lottie, that he had realized in that second what must be the case. He crossed the hall and opened another door, and there in a basket was the tiny child that was his own. Blue, with its eyes deep sunk into its head, and gasping for air; he thought it was dying then.

"There was an old nurse sitting there, a thin old woman who seemed to speak no English. Emma had found her somewhere and brought her in to watch the child. She indicated in pantomime to Fred that it was only a matter of moments—an hour or two perhaps—before the poor baby would slip away, and he went downstairs again, stunned, not knowing what to do or what to think.

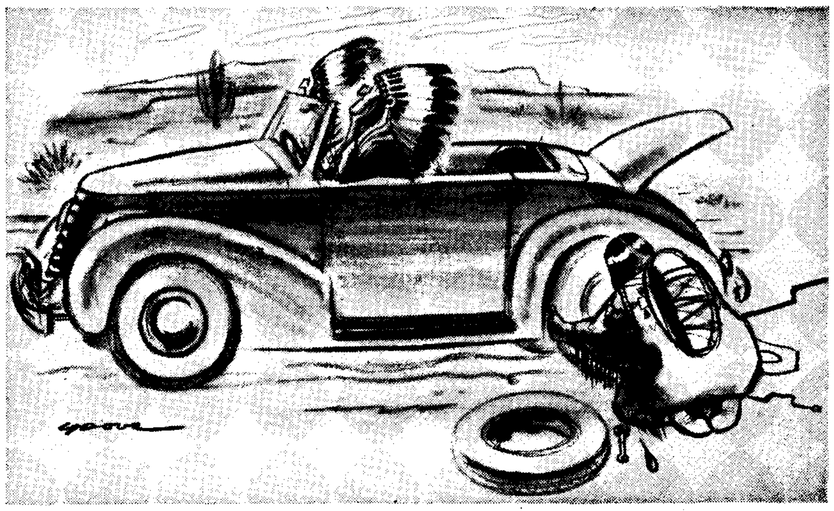
"He'd seen that blue little gasping thing before! There wasn't any mistaking it! But to change back might have cost Amelia's life, for she was still hovering between life and death. When he went to sit with her in the hospital that day she whispered to ask him about the baby: Was little Amy coming on well, could she see her baby? The nurse told her that the baby was doing fine, brought the child in, and Amelia closed her eyes and sank back on the pillow and slept. How could he tell her then that her own child was dying, perhaps already dead, and that this child was his by the poor little girl upstairs?

"Anyway, he didn't. Fred was older than I, but usually when he got into trouble it was to me that he came. But he didn't dare tell anyone this. He was always afraid of my mother, and he was afraid of the effect on Amelia. When at last they knew you would live, Emma came to us, and we made arrangements for your support, but it wasn't until Fred was dying after a motor smash that he sent for me, and told me. He had Judge Comstock in by the time I reached him, for I was out of town when the accident occurred. My mother'd been there, but someone—I think my wife, Mary—had taken her home, and Fred was alone, and very quiet and composed. He said that he had made a statement and had it witnessed, but he swooned off then, and for a while seemed bewildered and vague. Then he came out of it, and in bits and snatches told me the whole story, and gave me a long envelope that he said Amy was to open when she was twenty-one.

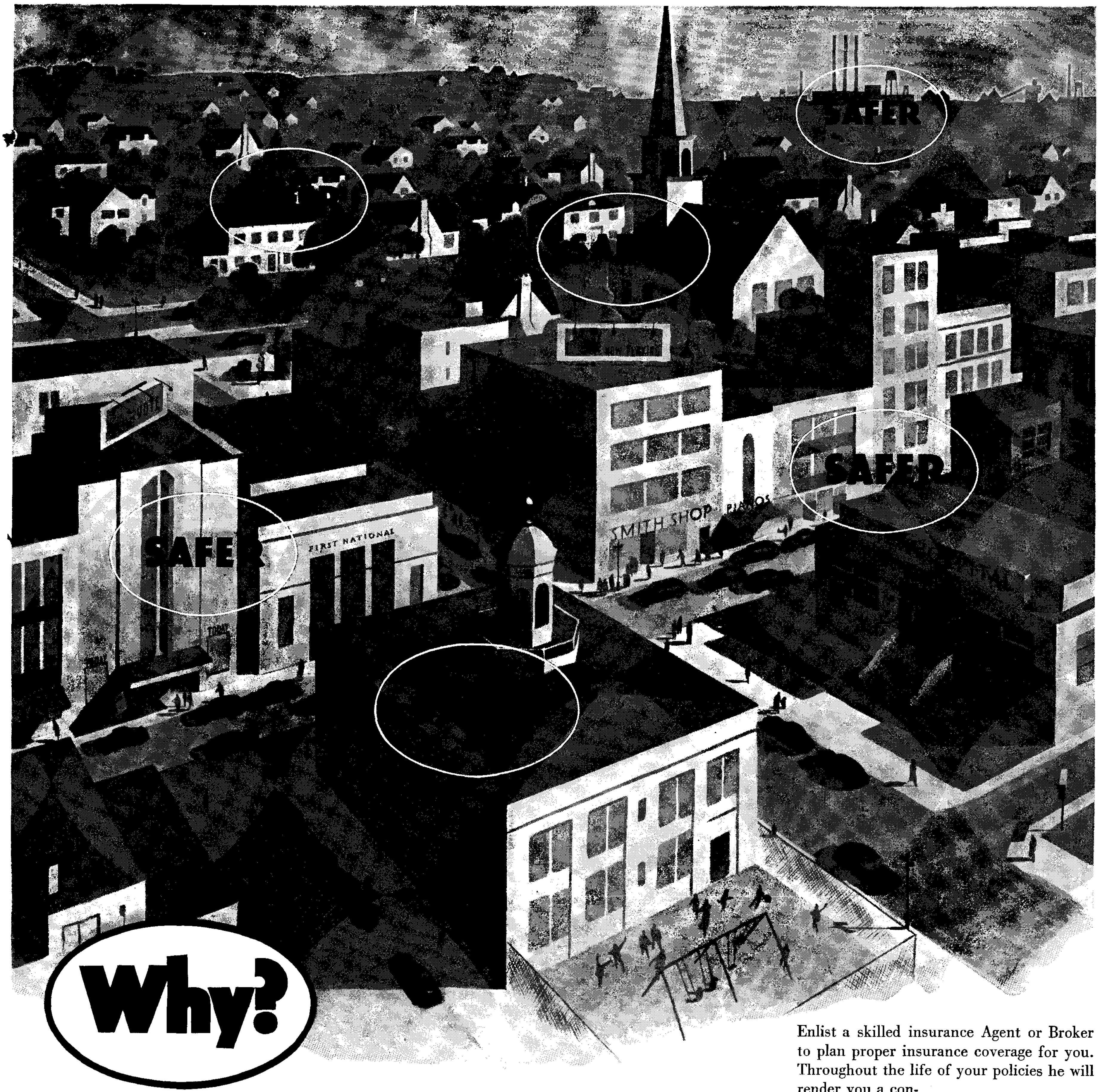
"He said that both you girls would be twenty-one at the same time, and that then Amy was to have his property, and she must be told the truth, and find you, if you were living, and make a complete restitution. Lottie Rawlings was dead then, and you were at Saint Dorothea's. He said—poor Fred!—that both were his daughters, and that as the years had gone by he had come to feel that Amy was Amelia's daughter too, but he hoped—and I believe this, Cherry—that you girls could come to an understanding out of court, that you would both keep the names you have always had, and that this will be just one more of the secrets that old families hide, generation after generation. It will be for you, I think, to make the terms. Poor little Amy has only a few more days to believe herself to be the Wellington heiress."

"Then it is true!" Cherry whispered. "But Emma said that there was no proof."

"There was no proof that Emma knew of. And I'm not sure we have proof now," Judson Marshbanks said. He



LEONARD DOVE



In your town, this minute, a force you never see is helping your town *keep fire in its place.* The home you live in, the church you worship in, the school to which you entrust your child, the hospital and your whole town . . . *each is vastly safer from fire.*

This servant of yours is 200 capital stock* fire insurance companies. Through their public service organization, The National Board of Fire Underwriters, they have promoted improved building codes, safer electrical home appliances, adequate water supply, more efficient fire-fighting apparatus, better fire drills in schools.

Why do they bother? Making property safer . . . besides being humane . . . is plain good business. Making fire behave reduces the losses . . . and reduces the price you pay for insurance.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS
85 John Street, New York Established 1866

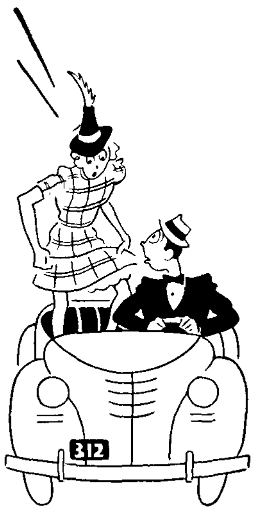
Enlist a skilled insurance Agent or Broker to plan proper insurance coverage for you. Throughout the life of your policies he will render you a continuing service.

CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE
Standard protection

***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

"I HEAR MICE!"

Back in the noisy days of motoring, it was widely believed that brakes which screeched and squealed were brakes which stopped. Today, we know that to be a fallacy. Noisy brakes are simply a public nuisance and even a mouse-like squeak sets nerves atwitter. Motor-wise, most of us know that brake linings exist which bring passenger cars, trucks, or buses to quick, *quiet*, smooth, balanced stops—and that these linings are known *the nation over as* Grey-Rock. Where you see the Grey-Rock sign, there—and there only—will you find mechanics trained especially to install these safe, *quiet* linings.



Give your car an even brake with

Grey-Rock

BALANCED BRAKE LININGS

BRAKES BALANCED WE USE Grey-Rock BALANCED BRAKSETS

THIS IS THE SIGN OF A FIRST-CLASS SERVICE STATION

U. S. Asbestos Division of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., Manheim, Pa.

swung his body a little sideways, opened a lower desk drawer, and took from it first a small shining revolver.

"Don't be frightened," he reassured the girl, who was staring at it with widened eyes. "I'd forgotten that it was here; it belongs upstairs. When I was trying an opium case a few weeks ago I had to carry it about with me, for they tried a shot at me one day when I was leaving my office. Now this," he added, taking a long envelope from the drawer, and laying it on the desk between them, "is Fred's—your father's will. In this he has also enclosed, I believe, a statement from your mother—or rather from Lottie Rawlings—and his own affidavit that the children, you and Amy, were exchanged in the first hours of their lives. It is marked to be opened on November thirteenth of this year, which will be Amy's twenty-first birthday.

"I brought this home a few days ago from safe deposit, and on Sunday next I think we must break the news. Cherry, Cherry, Cherry," said the judge, on a long sigh, "it may not have seemed such a serious sin to those two young persons who had been dining and dancing, who had that strange—that one opportunity to consummate the feeling of one evening of desire, but what a long, long train of suffering it has left behind it! I suppose you knew," the man went on in a changed tone, "that a scamp who has been twice married before, both times to rich women, has got Amy into his toils now? She is in a delirium of love and confidence; she wants to tell us all about it as long as we'll listen!"

"Amy?"

"Oh, yes. They've known each other only a few weeks, but it is Count Mario Constantino or nobody for Amy now."

"Not the man that Sandra Baker divorced!"

"That's the man. He plays polo like a devil, speaks five or six languages, uses his own special perfume, dances divinely, and Amy is only anxious for fear he won't want her."

"Oh, Amy can't be such a fool! Didn't the second wife commit suicide?"

"The first. The second is paying him five hundred a month to keep away from her."

"But you've talked to Amy!"

"We all have. My mother's frantic about it. But don't worry. When she tells him, as she'll have to tell him, that her fortune belongs to another woman—*Mother!*"

THE last word was a shocked whisper. For old Mrs. Marshbanks, with a face of chalk and a rustle of silks, had risen from a great chair which faced a window, and had come to the desk. She spoke in the horrified silence.

"You don't think for one instant that you can do this to Amy!" she hissed. "You don't think for one instant that this fantastic story of babies being changed will convince anyone of anything? You and Emma and this girl here cooking up all this nonsense! It was old when they wrote Il Trovatore and The Lost Dauphin!"

"You were listening," the judge said, dazedly.

"I was listening."

"I'm sorry, Mother," the man said, after a moment of silence. "But it isn't my doing or Emma's. It's Fred's—Fred's from the beginning. And we can't—we can't stop it now."

"*Could* we stop it now?" Cherry demanded, frightened. "Couldn't we tell Amy something—something that wouldn't make it so hard for her? Couldn't we—"

"*I* can stop it now!" The long envelope was in the old woman's hands; before either of the others could move she had torn it both ways, was at the fireplace, had scattered the instantly

YOURS TO ENJOY

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current *novels* or the *daily* newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator, and for forty years President of Harvard University, chose for his Harvard Classics, the texts that are the backbone of college training. Enlightenment, stimulation, a release from reality, explore new worlds of interest and experience new realms of enjoyment are in store for those who own

DR. ELIOT'S
FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

P. F. Collier & Son Corp.
250 Park Avenue New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, (The Harvard Classics), and containing Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the *greatest library of all time.* 419 HS

Name { Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address ....

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

● Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY *CORN PLASTERS*

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

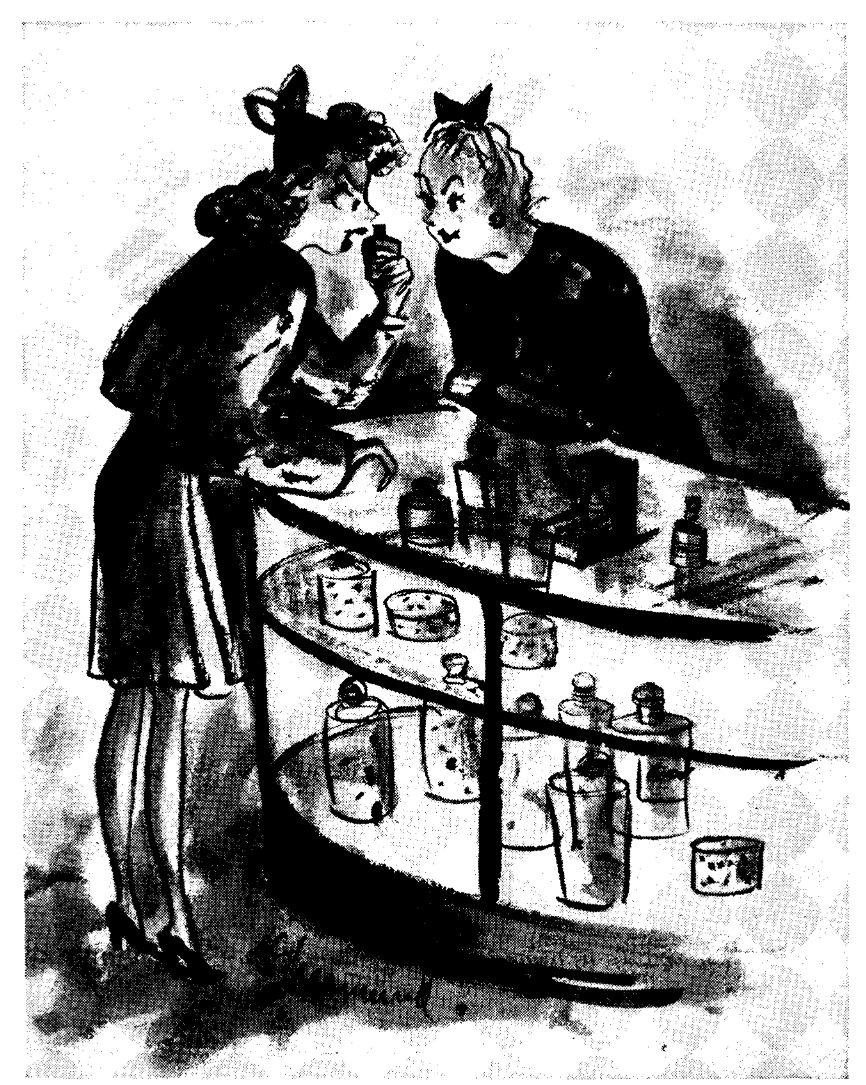
Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

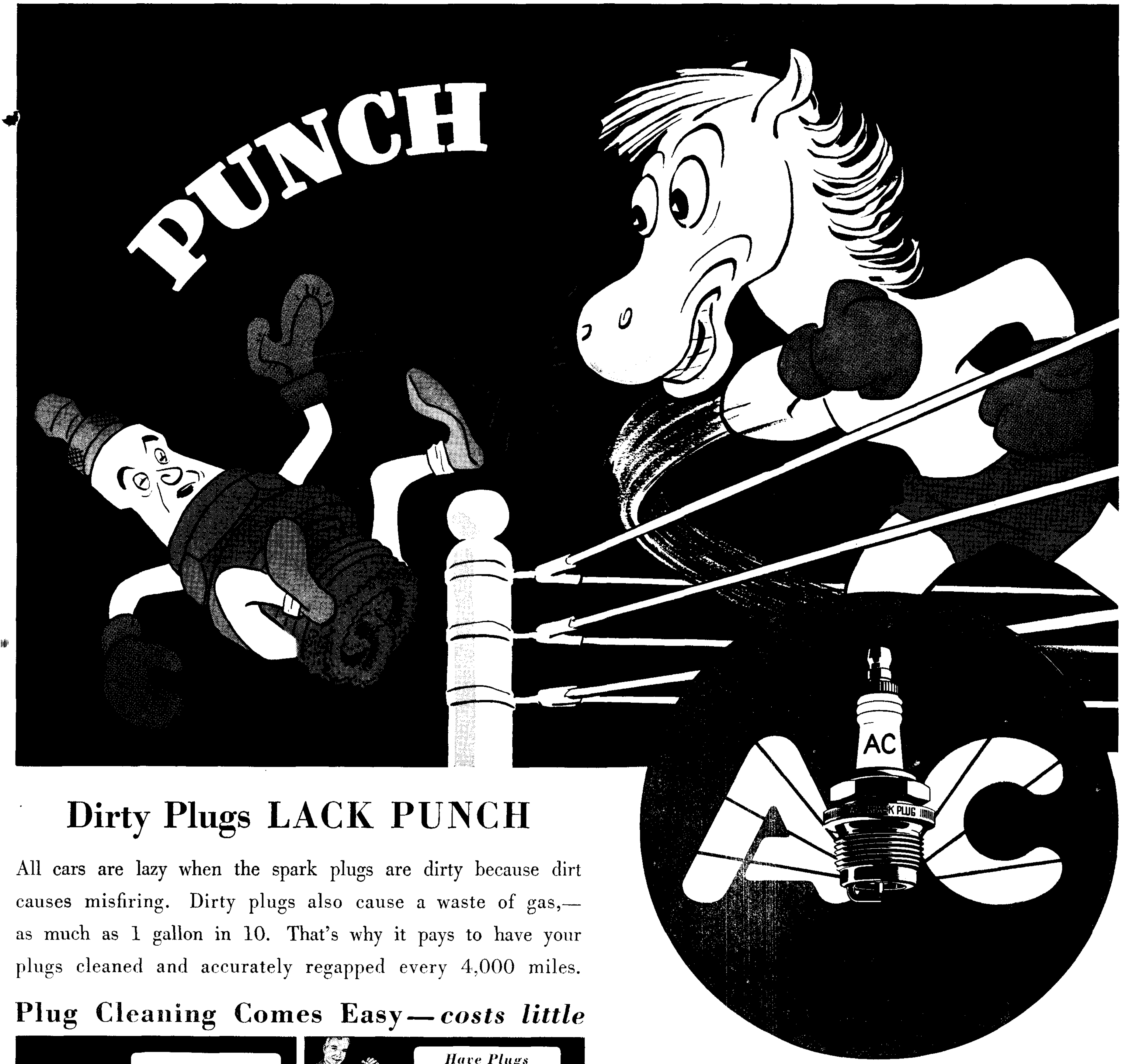
FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-8, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only



"It has to be good and strong. I work in a florist's shop"

BARBARA SHERMUND



Dirty Plugs LACK PUNCH

All cars are lazy when the spark plugs are dirty because dirt causes misfiring. Dirty plugs also cause a waste of gas,—as much as 1 gallon in 10. That's why it pays to have your plugs cleaned and accurately regapped every 4,000 miles.

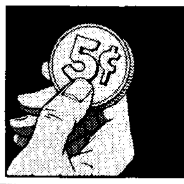
Plug Cleaning Comes Easy—*costs little*

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED
BY THE AC METHOD
Registered
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION

LOOK for this
SIGN-
70,000 Service Places Display It

Have Plugs
CLEANED
by the
AC METHOD

Cleaning Includes
REGAPPING
to the
Engineers' Standards



The Cost is only
5c EACH
the biggest nickel's worth you ever got

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO

Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance

For More Than 31 Years
THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, LaSalle, Nash, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac motor cars; Chevrolet, Diamond-T, Federal, GMC, and International Trucks; Allis-Chalmers, J. I. Case, Cletrac and International Harvester Tractors . . . these are some of the well-known cars, trucks, and tractors which use AC Quality Spark Plugs. Trust your spark plug requirements to the same brand of spark plugs which the leading, big-volume manufacturers select.

Get a Set—and Get the difference

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation*
FLINT, MICHIGAN

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME... OUR STEWARDESS COULD DEMONSTRATE A TRIP BY FLAGSHIP

"TAKE this big, soft easy chair by the window. Any sense of height or motion? Of course not! There's none in a Flagship either!

"Look out the window. Beautiful world, isn't it? Multiply its beauties many times—and you've got what you see from a Flagship window!

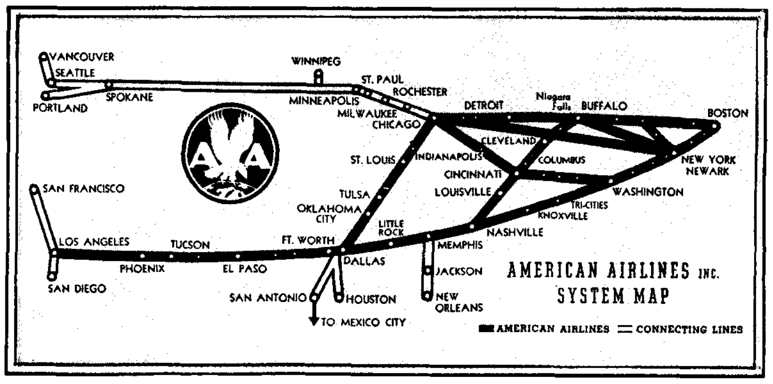
"Light up a cigarette, pick up a magazine, settle yourself for a quiet, restful hour of reading. Comfortable? That's Flagship comfort, too!

"Hungry? How about a delicious full-course dinner from soup to mints, served by a Stewardess who knows how? That's what you get on a Flagship—and it's included in your ticket, too!

"Now, get up and stretch, walk around the room. You can move about in a Flagship just as steadily and with equal ease!

"That's *all* there is to a trip by Flagship—plus the fact that you're *getting somewhere.* Worth the modest cost? Flagship travelers say so—emphatically!

"On your very next trip, go by Flagship! Just phone for reservations—your Travel Agent or the nearest American Airlines office."


VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
SPOKANE
WINNIPEG
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS
ROCHESTER
MILWAUKEE
CHICAGO
DETROIT
Niagara Falls
BUFFALO
BOSTON
CLEVELAND
INDIANAPOLIS
ST. LOUIS
COLUMBUS
CINCINNATI
NEW YORK
NEWARK
SAN FRANCISCO
TULSA
LOUISVILLE
WASHINGTON
OKLAHOMA CITY
TRI-CITIES
KNOXVILLE
LITTLE ROCK
NASHVILLE
LOS ANGELES
TUCSON
FT. WORTH
MEMPHIS
DALLAS
PHOENIX
EL PASO
JACKSON
SAN DIEGO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
TO MEXICO CITY
AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.
SYSTEM MAP
AMERICAN AIRLINES
CONNECTING LINES

AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

flaming pieces of paper upon the coals. "It's stopped," she said, coming back breathless and spent and sinking into a chair. "Your attempt to—to rob Amy and to—to slander your brother have failed, Jud! We'll hear no more of this nonsense!"

Then there was a long moment of tense silence. Cherry looked fearfully at the judge and he looked at his mother, who sent alternate defiant glances from one of their faces to the other.

There was no sound in the room until Amy's voice came, high and exultant, from the doorway.

"Cherry, come on upstairs, we have to talk! I've just been riding in the park. It's the divinest afternoon you ever saw, and the sunset was simply too much!"

"Go ahead, Cherry," said the judge, with a little movement of his head. Cherry, with a glance at him, and another at the old woman, went toward the door, and left mother and son together.

"AND if anyone tells you different, they're jealous!" Amy finished a long, rapturous narrative scornfully, with her usual indifference to the rules of grammar.

Cherry, seated on Amy's bed, watching her brush her bright hair, and listening, might have supposed herself incapable of interest in any but her own affairs on this particular evening. Her conference with the judge in the library, and at its finish the shocking revelation that old Mrs. Marshbanks had overheard it, that she had been ensconced unseen in one of the big library chairs and had attended every word, had taken place less than an hour earlier. The will that might have given her a fortune and have destroyed Amy's position in the world had been burned by the furious old woman, and Cherry had come upstairs, in answer to Amy's invitation, in a dazed and jarred condition.

But Amy's confidences had been of a nature so thrilling, so important, that Cherry perforce was carried by them out of herself. Amy was madly, completely in love with the fascinating Count Mario, familiarly known as "Gogo," and intended to marry him immediately upon reaching her majority.

"Until I'm twenty-one I'm not supposed to marry anyone without Uncle Jud's full approval," stated Amy, "but I'll be twenty-one next week, and then the family is due for a surprise!"

"But, Amy, suppose, after you marry him, you find that all these things he's been telling you aren't true?"

"But why should I? Am I going to find out some day that I'm not me and you're not you?"

You might have, once, Cherry thought. But you may not now. "I thought you might have gone to Sausalito with Fran," she said aloud.

"Was she in Sausalito today?"

"I believe she was."

"Kelly's crazy about her," Amy said absently. Cherry's heart sank—sank. "Say," Amy added suddenly, "will you ask her if she and Uncle Jud are staying down in Burlingame tonight? If they are, I'm going off riding again with Gogo early tomorrow."

"No, they're not staying. I happen to know because the judge told me she had spoken to him about it being too much to have Rousseau wait up late to drive them home, after being all day in Sausalito, but Uncle Jud said it wouldn't hurt him!"

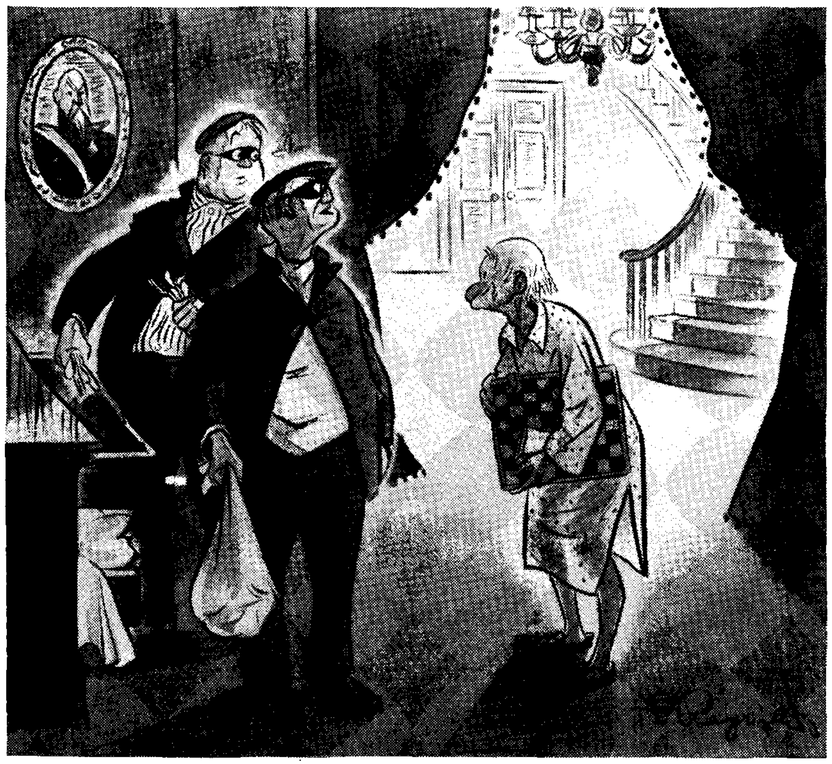
"Oh, damn!" said Amy. "Fran said yesterday they were going to stay at the club, and she was going to ask May to pack their bags. Ask her, will you, Cherry? She's dressing. Because I have to telephone Gogo."

Cherry crossed the hall to Fran's bedroom door, which stood slightly ajar. She pushed it open and saw, in the room that was all a glow of soft pink light, Fran in a flowing lacy gown at the telephone, with her back to the room.

"Ah, don't be silly, darling, that's all jealousy," Fran was saying. "After a heavenly day like today, it's so stupid of you to make a fuss! Yes, we're going to Burlingame. He wants to. Well, he wants to. Yes—I have to. I'll hate it! Every minute of it. Where are you? Downstairs? But that's dangerous, dear. Please be reasonable, because you worry me so! Truly you do."

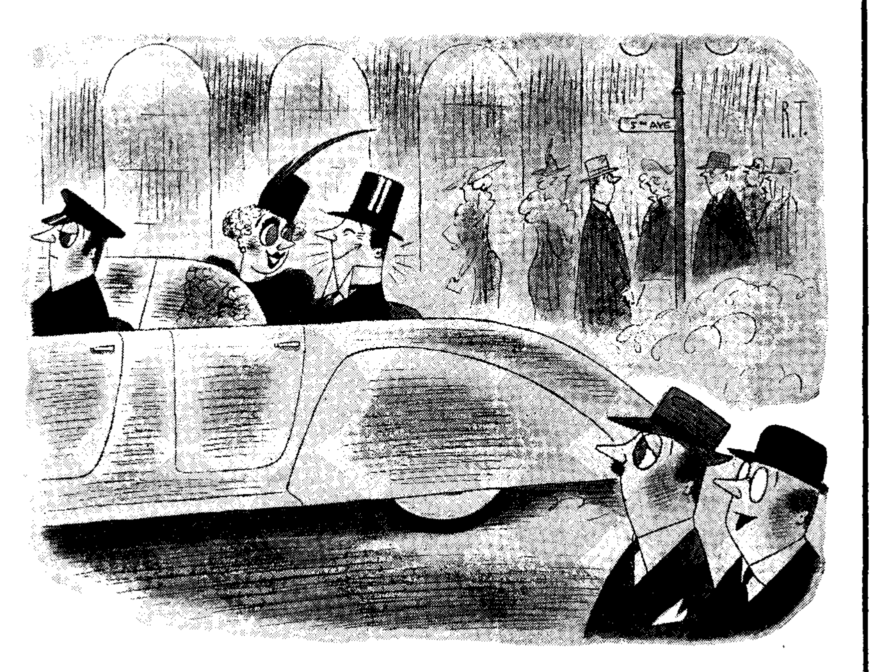
Cherry cleared her throat and the other woman turned swiftly. She smiled automatically when she saw Cherry, and ended her conversation.

"I have to stop now," she said. "Good-by, Kelly." And she turned to Cherry with just a little unusual color in the pure ivory of her face. "We wanted you



"An' don't annoy my partner. He's busy, too!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



MENNEN
TALCUM
FOR MEN
Neutral
Won't
Show On You
MENNEN
SKIN
BRACER
THE MENNEN COMPANY

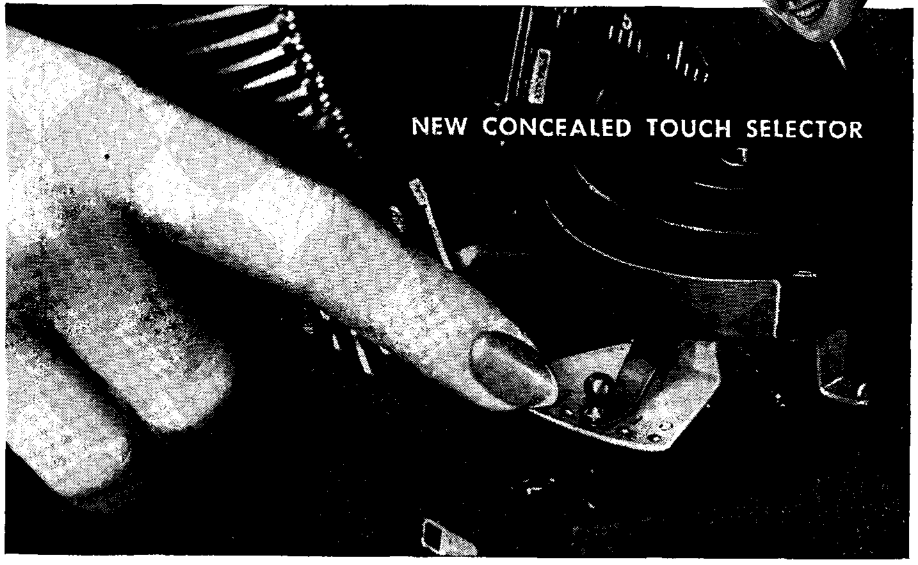
"He was poor as a church mouse last year... then he started using MENNEN SKIN BRACER!"

Want to feel like a million?... treat your face to a few drops of cool, refreshing Mennen Skin Bracer. (But look out ...the *ladies* simply can't resist its subtle odor!) Follow up with Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tint—doesn't show. Just *try* those two swell after-shave products and you'll *always* say, *"Mennen for mine!"*

Swell for electric shaving, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN

SECRETARIES!...
save time and energy

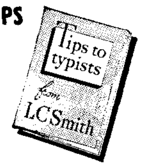


SECRETARIES LIKE this feature. It personalizes your machine...seven positive adjustments from *very light* to *extra heavy.* Once set it stays set... out of sight . . . away from meddling hands. Phone any L C Smith representative for free demonstration.

THE NEW *Super-Speed*
L C SMITH
. . . *new freedom for secretaries*

SEND FOR FREE TYPING TIPS
New edition of "Tips to Typists." Useful little booklet of time-saving ideas on typing. Also explains special L C Smith features. Mail Coupon.

L C SMITH & CORONA
TYPEWRITERS INC Desk 6
705 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Maybe some of your *"Tips to Typists"* would be new to me. Please send free copy.
Name
Address
City State

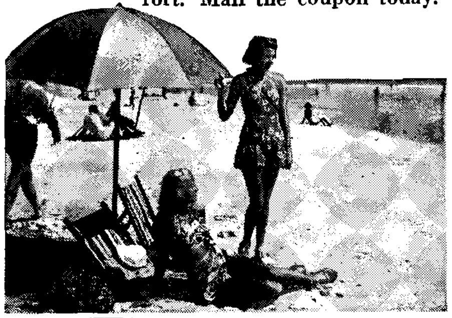


IS EVERY ONE'S VACATIONLAND

You can have whatever kind of vacation your heart desires in Maine. For this great state was especially planned by Nature to be a perfect vacationland.

Here, 25,000 miles of good roads lead to mountains, lakes, streams and the seashore. You can swim, fish and sail in fresh or salt water. Ride, camp, canoe in fragrant forests of birch and pine. Play golf and tennis amid scenes of wild grandeur. You'll find the kind of vacation you've dreamed of in Maine!

Because of the many splendid vacation opportunities offered by this state—you get more for your money in Maine! In addition to fine hotels, inns and sporting camps, there are many inexpensive stopping places where you can stay in modest comfort. Mail the coupon today.



HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, 63 St. John St.
Portland, Maine

FREE BOOKLET

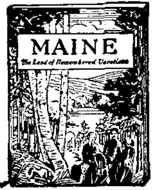
Please send me the new illustrated Official Maine Vacation Guide for 1940.

Name________________

Street________________

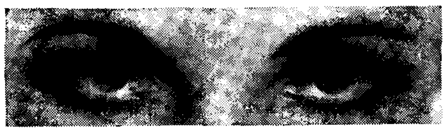
City________________

State________________

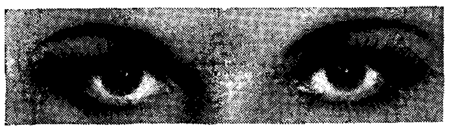


You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

today," she said, "I was over in Sausalito."

Confused, troubled thoughts made Cherry absent-minded all the evening long, made her start out of dreams when one of the bridge players reminded her that it was her turn to deal, made her look now and then at Amy with eyes that seemed to see her for the first time.

Martin appeared at half past eight with the announcement that there was a gentleman to see Miss Rawlings. That would be the fascinating Gogo, Cherry thought, looking at Amy with a laugh. This was another small instance of Amy's subtlety, Cherry thought; she had told the caller to ask for "Miss Rawlings." But Amy, departing in a flutter, returned immediately in disappointment, to say that it was Kelly Coates, and that he wanted to see Cherry for just a minute.

Cherry might have hesitated under other circumstances, for her heart was sore on the subject of Kelly. But with the two men resigning themselves to a three-handed game in her absence, and Amy conjecturing that it was some message for Fran, she could not quite send back an excuse, and so went to the smaller library that adjoined the big room in which she and the judge had had their conference a few hours earlier, and found Kelly standing, turning over the leaves of a magazine on the table.

He sensed at once that she was not happy, and interrupted his first greeting with a disturbed "What's the trouble, Marchioness?"

"Nothing. And it's so nice to see you, Kelly. It's been weeks!"

"Are you telling me that?" said Kelly. "It's been more than two months; it's seemed like years!"

She could not help it. The sun came out when she was in his company; the world seemed safe and right. It was so restfully easy to talk to him, so wonderful to see his keen look and then his wide smile, so heart-filling to hear the notes of his voice again.

"Well, as soon as we got back you went to Honolulu," she reminded him, deep in a corner of the big davenport now, with Kelly in a chair near by, and their hands linked.

"To paint three adorable children, and receive a neat little check for fifteen hundred, *plus* traveling expenses," Kelly said.

"Oh, Kelly, that was *good!* Did you bring the portrait back?"

"No, but it's coming up, to be given the grandparents at Christmas."

"Then Fran didn't see it today," the girl said lightly.

"No," he answered absently. "Cherry, what's been going on? You're thinner, you're grown up, you're a peculiarly—well—taking woman with your blue eyes and your mixed-up hair and the way your mouth goes! But who's been mean to you?"

"Nobody's been mean to me. And our trip—!"

SHE began to tell him about it, feeling that delicious eagerness with which she always talked to Kelly. When she came to the end of the journey, and the long afternoon talk in Emma's cabin, she saw his interest intensify and was presently interrupted.

"So you're Amy Marshbanks? Great *Allah!*"

"No proof, Kelly."

"What good would proof do? . . . Oh, I see," he said, "if there were proof, you'd come in for considerable property; I forgot that. Well, there may be some proof somewhere."

"No, but there's not. There was. At least, we think there was. You see, Kelly, I had to keep this all quiet until Emma had plenty of time to get away, to disappear completely. That was her plan, and it seemed only fair to give her a chance. She's carried this thing in her heart for twenty years; it's made her what she is. Of course it wasn't my fault, and yet I felt responsible for it, in a way."

"Good Lord, Cherry, if there's one person who *isn't* responsible and who's paid the piper for everyone, you're that person! All your life long, poor little old Marchioness, they've been handing you the buck!" Kelly said. "But what makes you so sure there's no proof of this somewhere, that nobody else knows anything about it?"

"Because this afternoon—only this afternoon at about six, I had a talk with the judge about it."

THEN she told him the rest of the story.

"How'd the judge know what was in that will or statement, or whatever it was?" Kelly asked.

"He didn't *know;* he said so. His brother had told him what it was, but only when he was partly delirious, when he was dying."

"So that it mightn't have meant anything to you at all?"

"It might not. He was so badly hurt—everything was so terrible—so mixed up. But Fred Marshbanks, my father, told his brother that he was glad he would be dead before Amy came to her twenty-first birthday because then she would have to know. And he hoped—and the judge said that he hoped, too—that it could be settled without any scandal, any publicity."

"The old nurse who was with—which was it?—with you, yes—the old woman who was with you when Fred went upstairs, she might be found somewhere?"

"She would have seen only the one baby, Kelly."

"That's true. But Lottie might have talked to her."

"Oh, I don't think it likely."

"Probably not." He mused for a few minutes, still holding the warm young hand that clung to his so tightly, and then said, on a curious note: "Odd if you were suddenly to have a great deal of money, Cherry."

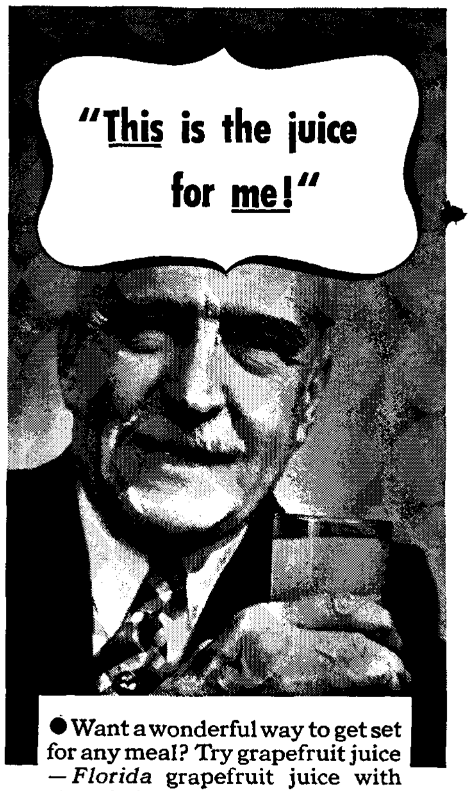
"Odd! And I don't especially want it," Cherry said. "Tonight I didn't have time to think about having all that Wellington money. But I have been thinking—since I talked to Emma, that perhaps I had a right to just some—just what the judge said tonight Amy would get from her father, and that seemed too wonderful to be true.

"I suppose people are like plants, Kelly," the girl went on, as he continued to watch her with keen, attentive eyes and did not speak. "They get used to just so much sunshine and air, to just a certain type of soil, and they flourish best there. I never think in terms of real wealth—I mean jewelry and fur coats and a personal maid, all that. But I did think of—oh, well, being able to travel, simply, you know, and some day buying a home somewhere. That sort of thing. The sort of thing that thousands of people can do."

"There's something very likable about you tonight, Cherry," Kelly said, his eyes on the earnest face under its fluff of streaked gold and brown hair, the slender, finely built figure that was so comfortably sunk back on the couch, the blue eyes full of eagerness and intelligence and light. She had on a short striped gray and blue silk tonight; a tangle of silver and blue bells hung about her throat like a wide collar, and another bunch of the same bells was twisted about her wrist. "I like that getup," he approved.

"Fran gave me this. It was too big for her. I'm glad you like it."

"And I approve of you. By gum," said Kelly with simplicity, "you do manage to stand the slings and arrows


"This is the juice for me!"

● Want a wonderful way to get set for any meal? Try grapefruit juice—*Florida* grapefruit juice with the distinctive *tangy* taste that "wakes up" your mouth!

Want a grand bedtime nightcap? Try a tall, cool glass of the same—and wake up next morning feeling like a spring robin!

This juice is *loaded* with vitamins and minerals that help your body renew and rebuild itself.

FLORIDA
CANNED
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Marlin

HIGH SPEED
BLADES
TWENTY FOR 25¢

SINGLE EDGE 15 FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY THE
MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FREE: Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 63 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 2707-F, ELMIRA, N. Y.

NEURITIS Relieve Pain in Few Minutes or Money Back

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back. Don't suffer. Clip this ad now as a reminder to ask your druggist for NURITO today.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A 's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy the Profession That Pays"

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 640-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

of outrageous fortune about as well as any human being I ever knew! You're one person and then you're another, an aunt turns up, an uncle turns up, a father and grandmother and cousin appear out of the void, you're Cherry Rawlings looking for a job, and then you're Amelia Marshbanks with a pot of money, and then an old lady tears up a paper and you're back again. And you stand it all, and you laugh, and you've kept your sense of humor—"

Sudden tears were in her eyes, although they were smiling. She kept her firm grip upon his big fingers.

"I don't do much. But I'm growing up," said Cherry. "And I've made one resolution," she added, with sudden spirit. "No child of mine is going to inherit the mix-up that I did! Things'll be smooth for that child, or I'll never bring him into the world!"

"You speak of him very definitely, Cherry. Is it George?"

"Is *what* George?" Cherry asked, with a sudden change of expression and manner to surprise and suspicion.

"I mean, is the George to whom your letters often refer planning to be the parent of this interesting child?"

"George Pringle!" Cherry exclaimed.

"WELL," Kelly apologized, "I didn't know."

"No, it has nothing to do with George Pringle, or any other man," Cherry said, in an offended voice, after a moment. "Rebecca and I have other plans. We're thinking of opening a prep school. Coaching for college entry. She had a swell—she had a really flattering offer," Cherry corrected herself punctiliously, "from a Santa Barbara place, but we thought, Why not do it ourselves instead, up here? So her mother's going to give us two big rooms to start with, and as I have only three classes a week—Kelly, what are you thinking about?"

"Wishing I saw more of you, Cherry. Now today it was lovely, over our way. Cold, but such a soft, foggy kind of cold. The sort of still day when chickens' voices or the creaking of a windmill sound loud on a farm. A fellow I used to know in Oxford is here with me for a few days—I had to bring him to town for a dinner tonight, but I ducked the dinner—and we had lunch by the fire—"

"Fran wanted me to go," Cherry put in. Her heart was singing. He had not been alone with Fran today, after all.

"Well, why the deuce didn't you come, then?"

"I couldn't, Kelly. I've an eleven on Saturday. I didn't come in until after four."

"We'd have loved it. He's a great fellow, Lefanu. Sixty, you know, and he's been everywhere. I've not seen Fran," Kelly said, considering, "in weeks. I've not seen Fran since one day in—oh, I guess it was September—when I met her downtown, shopping."

"You mean until today?"

"I didn't see Fran today, Cherry."

"You *didn't?*"

"Nope. What made you think I had?"

"Why, she—she *said* so. She told the judge so."

"Told him I'd been here today?"

"Told him she'd gone to Sausalito today. And she told him—or he understood it that way—that I'd gone too. That's funny," Cherry said, her eyes shining in the soft lamplight and firelight, "because she made quite a point of it. She said that on account of the chauffeur being over there all day— But, Kelly," she broke off, suddenly remembering, "you *did* telephone Fran tonight, didn't you? Didn't you call her up from downstairs here about seven?"

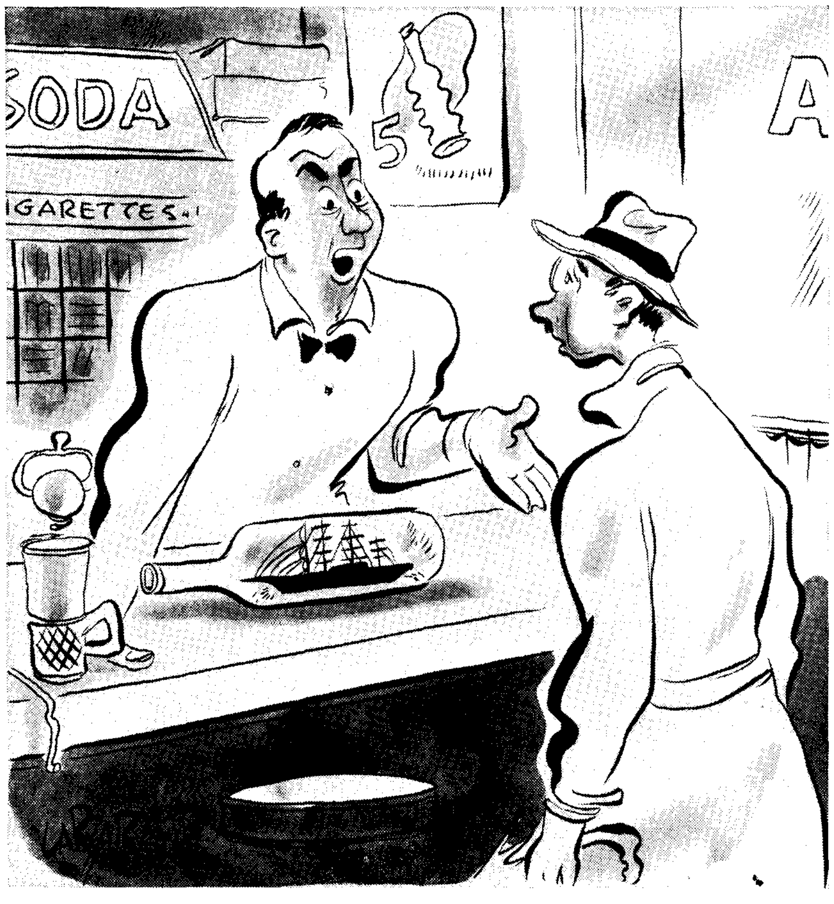
"From downstairs here! We didn't leave Sausalito until after seven."

"But then—but then—" Cherry stammered, bewildered, "why did she call somebody 'Kelly?' I'd just come into the room, and she saw me too, and yet she said 'Kelly' as distinctly as I'm saying it now."

"She couldn't have said 'Nelly,' or 'Billy?' "

"I don't think so. She had turned around with the telephone and looked right at me, and said something about it being dangerous for you to be here, and 'Goodby, Kelly.' "

"Then she said it for you to hear,



"I don't care what you put in it—you only get three cents deposit back!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

DOES TWO MEN'S WORK AT ONCE!

IT CLEANS THE CAR
GIVES A WAX POLISH

DU PONT
SPEEDY WAX
(LIQUID)

DU PONT
SPEEDY WAX
(LIQUID)
IT CLEANS as it waxes
7

DU PONT ON THE AIR—Listen to "Cavalcade of America" every Tuesday, 9 p. m. E.D.S.T., over National Broadcasting Company Networks

• Putting a wax polish on your car isn't the long, tough job it used to be. With Du Pont Speedy Wax, you can *clean* the finish and give a beautiful wax polish in one operation. You do *both* jobs at once. Speedy Wax is fine for all car finishes.

WANT A SAMPLE?

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.)
Chem. Spec. Div., Dept. 4-B, Wilmington, Del.
Please send me a generous sample—enough Speedy Wax for hood and fenders. I enclose 6¢, to help cover mailing costs.

Name__________
Address__________
City & State__________
(Offer good in U. S. only)

BLACK FABRIC TOPS should be dressed with DU PONT "THICKOTE." It gives tops a glossy, jet black finish, and waterproofs the material at the same time.

Come play in the land of America's greatest lovers!

Priscilla! John Alden! America's greatest love-match! What fun to swim, boat, fish, golf, play tennis, dance to soft music in Massachusetts where the memory of this old Colonial romance still rides on every caressing breeze.

YES, vacationing in Massachusetts is unique and thrilling. On the South Shore, the Cape, the North Shore, in the cool, green Berkshires, the verdant Pioneer Valley, in historic old Boston Town, one finds an old-day charm and a new-day allure mingling delightfully to enhance and intensify one's pleasure.

This summer . . . come to Massachusetts. Here, and only here, can you enjoy healthful rest and recreation while surrounded by so many thrilling reminders of your Country's heroic youth.

WRITE FOR THIS HANDSOME BOOKLET
"*Play* where America was born—
in MASSACHUSETTS"

MASSACHUSETTS DEVELOPMENT & INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION, State House, Boston, Mass. Dept. C-2

Please send me, free, the above illustrated booklet which gives complete details about vacationing in Massachusetts.

Check here for specific information about:
☐ Cape Cod ☐ North Shore ☐ Historic Boston
☐ Berkshires ☐ South Shore ☐ Pioneer Valley.

Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ____________

RED ARROW
GARDEN SPRAY

ROSES full of BUGS?

Kill them with Red Arrow Garden Spray. It's quick, simple, sure, inexpensive. Kills insects that harm roses, other flowers and shrubs. Also ants in lawns. Safe to humans, birds, pets, when sprayed. 35c bottle makes several gallons. Easy-to-follow directions on label. Buy Red Arrow Garden Spray where you buy garden supplies.

FREE Send post card to McCormick Sales Co., Baltimore, Md., for Garden Insect Control booklet No. 2D6.

GIVE WINGS
TO YOUR
MORNING SHAVE!

Enders Speed Razor is standard equipment on American Airlines Coast-to-Coast Sleepers, Canadian Colonial, TWA, United Mainliners.

It's the choice of the airlines because of its streamlined simplicity. No assembling, no moving parts, nothing to clog, needless weight out. Just click and GO—for a really modern shave—safe, smooth, fast as air travel.

Why not cut *your* shaving time in half? It's possible with Enders Speed shaving! Men are doing it, easily. Enders saves precious time 3 ways, *before, during,* and *after* your shave.

ENDERS SPEED RAZOR

DURHAM DUPLEX

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Mystic, Conn.

Cherry. I'm no sleuth, but it seems to me that was a plant."

"But then who *was* she talking to?"

"Her latest," Kelly said briefly, with a wry smile.

"But—but I can't believe it!" Cherry said, under her breath. "Oh, Kelly," she went on innocently, "isn't it fun to be sitting here talking about it, and telling each other things!"

"I think it's fun," he agreed unemotionally.

"Some day *let's* have another day in Sausalito. I like it so!"

"Whenever you say, Marchioness. But I should imagine," Kelly said, "that the judge will do some investigating—some pussyfooting in your behalf—and you'll be a busy woman here. He's got to protect his mother, of course, but what she did is—is actionable, I should think. He'll move heaven and earth to see that in spite of her you get your rights. I'll tell you what I think he'll do," Kelly interrupted himself to say with conviction, "he'll talk to Amy; he'll tell her the whole story. And then he'll get an adjustment out of court, a division of the property. Amy doesn't need it all—"

"Amy may," Cherry said rather ruefully, in a pause, "she's head over heels in love with this Sicilian count that's been going the rounds—Mario Constantino."

"Not Public Bounder Number One?"

"The same."

Cherry stood up. "I just heard Martin showing someone in, and I think it's Gogo. Come on in and meet him. I want to know what you think of him!"

"Sheer vulgar curiosity if I do, Marchioness."

"Oh, with me, too! I've never met him either. Kelly," Cherry said in the doorway, her hand on his shoulder in little-sisterly fashion, "you're a great comfort to me."

"I'm glad," he said simply, in a rather odd, thickened voice.

THEY had joined hands as they walked through the hall, but Cherry loosened her fingers when they reached the others. Gogo was indeed there, dark, stunning, mustachioed, very much at ease, and with him had come two other, not very attractive, younger men. The bridge game had ended; they were sitting about the fire, drinking highballs and listening to the story of a boar hunt in which Gogo, according to his own account, had acquitted himself to advantage.

Kelly and Cherry melted into the circle, but Kelly did not stay long, and when he had excused himself Cherry went upstairs, too, feeling herself happier, in an irrational, all-pervading way, than she had ever been in her life before.

He didn't love Fran; he didn't love Fran! Over the revelations and excitements and confusions of the day this glorious fact rose triumphant and supreme, and Cherry had a feeling that she wanted to be alone to think about it, and digest its full significance slowly, and begin in her secret soul to think of days far ahead in a studio barn on a hillside over the bay with apple trees in bloom and quail drumming in the woods and a man and a woman sharing fires and books and talk and the gypsy meals that would be each one a sacrament.

"I BEG your pardon!" Cherry interrupted her dreaming, startled by a voice that addressed her as she crossed the upper hall. In identifying it she was not much reassured, and her heart beat faster than ever, for it was the elder Mrs. Marshbanks who had spoken, and who was standing in her bedroom doorway, looking at Cherry with a completely expressionless face.

"I asked if you would step into my room a moment?" the old lady said.

Oh, Kelly, come back, come back! Cherry's thoughts called desperately. She felt an impulse of actual terror. But there was nothing really to fear with the hallway door left open, the crowd still giggling and chattering downstairs and three or four maids on the upper floor. She went slowly into the luxurious warm bedroom, and at the invitation of her companion took a chair. The bed was turned down; a fire was burning; everything suggested comfort and ease and intimacy, except, possibly, the storm in the hearts of the two women.

"I wanted to speak to you," said Mrs. Marshbanks. "I have tried before this to let you see how—how obnoxious your presence is in this house. I never would have countenanced it in the first place. Until you were some weeks old I never knew of your existence. I wish I had never known of it! For reasons that only he understands my son has taken the position that this family owes you something. *Owes* you! You have received a hundred times more than anything to which you were entitled already. You wormed your way in here, you made friends, you knew in your scheming little miserable soul that every time you were here I refused to leave my rooms, refused to see or to speak to you. That didn't stop you; you came anyway! You've come between me and my granddaughter. It's 'Oh, Cherry's such fun, Gran,' and 'You don't understand Cherry, Gran,' until I'm sick of it. I'm the only one who *does* understand you, who can read that shallow mind of yours like a book!

"Now you've come between me and my son. He talked to me tonight as no man ever should talk to a woman, least of all his mother! You came to him with your story of babies changed in their cradles, you to inherit all that belongs to Amy—no proof, of course, no proof!" The angry, trembling voice broke off to say in bitter scorn: "Just a good guess on your part, and Judson trying to remember something my poor unfortunate Fred said years ago. And so Amy's to be disgraced—ousted from her place—"

"You can't talk to me this way!" Cherry said, on her feet.

"I can talk to you as I like! And what I say to you—"

"Good night, Mrs. Marshbanks!"

"No, don't go. Don't go, or I'll tell this whole household what you came here today to do—"

An abrupt stop, and a silence. Amy had called Cherry from the hall.

"Amy, come in here!" her grandmother said.

"Mrs. Marshbanks, I do beg you—!" Cherry began. "I do *beg* you—!"

Amy came in, bewildered by their manner and their looks.

"Amy, I've something to say to you!" Mrs. Marshbanks said.

"You knew Gogo came in; Cherry told you," Amy surmised defiantly. "Well, he did, for fifteen minutes! And I don't care."

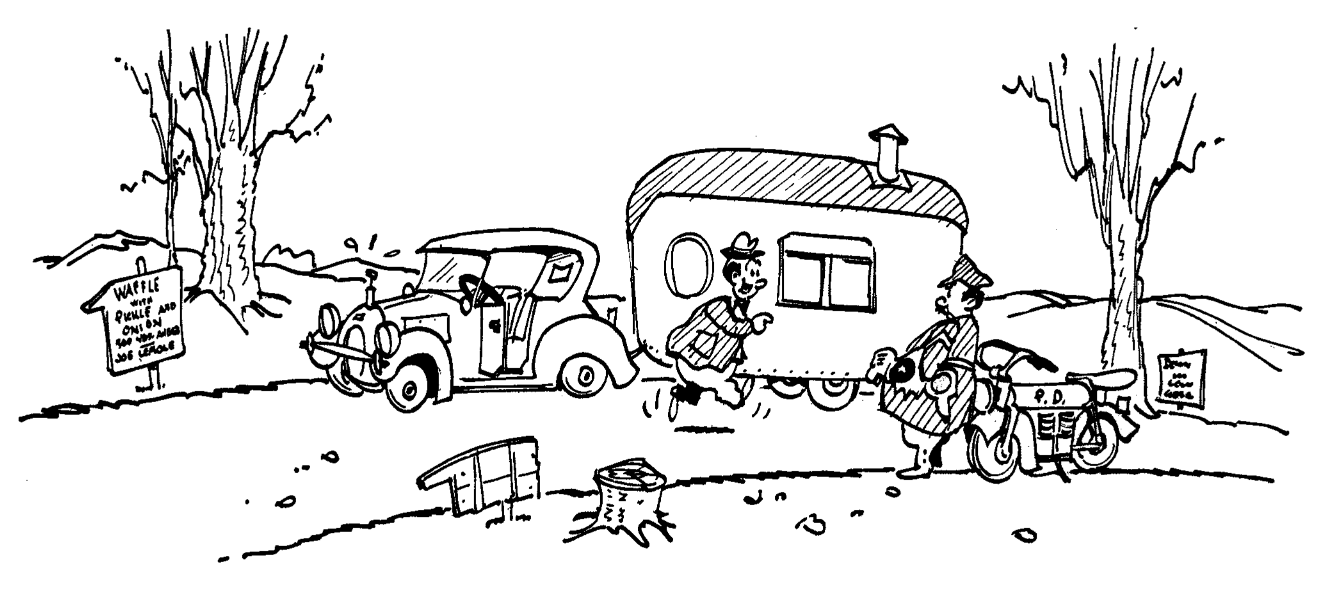
"It has nothing to do with him. Sit down. Cherry, sit down."

"I won't," Cherry said flatly. "And I beg you to wait until tomorrow and then talk to the judge about this."

"TALK to Uncle about what?" Amy asked amazedly.

"About this girl," said the old woman, speaking in a light, panting fashion, quite beside herself with anger. "This girl who is your dear friend, and who loves you so, and is such good company, and wears Fran's outworn frocks, and is the daughter of a servant—a servant in my house! This girl who comes in now with a claim that *she* is Amelia Marshbanks' daughter, and you are the unwanted one. The child who was born dear-knows-where and brought into this house without anyone's knowing it, and put into your cradle. Not a very new idea, is it? But evidently Emma thought that it was new enough for us. And she counted on Judson's well-known sentimentality, on his partiality for her sister's child. She's had proof enough of it! So that's what your dear friend has been trying to do, Amy," the frantic voice ran on; "get in here, work on your uncle, undermine your position and finally come in with this ridiculous story!"

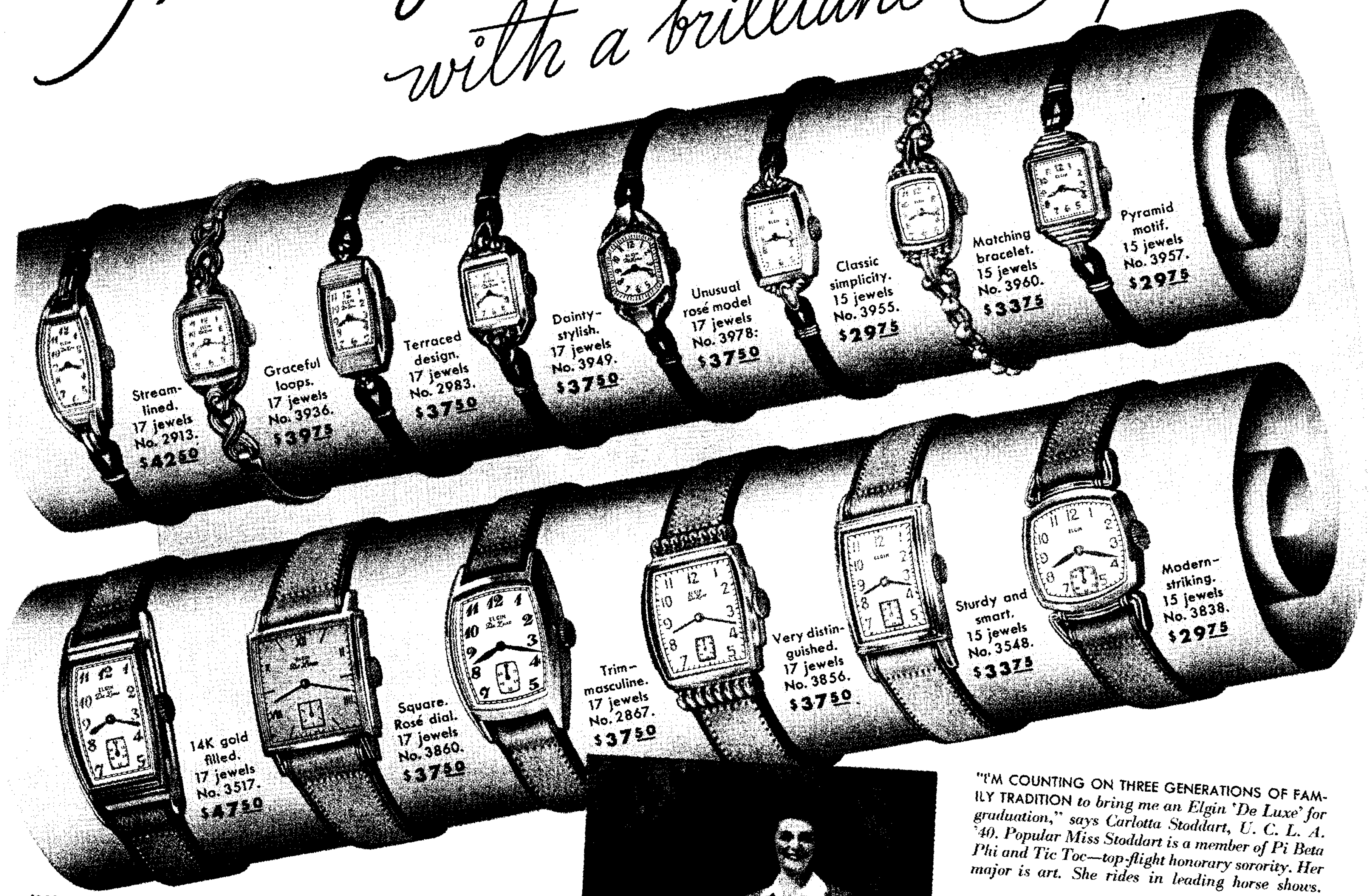
Amy looked from one to the other



"I must have left my license in my other pants. Mind waiting a second, Officer?"

REAMER KELLER

Thrill your graduate with a brilliant Elgin


Stream-lined. 17 jewels No. 2913. $42.50
Graceful loops. 17 jewels No. 3936. $39.75
Terraced design. 17 jewels No. 2983. $37.50
Dainty-stylish. 17 jewels No. 3949. $37.50
Unusual rosé model 17 jewels No. 3978: $37.50
Classic simplicity. 15 jewels No. 3955. $29.75
Matching bracelet. 15 jewels No. 3960. $33.75
Pyramid motif. 15 jewels No. 3957. $29.75
14K gold filled. 17 jewels No. 3517. $47.50
Square. Rosé dial. 17 jewels No. 3860. $37.50
Trim-masculine. 17 jewels No. 2867. $37.50
Very distinguished. 17 jewels No. 3856. $37.50
Sturdy and smart. 15 jewels No. 3548. $33.75
Modern-striking. 15 jewels No. 3838. $29.75

INSPIRED DESIGN . . . OUTSTANDING DEPENDABILITY. EACH WATCH EQUIPPED WITH EXCLUSIVE NEW ELGIN FEATURES FOR ADDED ACCURACY

THE TRADITIONAL graduation gift—a watch. The traditional graduation watch—an ELGIN! And this year, more than ever, American graduates will choose ELGIN.

There is an exhilarating beauty in these newest adjusted ELGINS . . . an amazing accuracy. ELGIN'S fourth-generation partnership of American craftsmen and scientists has seen to that. And the 1940 ELGINS have two exclusive advances—Beryl-X balances and Elginium hairsprings.* Both are rustproof, non-magnetic, unaffected by climatic changes.

Your graduate's Commencement is a lifetime occasion. Mark it fittingly with an ELGIN. Star-timed models with 15 or more jewels from $24.75. Lord Elgins from $50.00. Lady Elgins from $47.50. See them at your jeweler's now.

---

*Patents No. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

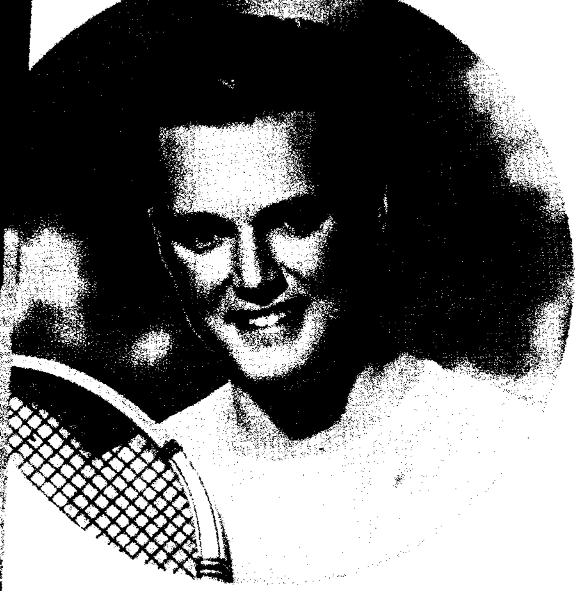
★ ELGIN ★

CHOICE OF AMERICAN GRADUATES SINCE 1865

Visit the Elgin Watch Building at the New York World's Fair. Learn the thrilling story behind modern watchmaking.

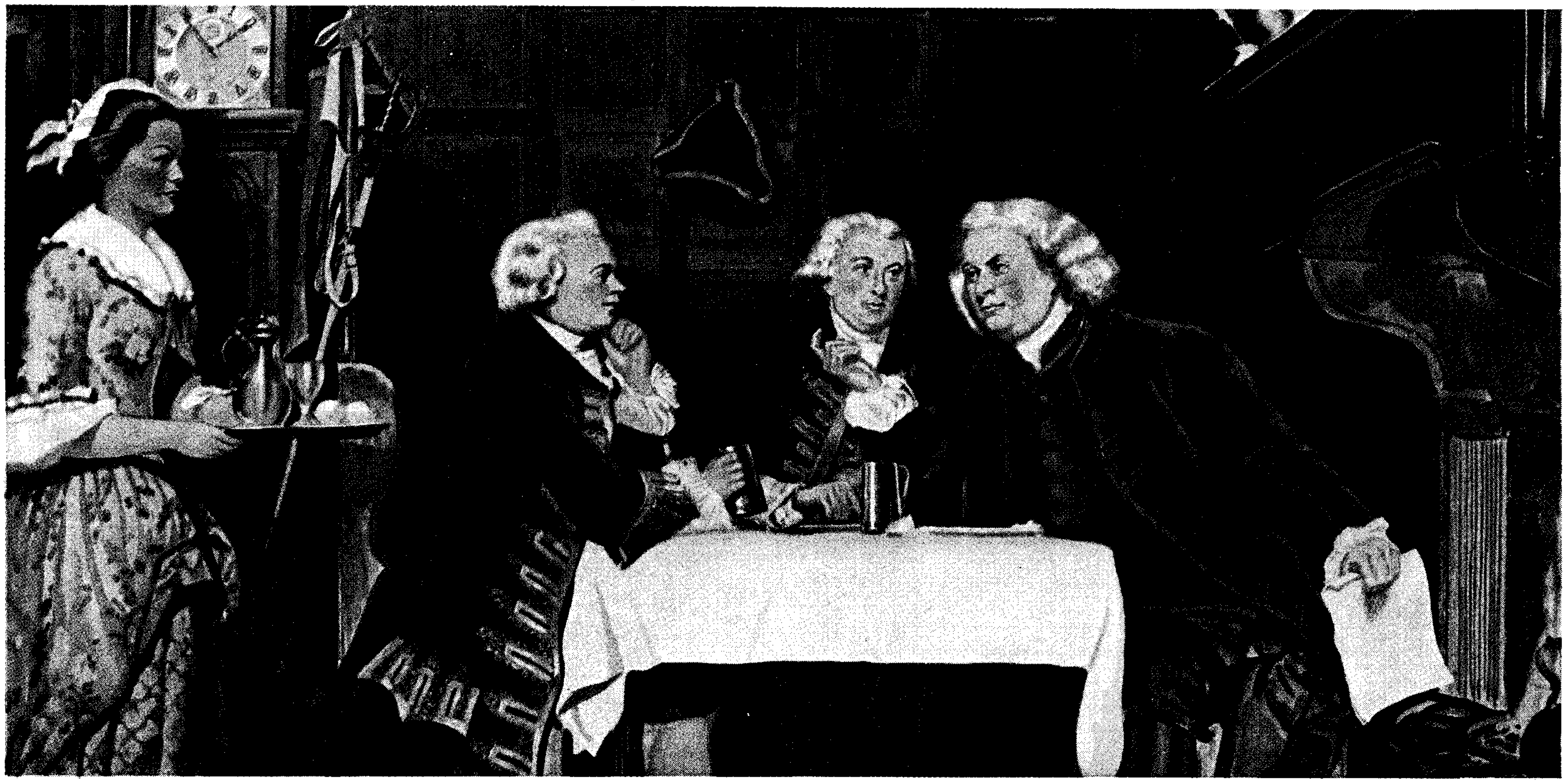
© NYWF

"I'M COUNTING ON THREE GENERATIONS OF FAMILY TRADITION *to bring me an Elgin 'De Luxe' for graduation," says Carlotta Stoddart, U. C. L. A. '40. Popular Miss Stoddart is a member of Pi Beta Phi and Tic Toc—top-flight honorary sorority. Her major is art. She rides in leading horse shows.*



"I'M GETTING AN ELGIN 'DE LUXE' FOR GRADUATION. *Our family has made it a tradition," says James Humphrey Torrey II, Yale '40. A member of exclusive St. Elmo Club, young Mr. Torrey is Class Treasurer. He played halfback on the Junior Varsity and goes in for fast tennis.*

Copr. 1940 by Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Ill.



Drawing by permission C. E. Lauriat Co., Publishers of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson"

Do You Keep Your Friendships in Constant Repair?

All who knew wise old Sam Johnson, the author of the first great English dictionary, were awed by his capacity for hard work and charmed by the witty company he drew around him to relax when work was done.

Sam Johnson said that a man should always keep his friendships in "constant repair." He was right. A man *is* known by the ~~company~~ friends he *keeps*. You know what friends mean...how they rally 'round you when your skies are gray...help untangle your thoughts and restore clear thinking...squelch your foolish fears...bolster your confidence and give new strength to your courage. And when skies are bright again, what a pleasure it is to gather your friends together to laugh over the past, enjoy the present and plan for the future with fortitude. With your friends about you, if you feel that you're rich...you're right.

* * *

Because of the companionship that Budweiser offers, it has been the center for circles of friends for generations. One sip tells you that it was making friends that made Budweiser, the Perfect Host.

TRADE MARK OF
ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC
ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

Live Life... Every golden minute of it.
Enjoy Budweiser... Every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
Makers of the World-Famous Beer

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Beverage of Moderation

MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.

BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch
Budweiser

COPR. 1940 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS, MO.

with a puzzled, but not in the least alarmed expression.

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about, Gran," she said. The old woman, with a sudden look of resolution, spoke again:

"Amy, there's something you've never known, something I hoped you never would know. But you'll have to hear it now, for your uncle feels he must tell you. Well, he'll not tell you, for I will! You never guessed that your father was also Cherry's father?"

Cherry was still standing, but the other two women were seated, the old lady in a high-backed chair near the fire, Amy carelessly, on the arm of a big chair opposite.

"I never guessed it because it isn't true," Amy answered, in proud distaste.

"It is true, my child. Your father was a fascinating man. Women were drawn to him; they made it hard for him to be faithful to your mother."

"Cherry and I are the same age," Amy protested. "He was married. I don't—of course, I don't believe it!"

"Cherry was born two months too soon. Her mother was Charlotte Rawlings, the younger sister of Emma Haskell, who was your grandfather's nurse for years—my housekeeper after that. A poor, weak, pretty little thing, eighteen or so, with no background, no character—"

"You are not hurting me," Cherry said steadily, interrupting, "you are talking of Amy's mother."

"You dare to say so!" whispered Mrs. Marshbanks, snapping her lips together when she had finished speaking, dilating her nostrils.

Amy turned to Cherry, pathetic and bewildered and yet personally quite uninvolved:

"What *is* all this, Cherry? What's she talking about? I think my grandmother's losing her mind. What's it all about?"

"I saw Emma a few weeks ago, up in the mountains," Cherry began, speaking in a voice suddenly hoarse and weak. "She told me that—that there had been a mistake in—in you and me—in our identities, Amy, when we were just newborn babies—"

"Of which there is absolutely no proof!" put in the old lady harshly.

"There *was* proof. Judge Marshbanks will tell Amy so if she asks him," Cherry was beginning, when Amy interrupted again in her turn:

"You mean I'm not Amy Marshbanks, and my father's and mother's child, and Grandfather Wellington's grandchild? But that's so idiotic. Cherry, you never said anything like that? I can assure you that I know perfectly well who I am, and I have a thousand proofs of it, my being baptized at Saint Luke's and confirmed, and all my baby pictures and everything!" Amy summarized it triumphantly. "You *feel* who you are," she ended superbly; "you know. If I'd been anyone else how possibly could I have—but then it's all too silly!"

"You are right, Amy," said Mrs. Marshbanks, more quietly than she had yet spoken. "You are absolutely right, my darling, and I am proud of you. Do you suppose that I could have taken the child of a *servant* to Europe with me five years ago, put her into the finest schools, introduced her to my friends in Washington and London and Palm Beach and never suspected who she was? That is the attitude to take, dear, when your uncle talks to you of this, if he ever does. I don't think he will. I think he is perfectly convinced in his own mind that it is all a pack of ridiculous nonsense. And now, girls, no more of it. It's late, and you must go to bed. There's nothing more to be said. . . . Helene," she added, to the maid who had come in in answer to her bell, "I am going to bed. Good night, Amy."

AMY went hesitatingly to the door, caught Cherry's hand in hers on the way. When they were out in the hall she laughed, although with small mirth and with rather a pale face.

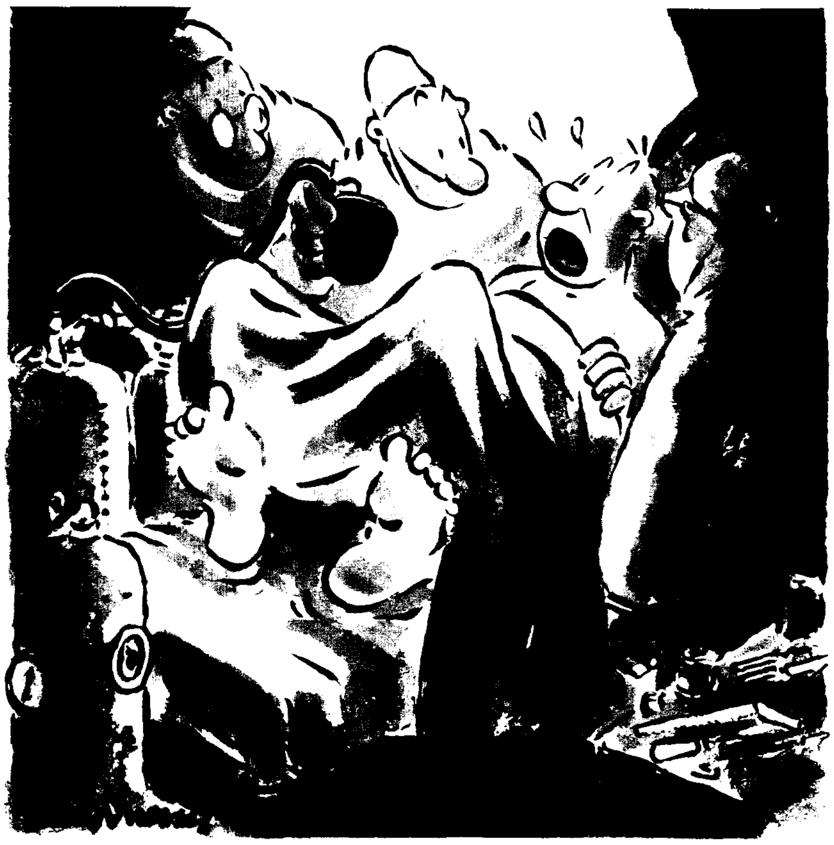
"What do you suppose *got* her?" she asked in a whisper. "She gets the most crack-brained ideas! Come into my room, Cherry. No, come on in a minute. Tell me something. Is any of that true? Was my father really your father, too?"

"Emma says so," Cherry admitted, sick of the whole thing.

"Uncle say so?"

"Yes. Yes. He told me long ago. When I was here after Mrs. Porter died."

(To be continued next week)



"I smell gas!"

JAY IRVING

Judge of Character

Only one man from the county had ever been sentenced to be hanged, and he had it coming to him. When the prisoner turned from the bar of justice, tears filled his eyes, as he sobbed "It ain't me I'm sorry for, it's Judge Renfrew* . . . he feels worse about this than I do."

Unless you had known the judge, you might take that story with a grain of salt. The fact was that the Judge always felt he was sitting in judgment, not on men but on society . . . himself included . . . which had by heredity and environment shaped that man's life to that particular end.

Character implies an ability to meet the ordinary demands of life a little better than would be expected. But the true test of character is found in the unexpected emergencies. It is this quality which we feel distinguishes Quaker State from other motor oils. It is purposely made a little better than seems absolutely necessary. We believe this extra quality is fully justified by the extra service it gives you. And so, with Quaker State, you have an extra margin of protection if and when you need it. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

**The name is fictitious, of course.*

Trust your car to the Oil of CHARACTER!

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED
RETAIL PRICE, 35¢ PER QUART

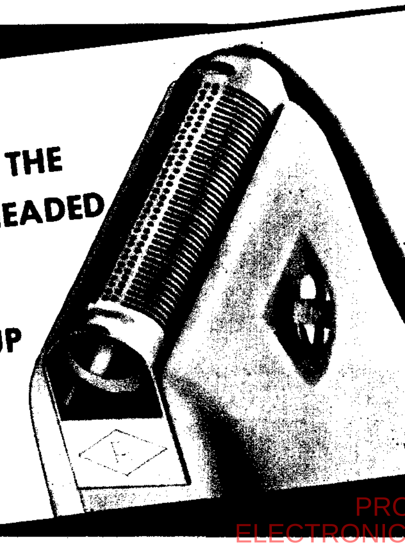
SHAVES IN 90 SECONDS
PATENTS PENDING
ONLY REMINGTON RAND HAS A DUAL SHAVER
AN IDEAL GIFT FOR GRADS AND DADS

"Blade-close shaves in 90 seconds," reported the United States Testing Company after a series of tests of the Remington Dual on all types of beards. What makes this speed-shaving possible? Simply the fact that two heads are better than one. The new Remington Dual has more than double the length of cutting edges of any other shaver. And the two heads tauten the skin between them, stand the hairs on end ready to be cut. Here is the perfect Graduation and Father's Day gift. See the new Remington Dual at your dealer's today. General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

$15.75 AC DC

NEW REMINGTON DUAL CLOSE-SHAVER

P.S. . . . AND THE BEST IN SINGLE-HEADED SHAVERS FROM $7.50 UP



Master

Continued from page 20

as the Alvira lifted, and then hurriedly swallowed back further speech as Captain Lefevre entered the chartroom, his sharp face irritated and his lean body smothered in oilskins.

"I thought I told you specifically to see the hatches were all battened tight!" he snapped at Mr. March. The third mate ran a finger inside his collar and resigned himself.

"I did, sir," he stated indignantly. Captain Lefevre jerked loose the strings of his sou'wester and glared.

"Well, you'd better look again. We just shipped a sea for'ard that knocked every wedge out of Number One and ripped the tarpaulin all to hell!"

"Yes, sir," agreed Mr. March.

"And another thing," said Captain Lefevre, "I'm getting sick and tired of your carelessness. Did you take the compass error last watch?"

"Naturally, sir." The third mate was genuinely surprised. "Is anything wrong?"

"It's the custom," said Captain Lefevre acidly, "to enter the matter in the log book. Or have you forgotten there is a log book?"

"No, sir," said Mr. March. "I mean, yes, sir; I suppose I must have forgotten."

"Bah!" said the captain. He was quite disgusted. "Get out! Any more of this and I don't think I'll be wanting you next voyage. The little things, the little things!" Mr. March left hurriedly to attend to the matter of Number One hatch while Captain Lefevre tossed his sou'wester on the settee and pawed at the chart table.

"Where's the chart for Tonga Harbor?" he demanded of the second mate. "We may have to get in there if it grows too bad. Sparks just reported we're running into a lot of heavy dirt, maybe a hurricane."

"Tonga Harbor, sir? I think it's in the second drawer."

"Well, find it!" roared the captain. "What are you standing around for?" The second mate dived for the drawer in haste.

NATURALLY an irritable man, Captain Lefevre at the moment was also laboring under a heavy strain. He had been steaming by dead reckoning for forty-eight hours. He had an empty ship beneath him, and his ballast was quite insufficient for hurricane weather. He was also on a time charter and was barely on schedule as it was, even if he was on his true course. The owners had been burning up the wireless to know what the hell was the matter, what did he think he was doing? You can't explain a couple of engine breakdowns to owners. They're interested in results, not accidents.

"The chart, sir," reported the second mate, laying it out.

"A fine lot of officers I've got!" the captain snapped. He bent over the chart and picked up the dividers. "Now you get out and watch her while I'm busy!" The second mate eased away, very quiet.

On the foredeck Mr. March was jerking savagely at the ripped tarpaulin, ducking sprays and swearing to himself and at the port watch.

"If he didn't find something to beef about he'd get sick!" he stated. "What was I supposed to do? Hold those damned wedges in with my hands? I hope he falls down and busts something."

"Well, skippers is all about the same, sir," observed the bosun philosophically as they untangled the battens and stretched the canvas over the hatch again. "They just keep you hopping."

"You never saw a skipper like our old man before," declared Mr. March with heat. "You'd think this was the Cunard!" He had more to say but another sea came over and half drowned them all, after which they had no breath left for anything but work.

TOWARD what would have been sundown, if there had been a sun, the wind steadied and settled from the west. It blew strongly from the first and by night it was a half gale, with the seas swinging in great foam-capped hills that glistened with phosphorescence. It was pitch-dark otherwise, no moon or stars showing, and the Alvira ran blind before the storm, tossing hugely, the sprays hammering over each rail while an occasional crest lopped over when she yawed, so that solid water would flood her well decks and, receding, run in wild white torrents along her scuppers.

"The old man ought to heave to," said Mr. March. "We can't outrun this and we'll be pooped any minute." He was quite positive, standing in the creaking, reeling chartroom once again, his oilskins and sou'wester dripping while he furtively smoked a cigarette. The second mate was sitting on the settee nursing a swelling wrist, which he had cracked against a stanchion, when a wild lunge of the ship had sent him staggering.

"He's trying to make Tonga Harbor," he explained disconsolately. "But if you ask me we won't do it. The current's probably shoved us farther east than we figure."

"Well, that's something else he can blame me for," observed Mr. March. "Half an hour ago he wanted to know why I hadn't finished copying those reports he gave me. At a time like this . . . thinking of reports."

The chartroom door opened and Captain Lefevre came in. He had to wrestle with the door a while, as the wind took it before he could get it closed again, and when he finally did he was panting and annoyed.

"Is this all you got to do?" he demanded. He was a badly worried man.

"Well, it's the mate's watch, sir," protested Mr. March. "We just thought we'd stand by in here."

"Never mind that. Get out with the mate. We should be sighting the Tonga light pretty soon, if the drift hasn't carried us too far." He glared at the third mate's cigarette. "And what do you mean by smoking up here? You know it's against the rules. Get out, both of you, and bring back a log reading."

"Taking it out on us," yelled Mr. March indignantly in the second mate's ear, as they clawed out into the roaring dark. "If I ever get to be a skipper I'll try and act human." And, wind-buffeted and stung by the driving spray, they crossed the heaving bridge to join the first mate at the rail. It did not occur to them that Captain Lefevre was having his own private hell in the chartroom and wanted to be alone to think.

He took off his dripping sou'wester and his wet oilskins. And then he leaned on the chart table with his head in his hands. Outside the wind had already reached a velocity close to a gale. And both wind and sea were still rising. Captain Lefevre swore. The only logical thing to do, considering the increasing weather and the condition of his ship, was to heave to and try to ride the thing out. But he was on a time charter, was already barely on schedule, and if he hove to it meant at least a day wasted.

Steaming as the Alvira was, before the storm, he was at least, he hoped, somewhere on his course and making time. Even if he finally had to put in, or try to put in at Tonga Harbor, he would save hours by still heading for it. But there were two problems he had to face. If he was going to heave to at all, now was the time to do so, with comparative safety. The ship was empty and had very little ballast. If he left it too late she might hang in the trough, when anything could happen. She might even capsize.

ON THE other hand if he continued to run he was not even sure they would lift the Tonga light at all. They had been running by dead reckoning for forty-eight hours and there was a very erratic easterly drift. If he had allowed for it correctly they should lift Tonga within two hours. But who could tell about dead reckoning? One thing Captain Lefevre did know. If he failed to make the charter good he was out of a berth. You can't explain to owners. At least you couldn't to his. He swore again, hesitated a while longer and then with a tired shrug made his decision. He'd hold the course just two hours more, and if they didn't raise Tonga by then he'd heave to and to hell with the charter. He had forty men's lives in his hands, even if his own didn't matter much.

On the reeling, storm-swept bridge, in the comparative calm of one wing, Mr. March yelled, "I'll bet the old man's trying to figure out some dirty remarks. I didn't get the signal flags cleaned last week and I'm expecting to hear about it."

"You will," came Captain Lefevre's grim voice. "I'll attend to that later. The little things, the little things, Mr. March. You know my saying. In the meantime you watch for the light."

He had come upon the group of officers unheard in the scream of the storm. Veined lightning was beginning to flicker across the sky, and each flash showed in startling, ghastly brilliance the drawn faces of those on the dripping bridge; showed the tossing wet decks of the Alvira, and etched the enormous seas in livid blacks and whites.

Mr. March rubbed his wet nose and felt embarrassed but Captain Lefevre was intent on other things than signal flags at that moment. He stared straining ahead into the smother, and then looked uneasily aft, biting his lip. Every time the ship lunged, her propellers raced clear, shuddering the whole hull, though he knew an engineer was at the throttle below to ease them when they lifted. He looked ahead again and there was no sign of the Tonga light. The strain grew. And then about an hour later the Alvira sat suddenly down behind a sea, and the following one roared over her poop, burying her clear to midships.

It seemed for a moment as if she was going to slide into the depths stern first, as the giant weight of water held her, but she rose finally, shaking herself, then yawed and took another huge sea over her port beam. The tight-faced men on the bridge could hear, even above the storm noise, the cracking and clanking of ironwork swept away. The wind was almost hurricane force now and the seas, though flattened along the crests by the force of the air, seemed still mounting. And it came to Captain Lefevre that, torn between the three demons, owners, underwriters and plain duty, he had probably left it too late. They could not even run for the two hours he had hoped. A few more seas like those last and the Alvira would be gone.

ATLAS
Gallante

"We'll have to turn," he managed, and roared in the second mate's ear, "Hard aport!" and the second mate ran to the helmsman as the captain jammed down the telegraph to put one engine astern. A flicker of lightning disclosed Mr. March hanging on the rail and watching him anxious-eyed, and in a last burst of exasperation the nerve-racked captain screamed, "What the devil are you doing here? Get aft and see what damage there is!"

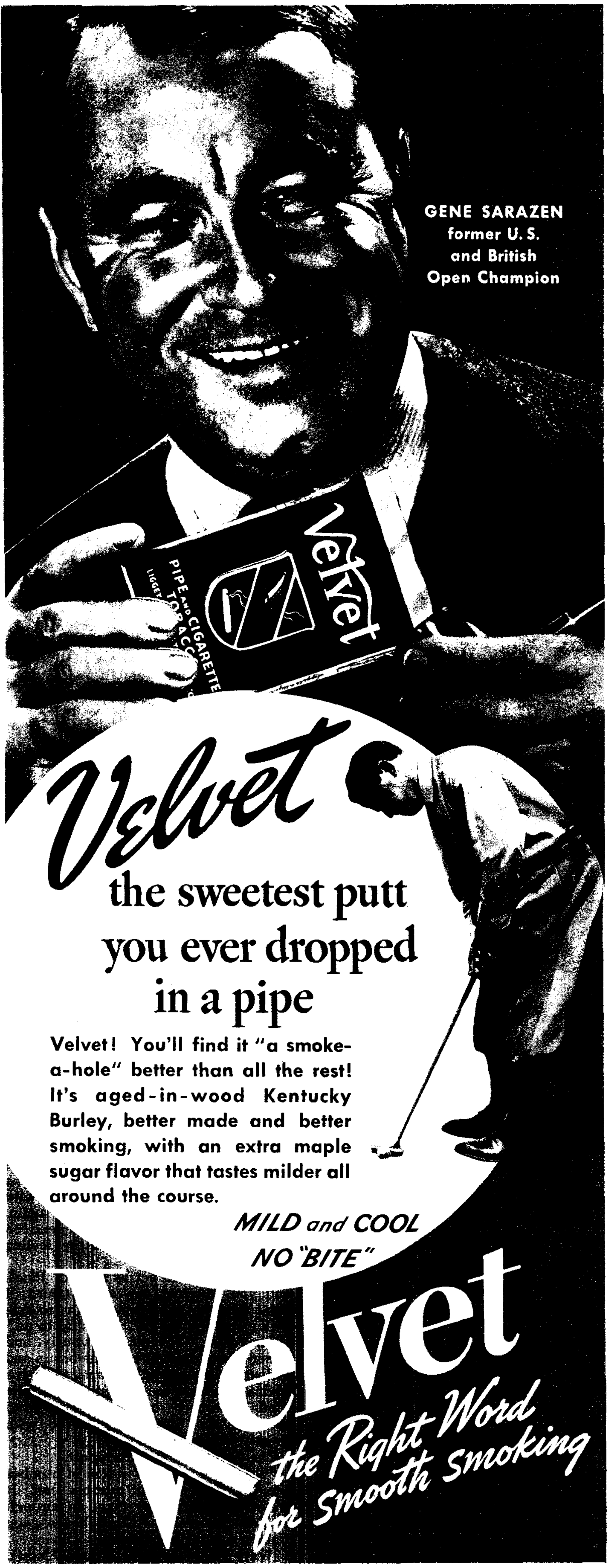
Mr. March clawed down the companion to the main deck, filled with indignant thoughts. The old man didn't have to bellow about everything, did he? It was a tough enough job, sending a man aft to inspect the mess. If she pooped another sea while he was there, there probably wouldn't be a third mate any more to beef about. Mr. March drew a perverse satisfaction from that idea as he clung to the life line and fought his way to the stern. He still hoped that Captain Lefevre would fall down and bust something. He hoped a lot of things would happen to the old crab. As a matter of fact Captain Lefevre's last order was what saved his life.

THE Alvira was coming around slowly in the screaming wind and lightning-riven dark. But she was riding too light for her screws to take full hold, save when she dipped. The wind caught her on the beam and heeled her, and as she wallowed in the trough she was swept. More particularly, besides having her wells and her boat deck washed almost clear, by some freak a crest smashed across the navigation bridge, ripping out both wings, carrying everything moveable away, and taking overside with it Captain Lefevre and his first and second mates. They hadn't a chance. Inside his steel shelter, though waist deep in rushing water, the helmsman clung to the wheel and survived. The wheel itself and the binnacle escaped injury, and so did the engine-room telegraphs. But that was about all.

Back aft, Mr. March made a frantic dive for the safety of the steering house as the Alvira listed and took water. He emerged in a panic to find the ship still on her beam ends but swinging yet in the lull, and when a flash of lightning showed him the bridge had been stripped, he slid and clawed frantically back midships. The starboard companion was gone and the port was a wreck, but he managed to get on the upper bridge.

The Alvira was heading to the sea now, and coming to an even keel, but beginning to swing completely around in the trough once more under the thrust of her screws. Mr. March jumped instinctively for the telegraph and put the reversed engine ahead again. The helmsman was dazed and frightened, clinging helplessly to the wheel spokes, so the third mate thrust him hurriedly aside and steadied the ship head on.

"Here, take her again!" he yelled when the man had recovered somewhat. He eased the engine speed so the Alvira wouldn't plunge into the oncoming seas, and then crossed the ruined bridge to peer down on the main deck thrown into quick relief as the lightning flickered



GENE SARAZEN
former U. S.
and British
Open Champion

Velvet
the sweetest putt
you ever dropped
in a pipe

Velvet! You'll find it "a smoke-a-hole" better than all the rest! It's aged-in-wood Kentucky Burley, better made and better smoking, with an extra maple sugar flavor that tastes milder all around the course.

MILD and COOL
NO "BITE"

Velvet
the Right Word
for Smooth Smoking

Copyright 1940, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Hot weather's the time when the smartest salad is the tossed green salad —made with a perfectly-seasoned French Dressing. With Kraft's on hand a cool, crisp salad is the work of a minute and best of all you know ahead of time that the flavor will be just right! Kraft experts blend this fine French Dressing from superb ingredients.

Kraft FRENCH DRESSING
America's largest-selling brand

If you prefer more *tang*, ask for Kraft's other kind—Miracle French Dressing.

JERIS
JERIS HAIR TONIC
MANGE MEDICINE
1¢ SALE
1¢ MORE BUYS BOTH PRODUCTS
ONLY 51¢

FOR THIS REGULAR 85¢ VALUE
JERIS
ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC ★ MANGE SARCOPTIC SHAMPOO

Here's where a penny goes a long, long way! Buy a bottle of Jeris Hair Tonic, at the regular 50c price—and get a 35c bottle of Jeris Shampoo, for only ONE CENT MORE! This extraordinary opportunity to stock up on these two effective hair preparations is for a limited time only . . . *Take advantage of it, TODAY!*

AT DRUG STORES AND BARBER SHOPS

and died. He was shaking in every limb, and he was scared stiff, but necessity drove him. The ship seemed to be riding well now, with little water coming aboard save when she yawed too much. The main deck was a ruin, of course. One of the winches had been shifted in its bed; spare anchor seemed to have torn loose; there was no steampipe casing left, some of the derricks were adrift, and most of the rail had gone. Also an ugly hole in number two hatch told him water had smashed through. Lucky it wasn't worse. And then it came to him with a shock that he was in command.

He had half realized this, of course. With no sign of the old man or the other mates around it was likely enough they had gone overside. But it didn't really sink home to him until the drawn-faced, shaken bosun climbed to the bridge.

"All three of them, sir," he chattered. "Slick as a whistle. I saw them go. What'd we better do now?"

The third mate felt his stomach go over and then turn to water, and he was conscious his face was white and rigid. Always before there had been someone to tell *him* what to do, and now the bosun was asking that question. He drew the man into the narrow passage behind the chartroom, which afforded some small lee.

"There wouldn't be any use trying to lower a boat in this weather," he said. "They probably went down like stones."

"I doubt if we got any boats," said the bosun grimly. A lightning flash revealed his face, still horror-stricken at what he had seen. But it was also attentive, and Mr. March understood he should say something further.

"I . . . I suppose we'd better get number two hatch covered again first," he managed. "And have Chips sound the wells. Then look her over and see how badly she's hurt."

"Aye, sir," said the bosun and started to move away when Mr. March checked him. "You'd also better send the apprentices up to me, if we've got any apprentices left. And a new man to take the wheel. Orenson's shaking like a leaf."

Who wasn't shaking? he thought half hysterically, as the bosun left. He'd never expected anything like this to happen. He had only a second mate's ticket, which meant officially he was not yet ready for command. Yet here he suddenly had a ship on his hands, together with forty-odd men. And there was nothing else to do but command.

THE three apprentices came clawing, frightened and ashen-faced, onto the bridge, and Mr. March took them into the chartroom where there was still a light burning. He looked at Thomas, the eldest, and said grimly, "You'll be acting first mate."

The boy was nearly out of his time and could navigate anyway, and he ought to be able to handle the job with a little help. He felt a bit sick again, thinking he would have to depend on these boys, but he fought the feeling down and went on.

"You'll have to act as second, Jones, and you, Wallrin, can act as third. I don't think there's a man in the fo'c'sle with a ticket this run. So it's up to us."

They said, "Yes, sir," nervously, and he sent them away to help the bosun and to inspect the ship's damage. And the Alvira rode hove to in the storm, and the wind screamed; and the seas roared by; and the lightning flickered with ghastly brilliance.

The bosun came up to report.

"She's three feet of water in number one, sir. And four in number five. It seems mostly to have come in through topside though, and Chips has a gang making her secure again."

"Very good," said Mr. March. "You'd better tell the engine room to pump. That weight of water washing around is no help." Thomas, the senior apprentice, came stumbling through the darkness and wiped the spray from his face. The lightning showed him quite composed.

"I don't think she's badly damaged, sir. Except her superstructure. That's a mess. And we've lost four boats. But I think her hull's sound."

"I don't want any thinking!" Mr. March exploded. "I want to know! Get below and find out definitely! If she's strained you can probably see where it's coming in."

He was never quite sure how he managed to endure the rest of that night, for worry ate into him. Men came up and asked him things, and he answered, and he could not recall just what he had said, except it seemed to be the right thing and satisfactory. They got the broken hatches covered, got the ship pumped reasonably dry, and managed with some judicious use of the engines to keep her from yawing too wildly. With the dawn it was easier. They could see what they were doing then, and Mr. March drew a deep breath of relief when he saw the storm clouds shredding away and a hint of watery sun appearing over the horizon. The wind was dropping fast as the light grew, and the sea began to abate. When full day came, he left Thomas in charge of the bridge and flung himself on the chartroom settee to rest a while.

He was exhausted, both emotionally and physically drained, but he found he could not close his eyes. Every lunge and shudder the ship gave brought him half starting up, and he remembered that in very bad weather Captain Lefevre had sometimes been that way. He'd called it the old man's nerves then. He wasn't so sure now. When you had a ship it became a part of you, it ate into you, the worry and the responsibility. The steward came up after a while with a pot of coffee he'd managed to make on a small spirit stove, and he was full of trouble.

"The galley got swept last night, sir," he reported, "and the cook was scalded from steam from the range. I fixed him up the best I could but maybe you'd better have a look at him. The galley's a wreck though. I don't suppose we'll be able to get anything cooked for a day or more."

"We'll have to put up with hard tack and bully beef then," said Mr. March.

"Yes, sir," agreed the steward. "And water got in the storeroom and raised merry hell with a lot of stuff."

"We'll turn a watch to later and overhaul things," said Mr. March wearily. "Do the best you can until then." He wondered why the man should bother him with an obvious matter, when at the moment he had other things on his mind. But the chief engineer was next. It seemed the fore part of the stern bushing of one of the oil shafts had sprung and it would be advisable to stop it while the trouble was fixed.

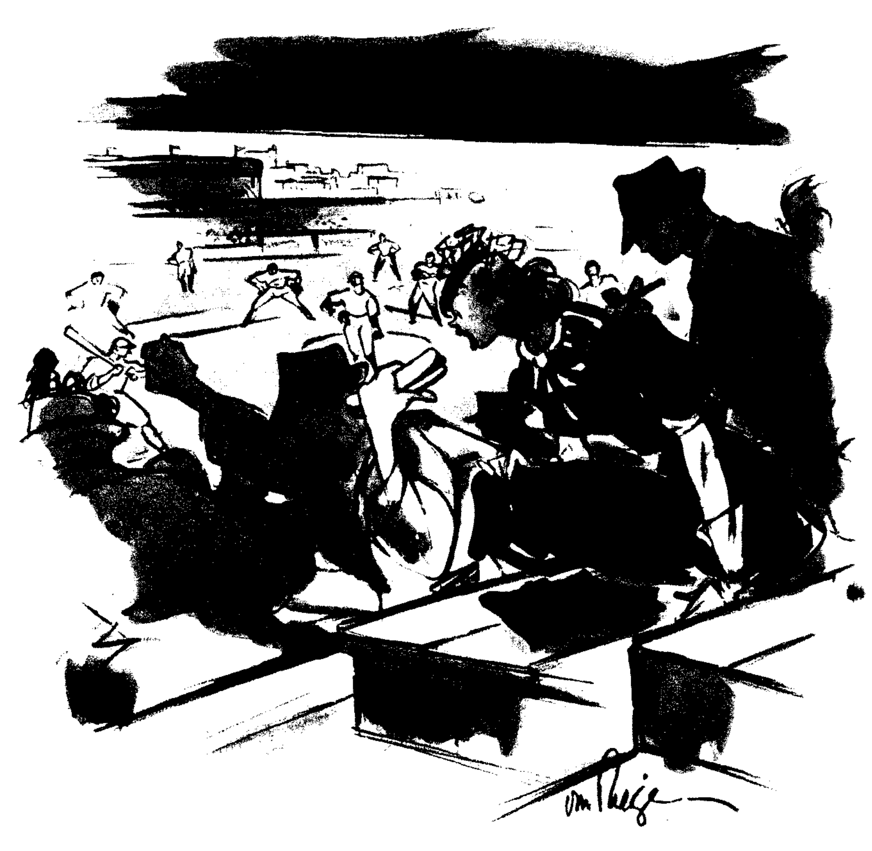
"I EXPECT we can limp along for a while," explained the chief. "Until you think we can ease her. It isn't bad, but it should be attended to. Do you expect to put in at Tonga Harbor?"

"I don't even know where Tonga Harbor is until I get a sight," said Mr. March. "I've a pretty good hunch we're way to the east of it. But it's what we better do, I suppose. Our time charter's gone anyway, if we've got to stop for repairs again, and seeing we'll have to drydock when we make port. It's a lot of bad luck."

The chief nodded sympathetically and left, with a further word that he thought one of the fresh-water tanks was leaking. It wasn't particularly important, Mr. March thought, but it was another worry. Was there nothing else but worry in handling a ship? It seemed not. Without appetite he ate a sandwich and finished the rest of the coffee, and then knowing any rest was impossible he went wearily back on the bridge.

Thomas was standing by the twisted for'ard rail (the wood casing had completely gone) and staring down on the foredeck where the bosun and Jones, the acting second mate, were directing the men in securing the derricks which had broken adrift and collapsed; in getting the spare anchor back and lashing it to its ring bolts; in running safety lines along the side where the rail had carried away; and in general trying to bring order out of chaos.

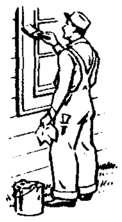
"You didn't rest very long," said



"Gee, Helen, I didn't know you were that hungry"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

You folks who PAINT right sure keep us lead miners busy!



IF it wasn't for me and my pals in the lead mines, plenty of folks would have to paint their houses a lot oftener.

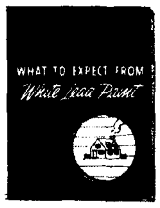
How come? Well, the white lead used in paint is made from the lead metal we dig.

You know how lead lasts out all kinds of weather for years and years. Being in the same family, so to speak, white lead is mighty tough and weather-resisting, too. It gives paint backbone and gumption to stand hot summers and cold winters without cracking and scaling.

That's why a job done with white lead paint lasts longer and holds its looks better. And white lead wears away slowly and so evenly that other coats of white lead can be brushed right on without having to burn or scrape the old paint off. That saves you money too!

So no wonder folks up on paint say it's a good idea when buying paint to find out how much white lead it contains. They'll tell you it's a pretty safe rule to say: *the higher the lead content, the better the paint.* You can't, for example, get a more durable paint than one containing a hundred per cent white lead. This is the kind good painters mix from lead-in-oil. It is also being sold now in many places in prepared ready-to-use form —in white and colors.

But the best proof that white lead paint insures greater economy and satisfaction is—*most expert painters use and recommend it.*

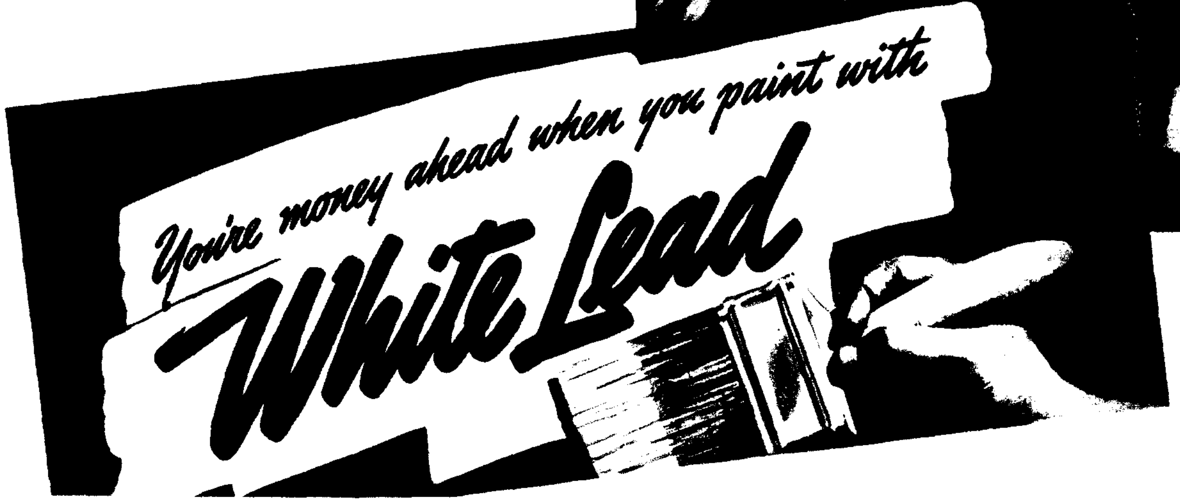


HOW LONG SHOULD A GOOD PAINT JOB LAST?

That's only one of many important questions answered fully in our valuable booklet "WHAT TO EXPECT FROM WHITE LEAD PAINT." Send postcard for your *free* copy today.

LEAD INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

STYLE WITH PAINT FOR GREATER BEAUTY — give your home new charm, new perspective by modern paint styling in color combinations that accent its best features. And to insure long life, insist on pure white lead paint.


You're money ahead when you paint with
White Lead

A GOOD PAINTER PAYS IN MANY WAYS — he knows dozens of tricks that give you a more satisfactory, expert job, such as thoroughly filling stucco or cement surfaces with white lead paint to weather-seal completely every minute opening.

SAFETY

THERE are three angles to safety—the car, the driver, the traffic. Here's a triangle that is only as safe as its weakest side. All too often the weak side is the condition of the car. This sixth installment on Preventive Service covers "P. S." for safety.

BE ABLE TO
SEE IN A TWINKLING
BE ABLE TO
STOP ON A DIME
BE ABLE TO
PICK UP IN A FLASH
BE ABLE TO
STEER WITHIN INCHES

Copyright 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

SAFETY is an individual problem—if all of us maintained our cars in perfect condition and drove them with equal perfection and consideration, accidents couldn't happen.

So begin your own safety drive now with a check on the condition of your car—*that's P. S. for Safety!*

Start with Stopping

The best way to make the admonition "take care of your brakes" live is to recall how brakes function.

Most brakes are either mechanical or hydraulic. The former use a series of levers to multiply the pressure exerted by your foot. The latter accomplish a similar result through the principle of hydraulics.

When you exert 40 lbs. pressure on the brake pedal (and that is about what you do for the normal stop), that pressure is built up to as much as 400 lbs. at the brake drum. The machinery that builds up the pressure and delivers it to the wheels is extremely important.

The Fascination of Hydraulics

As you undoubtedly remember so well from the classroom, forcing a fluid from a cylinder through a small hole builds up the pressure. (The garden hose is an example of the principle in action.)

This method of multiplying power is used in the hydraulic brakes of your car.

When you put your 40 lbs. pressure on the brake pedal, you exert 40 lbs. pressure on the brake fluid at the inlet of the master cylinder, and at the outlet there is 400 lbs. pressure which is delivered through tubes to the cylinders at each wheel, which in turn press the brake shoes against the brake drum. That's how you get the strength of a giant for stopping.

Over a period of time, some air gets into the hydraulic line. Therefore, it is important to "bleed" the system at least a couple of times a year.

Fluid is the lifeblood of the system. To this extent, cars are like human beings—unless your brakes have sufficient fluid, your braking system is likely to be anemic.

Of course, it is essential to see that the brake shoes are properly adjusted to each drum at all times. Service stations have the equipment to make all these tests with considerable dispatch. From your standpoint, don't consider it a nuisance to have your brakes tested *often.*

Friction and Traction

Next come the subjects of friction and traction. To stop your car requires stopping action in two places. First, you must have friction between the brake shoes and the brake drum. This is the job of the brake-lining. And you must have traction between your wheels and the road. This is the job of your tires. So, consider these two points.

Don't consider it too much trouble to have a wheel taken off to see if the brake linings are in condition to give you good friction at this all-important point. And don't think of tires only from the standpoint of avoiding punctures. Think of them as the last link in your braking system. See that there is sufficient anti-skid tread to give you traction for quick stops.

One set of figures will give ample emphasis to this point. After locking the wheels of a car going 40 miles an hour on wet asphalt pavement, with smooth tires, the car slides 156 feet before stopping. With new tires, it stops in 83 feet.

When you are on the fence about buying new tires, just recall that 90% of tire trouble occurs during the last 10% of tire life.

Moving with Certainty

In the prevention of accidents, the responsiveness of your accelerator should match the responsiveness of your brake pedal. Every driver has had the experience of a narrow escape due to a faltering motor, or the lack of pick-up.

The emphasis that car manufacturers place upon pick-up gives evidence of its importance. The maintenance of good pick-up leads in many directions, but the starting point has to do with the character of the actual explosion of fuel in the cylinder.

Although we think of the explosion as being instantaneous, in reality it is not. When the spark ignites the gasoline mixture in the cylinder, the mixture burns, then explodes. The wrong combination of gas, motor and spark timing will produce tremendous inefficiency.

"Ping" or "gas knock" or "spark knock," which have become such common terms, are often the result of the gas burning from two different sides, causing the two waves of combustion to strike the piston like sudden blows. The development of the anti-knock feature in gasoline was for the purpose of overcoming this bad action.

All too often, elimination of "ping" is attempted by merely "retarding" the spark, thus robbing the engine of pick-up and efficiency. This is tuning down an engine instead of tuning it up.

Much is to be gained by matching the right gasoline and the right spark adjustment to your particular engine. So, when you have your car tuned up next (and this should be a regular procedure), have a high anti-knock gasoline in the tank, so the tune-up man can give your car top performance without fear of "knock."

You see, as the piston comes up to the top of the cylinder to be driven down again by the explosion, the spark has to ignite the mixture somewhere along the line before the piston reaches the very top—because the gas has to be given time to burn before the impact of the explosion is delivered. The gasoline and engine determine how soon the spark can be given.

Many factors besides spark timing influence pick-up and performance and a good tune-up man can check these. The spark plugs must be in good condition and properly adjusted; the carburetor must be set properly to deliver the correct mixture to each cylinder; the air cleaner must be free from restriction to insure the passage of the correct amount of air; the coil and other parts of the ignition system must function properly; the piston rings must be in good condition and valves seating properly to give each cylinder the correct compression, and finally, each part must be balanced in relation to the others.

A well tuned up car furnishes the driver the facilities for safe driving. Sluggishness is never an asset in the pinch.

Steering

Trains run on tracks; boats and airplanes have considerable leeway in changing direction, but your automobile has to give you accurate steering within inches.

If you try to figure out exactly how your touch on the steering wheel is transmitted to the wheels on the road, your respect for the whole mechanism will mount.

In the steering picture is what might be termed the "geometry of wheels." As some authorities believe that a great many accidents are due to steering difficulties, and as reason backs up the opinion, let's go into the subject.

If you recall pictures of carts with two big wheels, you will remember the wheels leaned out at the top. This was done to make each wheel vertical to the high-crowned road and to place the weight so the wheels wouldn't have a tendency to do a spread eagle. The same principle is followed in your automobile. The professionals call it "camber."

But a leaning wheel will roll to the right or left depending upon which way it is leaning—that's how you made a hoop go 'round a corner, if you remember.

To take care of this tendency, the front wheels of your car are designed to be "toed-in"—turned in a little at the front—to the point where the tires do not sideslip on the road as they travel along. The fact is that wheels a half-inch out of alignment will drag the tires sideways 87 feet during each mile of travel. This is reason number one to have your wheels checked.

Next on the list is "caster."

If you glance at the hinges on any door in your house, you can visualize that by putting the hinges on at a different angle, the door would always swing closed the moment you released it. As it is, the hinges are usually placed so that doors will stay in any position you leave them.

But with the front wheels of your automobile, the "hinges" (King pin assembly) are designed so that the wheels always try to point straight ahead. Often, however, wheels are jolted out of alignment and try to run to the right or left.

This is dangerous. Let it be reason number two to have your wheels checked.

Next on the list is "balance."

Originally, the wheels on your car were balanced so that the weight was perfectly distributed in all directions from the center of the hub to the tread of the tire. This is important, because a little unbalanced weight in one spot increases the out-of-balance tremendously as the speed of the wheel increases. For example, a little tire valve weighing about 2 ounces, unless balanced, has the effect of about 24 lbs. when the car is travelling at 60 miles an hour.

As a result of use and abuse, wheels get out of balance, so this is reason number three to have your wheels checked.

Reminders four, five and six connected with steering, are: proper play in the steering wheel, equalized brake pressure to prevent swerving, and finally, see that all parts of the steering assembly are in good order and properly lubricated.

Vision

In operating a motor car, the ability to see is vital.

That means your glass must be in good condition. It means your windshield must be kept clean at all times. Not just for looks, but for *looking.* Dust, bugs and sticky stains are serious obstacles to clear vision. A dirty windshield is dangerous! Windshield wipers must make perfect contact, and you should be prepared with a fan or ventilating system to prevent fogging on the inside. Finally, have . . .

Proper Light

The only different factor in driving in the daytime and the nighttime is LIGHT. You are the same driver. The car is the same. Traffic conditions are better at night, because there are only half as many cars on the road. Yet two-thirds of the accidents happen at night!

Such statistics should focus every driver's attention on lights.

The most recent development in lighting is the new Sealed Beam Lamps which provide about fifty percent more light than any previous lamps. As an important contribution to safety, the entire automobile industry adopted this lamp for 1940 models.

What Can You Do?

If your car is not a 1940 model, you can secure new Sealed Beam lighting by installing auxiliary lamps of hermetically sealed construction. But whether you take this step or not, make it a point to get the maximum light out of your present headlights. *Don't take them for granted.*

The efficiency of your lights falls off so gradually that you go on night after night without noticing the change. Many cars on the road have less than half their original lighting power, due solely to dirt on the reflectors and lenses, blackened bulbs and poor electrical contacts. You wouldn't let it happen in your home—don't let it happen in your car.

Another Vital Point

Strong lights flashed in your eyes from an oncoming car wipe out, momentarily, all the value of your own good lights. The solution, of course, is:

HELP PROMOTE SAFETY—
DIM YOUR LIGHTS WHEN PASSING

When this isn't done, it can be charged, occasionally, to forgetfulness—but more often, it is the result of a certain human belligerency that becomes more acute behind a steering wheel.

There is a tendency to wait for the other driver to "bow" first. Or, if you do hold out the olive branch and the "opponent" fails to respond, the imp of the perverse urges you to put your lights up again and "show that gink where he gets off!"

The trouble is, the "gink" might get off—and in your direction, too.

To curb that impulse of retaliation, always remember that dimming your lights is a safety measure for yourself as well as for the other driver.

Insurance

Along with Preventive Service for the automobile, consideration should be given here to Preventive Service for the pocketbook of the owner and driver of the automobile—*insurance.*

The principle of insurance is one of the great ideas produced by civilization. Stripped of its technical language, automobile insurance amounts to a number of people paying a *small* amount of money each year, so that in case of an accident, no one individual will have to pay a *large* amount.

The risk of allowing your car to be driven without insurance is quite considerable. Your savings and property, as well as future earnings, are in constant jeopardy. On the one hand, your automobile is a valuable piece of property. Loss or damage to it places a large and sudden dent in your pocketbook unless you are protected against it by insurance. On the other hand, your automobile may inflict damage or injury to others which in turn might cripple you financially for life—unless you are protected against it by insurance.

The truth is, the less money you have at the moment, the more you need insurance.

Finance companies insist on insuring the car against loss through fire, theft or other causes until it is paid for. Yet many owners run the risk of much larger financial loss due to damage or injury to others. Only half as many cars are insured for the latter as the former.

Consider your insurance as a purchase of financial security and peace of mind. Remember, even though you are in the right, you might be sued. Your insurance policy provides free legal representation, takes your place in court and pays all court costs.

Safety First, Last and All the Time

And now back to the car. Make P.S. for Safety a day-in and day-out, all-year-around policy.

Nothing should be considered too troublesome or expensive for Safety.

P.S.
PREVENTIVE SERVICE
Sponsored by Collier's
for Motor Car Owners

A mouth as fresh as the morning . . .

Cool as the seabreeze— clean as all outdoors— that's the way your mouth can feel.

It starts with a tingle on your tongue . . . a cool **minty fragrance** that wakes up your sleepy taste sense. And then it comes all in a rush . . . that **clean**, young, all-new **feeling.**

It's **Squibb Dental Cream** cleaning, polishing, **refreshing.** And there's concentrated Squibb Milk of Magnesia in it, to help **neutralize** bacterial acids . . . when it comes in contact with them . . . **acids** that might harm **pretty teeth.**

You can put your faith in its purity. For Squibb Dental Cream must undergo **239 separate tests** before it qualifies for the Squibb control number, recorded for your **protection** on each tube or carton. A good reason to specify **Squibb** every time you buy.

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH (illustrated) . . . dentist designed, head bent at correct angle for easier brushing and gum massage. Ask your druggist.

SQUIBB
Dental
Cream
and Neutralizing
Scientifically prepared for use in cleansing the teeth and massaging the gums
E.R. SQUIBB & SONS
NEW YORK
LARGE SIZE

Contains Concentrated Squibb Milk of Magnesia

SQUIBB Dental Cream

★Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

Thomas deferentially when he became aware of Mr. March beside him. The new commander shook his yellow head and smiled faintly. "No, I didn't." And he added, "She's quite a mess, isn't she?" and went down on the main deck to see for himself. And if he had had any sensation left to be appalled he would have been appalled. He had heard old seamen talk of ships being left in such a condition after a vicious storm, but he had always taken such talk with a grain of salt. Now he had to face the plain, unmitigated facts. The Alvira, topside, was just about a wreck.

He went midships and discovered that sometime in the night the engine-room skylights had been smashed through, though fortunately not enough water had gotten below to impair the ship's power seriously. The second engineer cornered him and inquired if it wouldn't be possible to get a few deck men to repair the skylights in case she started taking water over again.

"She won't be taking any more water," Mr. March said bleakly. "I think we've had the worst. But you'd better use your own men to patch up the damage. I'm afraid the deck crowd has enough to handle."

"Half of our crowd are hurt," said the second engineer bitterly. "Do you think it's any fun, down below with the ship rolling and pitching her bilges out?"

Mr. March looked at him, a dull red flooding his face.

"Are you talking to me?" he demanded.

The second engineer looked for a moment and then brushed tired hands over his own strained face. "I'm sorry, sir," he apologized quietly. "But you know how it is."

"I know how it is," agreed Mr. March grimly. "So you use your own men, what you've got. And we'll attend to your skylights later."

HE WENT on aft to look at the poop and deck he had been sent to inspect by Captain Lefevre, and which he had never had time to see before the ship had been swept. It was all a terrible mess. The bosun found him trying to salvage a boat spar, which by some miracle had escaped destruction and was wedged in the scuppers with a tangle of rope and some twisted rail.

"There's one of the seamen for'ard, sir, with a busted arm," he reported anxiously. "Broke, I think. I thought you'd take a look at it."

"Am I a damned doctor?" raved Mr. March, and then got hold of himself again. "Yes, bosun, I'll take a look. But I don't know much about broken arms, I'm afraid."

He got the "Ship Captain's Medical Guide" and descended to the fo'c'sle after a while. The injured seaman was in his bunk groaning, and there was little doubt his arm was broken. Mr. March gritted his teeth and refreshed his memory from the "Guide" and went to work. This was one of the things you had to handle when you had command. It was a bad business. The man fainted twice before Mr. March was sure he had the bones right and bound in place, and then he sent the bosun midships.

"Tell the steward I said a double tot for all hands, and bring me a bottle back here." It was strange to think he could order that now. But he could. He held the Alvira.

He gave the injured man two stiff drinks to help him when he came to, and then tilted the bottle himself.

"She's making water a bit in the forepeak, sir," said Jones, the acting second, when he went on deck. "We had to go down for some more tarpaulins and it's up to the 'tween deck already."

"Then see if the bulkhead's holding!" shouted Mr. March. "And pump her. If you have to, rig a collision mat for'ard! Do I have to run the damned ship myself? No officers! . . ." He caught himself. "All right," he added more quietly. "Try and find out what it is. We probably strained some plates last night."

He went back on the bridge then to take his noon sight, the sun being clear and smiling, and he discovered they were seventy miles east of Tonga Harbor and about ten miles out in their latitude.

"WE'LL bring her round on the course again," he ordered. "I guess the engines'll hold that long, but we'll ask the chief. Four hours' steaming and we can make it. Can you make the course good?" He spoke to Thomas and then stared ahead, gripping the rail again. He had never been so tired in his life.

"Make the course good? I think so, sir," said Thomas, and started brightly for the chartroom, the chart and the dividers.

"You *think* so," muttered Mr. March bitterly. "You *think* so!" He moved after a while, with the numb thought that he'd better check things himself. The little things, as Captain Lefevre would have said. And the steward stopped him halfway across the bridge.

"I really think we'd better break out the stores, sir, before the water that got below ruins any more," he protested. "If I could only get some men."

"Tell the bosun to loan you three or four hands," said Mr. March thickly, and then he shouted, "Get to hell out of my sight! You and your stores!"

The steward fled, and Mr. March went into the chartroom to discover Thomas trying to hide a cigarette.

"You know the line doesn't allow smoking on the bridge," he rasped, his nerves exasperated. "But never mind. Where in hell's the chart for Tonga Harbor?"

"I don't know, sir," said Thomas hurriedly. "But I think it's on the table. Or was."

"Well, find it!" shouted Mr. March. "What in hell are you standing around for?"

He checked himself once again and swallowed hard. He passed tired hands across his tired face and found control. "Well, find it, Thomas," he said gently. "I want to study it before we go in. There's a bad channel."

And then he went on the lower bridge and to Captain Lefevre's room. He had to see the ship's papers for one thing, and he had to find the ship's keys. He supposed he ought to sort out the old man's things and pack them to send to his widow. But the ship's papers he had to have now if he was to enter Tonga Harbor.

He stepped inside the calm of the cabin, removing his cap from habit; and he swallowed hard again. The best uniform of Captain Lefevre was hanging from a hook on the bulkhead; the four gold bands of rank gleaming on the cuff. And there was, too, a uniform cap, with the golden oak leaves of rank on the peak, lying beneath it. And above the master's desk there was a full-faced portrait of him. . . . Mr. March felt very young when he saw it. The whole cabin was pregnant with ghosts.

MR. MARCH looked at the picture of Captain Lefevre and felt something tighten inside him. And he looked then at himself in the mirror the skipper had hung near the door. And it seemed he wasn't any longer young and yellow-haired, and laughing-eyed, and a careless third mate any more. He was serious and thin and drawn.

"I didn't understand," he said gently. And he touched the gold-braided cap with his hand. "Maybe I can wear this some day. . . . But I've done my best." And he added, with a genuine respect he had never felt before, "Sir!"

Strictly Screwball

Continued from page 16

no mean adventure in itself, as Bill Brandt, now National League publicity man, quickly learned after he joined the Yankees in St. Petersburg. Bill had just caught on in New York with the Times.

For his own convenience, Brandt had a rubber stamp made which read: "Having a good time. Wish you were here. BILL BRANDT." Stamped on a card, it helped Bill take care of his extensive correspondence. Hunt, believing all Times men should learn to know one another better, sent "Having a good time" stamped cards to the late Adolph S. Ochs, former owner of the Times, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Louis Wiley and the other big shots of that newspaper. Executive dignity was sorely ruffled and Bill just did manage to make explanations.

Jim Dawson, also of the Times, was born within a mile of the newspaper and is a typical New Yorker and knows most of the answers. No one ever tried to sell him the Brooklyn Bridge but he fell hard for a hoax by his associates and became an agent for "Pitsie" Katz, a comedian and storyteller. "Pitsie" was introduced to Dawson as a millionaire who wanted to buy a ball club—the Brooklyn club, if possible.

Dawson got on the job. He interviewed people. He made contacts. "Pitsie" offered him five per cent of whatever was paid for the club, which would be about $2,000,000, a profit to Jim of $100,000. Jim finally made an appointment with George McLaughlin, former New York police commissioner and now president of the Brooklyn bank which holds most of the Flatbush club's paper. He waxed eloquent about Mr. Katz.

Mr. McLaughlin merely asked for more information about Mr. Katz and a quick glimpse at the aforementioned two million bucks. That blew the whole affair up with a bang.

Stories of John Drebinger will go down in baseball history with Babe Ruth's mighty slams. His career would fill a book, but never did he play a better Drebbie role than in the Los Angeles earthquake of 1933. It was a serious quake, with heavy property damage and some loss of life. The Giants were training in Los Angeles that year and during the night of the quake most of Bill Terry's frightened players huddled on the benches of a city park across from their hotel. But not Mr. Drebinger and his roommates, Garry Schumacher and Charley "Mike" Houston. They clung to their little apartment in the hotel.

Earthquakes All Night

When the others were safely asleep, Drebbie installed himself under Houston's bed and at regular intervals gave it a violent shake. Mike would leap up on the bed on all fours and get prepared for a dash to safety. The quake would subside and he would doze off again. Drebbie would give him another Drebinger-engineered earthquake. It went on all night long, leaving Houston a wreck. As the team moved eastward, John always relished Mike's vivid accounts of the quake, particularly those portions where Mike maintained that his nerve never wavered throughout all that tragic night. Mike would always end by saying: "Just like a rocking horse; that's how my bed shook."

Buck O'Neill, who is now in Washington, was in Boston for an early spring series between the Yankees and Red Sox, and got back to his hotel in the early hours of April 19th, Patriots' Day in Massachusetts. His night's entertainment had not made him particularly sleepy and instead of trying to count sheep he started browzing through the Boston telephone directory. Eventually he came to the name of Paul Revere and with it came inspiration. Calling the number and getting a drowsy response, O'Neill bellowed: "Wake up! Wake up! The Red Coats are coming."

Then there was the hot summer night in Cincinnati, when Will Wedge, Kennie Smith and "Mike" Houston started on a midnight stroll and paused to interview a beggar and ask how he came to get into such a plight. One of Cincinnati's finest came along and tried to terminate the interview with the suggestion: "You fellows better be moving along."

Will tch-ed-tch-ed: "Dear! Dear! After all, one can't take orders from a bobby without a coat on." The Cincy cops wear no coats in midsummer.

"They can't, eh?" said the copper, and took Wedge into custody. In their efforts to liberate Will, Smith and Houston also spoke out of turn sufficiently to land in the same jug with Wedge. The baseball-writing trio was arraigned with the town derelicts in city court the following morning. When the judge scolded Wedge for setting a bad example as a member of the Fourth Estate, Will grumbled something under his breath and the judge snapped: "What's the matter—are you peeved?"

"Not peeved, Your Honor," said Will. "Only hurt."

Case Dismissed!

Houston next was hailed before the court, and Mike was nonplused to have the judge suddenly ask from the bench: "What's the matter with the Giants?"

"They aren't getting any pitching, Your Honor," explained Houston.

When Smith, in turn, was asked what ailed the Giants, he replied the New York team wasn't hitting. A baseball discussion followed and, eventually, the judge broke it up by saying: "The Giants can't pitch and the Giants can't hit. The first thing I know you fellows will convince me the Reds will win the pennant. Cases dismissed."

Yet, with their own screwballs and odd characters, the baseball press boxes have produced some of America's foremost writers and other illustrious figures: the late Ring Lardner; Grantland Rice; Damon Runyon; Bill McGeehan; Heywood Broun; Westbrook Pegler; John Kieran; Bozeman Bulger; Ford Frick, president of the National League; James K. McGuinness, Hollywood director and writer. Even Uncle Irvin S. Cobb, now also of Hollywood, used to hold a card in the New York cage.

All of them were guilty of choice nutteries in their day. Damon Runyon, nicknamed "the Demon" during his active baseball-writing career, once nicknamed the Elias brothers, baseball statisticians, the "figger filberts," a name later adopted by McGeehan, but both Damon and Bill nibbled at a few filberts themselves. Ford Frick had an obsession that some day he would be left behind and always arrived at a depot an hour before the train pulled out.

Boze Bulger was stricken with appendicitis during the 1930 world series and was rushed to a hospital in St. Louis. An emergency operation was ordered and it was known that Boze's condition was critical. Irvin Cobb, a lifelong friend, sent him a wire: "Congratulations on being the first baseball writer ever to get a cut in a world series."

And yet they write about ballplayers' being screwballs!

THE THREE R's OF
MOTOR RECONDITIONING
ARE—RE-RING
RE-BORE
RE-CLAIM
DUNCE

For safety's sake, be sure your engine has plenty of pep and pick-up. Sluggish, unresponsive cars are a source of danger on the highway. If your car isn't performing properly, the one sure way to get power to spare—as well as the ultimate in oil economy—is to go to your American Hammered repairman. He is the only one who can offer these three piston ring set-ups required to meet the three basic conditions of cylinder wear:

Re-Ring

If your car has never needed new piston rings before, and the cylinder taper is under .015" . . . the most satisfactory ring installation will be the American Hammered Flexible OilCutter Set-up. Your American Hammered repairman makes his recommendations on the strictly scientific basis of actually measuring the cylinder taper.

Re-Bore

If your car has had a previous installation of replacement piston rings, or the cylinder taper is .015" or over . . . your most satisfactory solution will be a re-bore. In this case, your repairman will re-bore the engine block and install the American Hammered Conventional OilCutter Set-up.

Re-Claim

Sometimes a car owner, for one reason or another, will decide against the greater cost of a re-bore job even though cylinder taper is over .015". Then, the only installation to use is the American Hammered Steel-Edge Set-up. As is the case in all installations, your American Hammered repairman will make his recommendations strictly on the basis of fact.

Koetherizing makes any ring job a better job

Piston rings are not the only parts that wear as a car builds up mileage. Usually the piston skirts collapse, making the operation of the engine very noisy. Koetherizing is the only process that will permanently correct this condition, by expanding the skirt out to original factory fit—and believe it or not—it is very inexpensive. From coast to coast . . . the best mechanics insist on Koetherizing every piston on ring replacement jobs.

KOPPERS COMPANY
American Hammered Piston Ring Division
Baltimore, Maryland

American Hammered
Piston Rings

a KOPPERS product

The choice of those to whom transportation is a business

The Hard Way

Continued from page 13

If you want to keep your hair DRY, you'll insist on one of these unique, patented caps (the only kind used by Billy Rose's "Aquacade" Swimmers)

(*lower left*) The "Dry Seal" really *stays* on without strap. (*lower right*) The popular Lane "Stay-Dry" in Aviator style. Plenty of other styles, too.

↑ THESE ↗ "RINGS" KEEP YOUR HAIR IN—KEEP WATER OUT

● In and out of the pool twelve times a day—seven days a week—all summer long. That's the routine of the "Aquabelles." No wonder they insist on bathing caps that really keep their hair *dry* . . . Seamless Caps, with the ingenious patented "inner rings" which seal the water out. But that's not all. Like these professionals, you'll enjoy the all-day comfort of caps that fit snugly without binding . . . and the patented lining that keeps your hair from sticking to the inside. Style? Of course . . . loads of it! And a wide selection of colors to top off 1940's smartest beach wear.

A Selected
RED-SEAL
VALUE
SR

The
SEAMLESS RUBBER
Company
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods for 65 Years

"Very nice," Mary said. "We go into rehearsal in a couple of weeks."

"Good enough."

"Bolan's directing."

I nodded. That fixed it. Bolan was a director with a great reputation and absolutely no talent. Everything was experiment with him, only all the experiments were bad. Mary knew how I felt about him, and she was a little defiant.

"He's got the most wonderful ideas," she said.

I smiled. "A change from me, hey?"

Mary pretended that was very funny.

Then Randy said, "I hope you're not too sore at me for taking your star."

I spread my hands. "I had no contract with Mary."

Mary shook her head quickly. "We never had one."

"No," I said, "we never needed one."

THAT created an awkward silence for a moment and then I said, "Well, I'll be on hand for your opening."

Randy said, "I'll send you tickets."

"No," I said, "don't do that. I always buy my own tickets. It's a good rule. You can enjoy the play better."

Then I went over and sat down at my table and read a paper.

I felt fine. Keep her on the defensive. It's the best way in business, and in love.

I felt fine—until they left. And then, somehow, I wasn't hungry any more, and there was no news worth reading in the paper. . . .

In the next few weeks I read a lot of stuff in the papers about Mary. Tailer had a good press agent. Every actor engaged got a line in the theatrical sections.

I got an inside slant on the production one day in Forty-fourth Street. I met an electrician who had worked for me on a couple of shows; Mary had got Randy to hire him; he knew how to light her fine. He shook his head. "There's enough scenery up in that theater for a five-ring circus," he said. "You never saw such a heavy production. It'll take them two weeks to learn how to hang it. And that Bolan, where did he get in?"

"He wrote a book," I said.

All I had to do was wait. I was as confident as you can be of anything in the theater that Randy's little spectacle would flop, yet, of course, I had some bad moments. Suppose—suppose one of those miracles occurred, where a lot of incompetent people get together and produce a smash? It has happened before this. I could give you some disheartening examples.

I NEEDN'T, of course, have worried. As You Like It opened on a Friday night and the Saturday papers gave it hell.

I didn't go to see it after all. I meant to, but when the time came I just couldn't take it. Either way things jumped I figured I was in for a bad evening, so I bought myself a ticket for a movie, a double feature, and stayed the whole stretch. Then I went home and went to bed.

There's not as much satisfaction in being right as you would think. When I read what the critics said about Mary I got sore. For them to pan her the way they did after all the pleasure she had given them in seasons past—well, they're a bunch of heels and you might as well make up your mind to it. Although some of them were pretty funny about Bolan. And one said Randy ought to take his money back to Wall Street where it might do some good.

I gave myself a couple of days, Saturday and Sunday. I knew Mary would be in no humor to see me before Monday at the earliest, and, too, I had to think up some cute way of approaching her. I felt kind of strange. As if I were about to go to a hospital to see someone whose leg I had broken as a joke. Now—I'll never understand it—I was the guilty one.

Of course, I realized that once we got to talking everything would be all right. Mary is a sensible enough girl for an actress, she would understand certainly that her best move would be to come into town as soon as possible in a good play. . . .

And I was sitting in my office Monday morning still trying to think of the best approach to make when my secretary came in and said Mary was outside.

Well, I was scared. That was my first reaction. I wasn't prepared for her, the whole thing was moving too fast—I was scared, that's all.

I said, "Tell her to come in," and then, before I could get up even, there was Mary standing in the doorway.

"Hello, Hick."

I pretended to clear my throat. "Hello, my dear," I said. "Come in. Sit down."

She sat in the little chair where the light was best for her. I lit a cigarette.

She wasted no time. "Well, Hick," she said, "you were right."

"I didn't see you," I said. "Was it really bad?"

"Awful."

I shifted around, trying to get comfortable. "The critics were nasty," I said. "You didn't deserve that."

She nodded. "Yes, I did."

"I don't believe it."

Mary shrugged. "What does it matter? I didn't come here for that. You remember the play you gave me last summer? The Camel's Eye?"

"Certainly."

"Do you still want me to do it?"

"I've been saving it," I said.

"Well," she said, "when do we go into rehearsal?"

I turned my head and looked out the window. This seemed too easy.

I said, "In a week."

Mary said, "Have you got anybody in mind?"

"Don't worry about that," I said. "I'll have a cast." Then I turned back to her. "Look, Mary," I said, "I'm awfully sorry about all this business."

She raised her eyebrows. "Why should you be? I had an extremely pleasant time. Except for the notices. Everyone was wonderful to me."

I said, "Oh." Then I said, "Have you got a copy of the play?"

"I think so. But I'd better take another."

I fished a green-covered script out of a drawer and handed it to her. She took it and got up and started moving toward the door. When she had gone halfway she stopped and turned.

"Hick," she said, "there's just one thing: I want Randy Tailer to put up the money for this show."

I could feel myself stiffen. "That won't be necessary," I said.

Mary said, "Somebody has to put up the money. It might as well be Randy."

"I can find my own backer," I said.

"Please, Hick," she said. "He lost seventy thousand dollars on me."

"He can afford it."

"That's hardly the point. He did something for me. I want to do something for him."

"Go ahead."

Her voice rose. "Get this, Hick," she said, "if The Camel's Eye's a success, it's partly my success."

"And you get this," I said. "I don't want any of Randy Tailer's money."

Mary walked over and laid the green-covered script on my desk.

I looked at her steadily.

"That's how you feel about it?" I said.

"That's how I feel about it."

She stood there for a moment looking down at me, then turned to go.

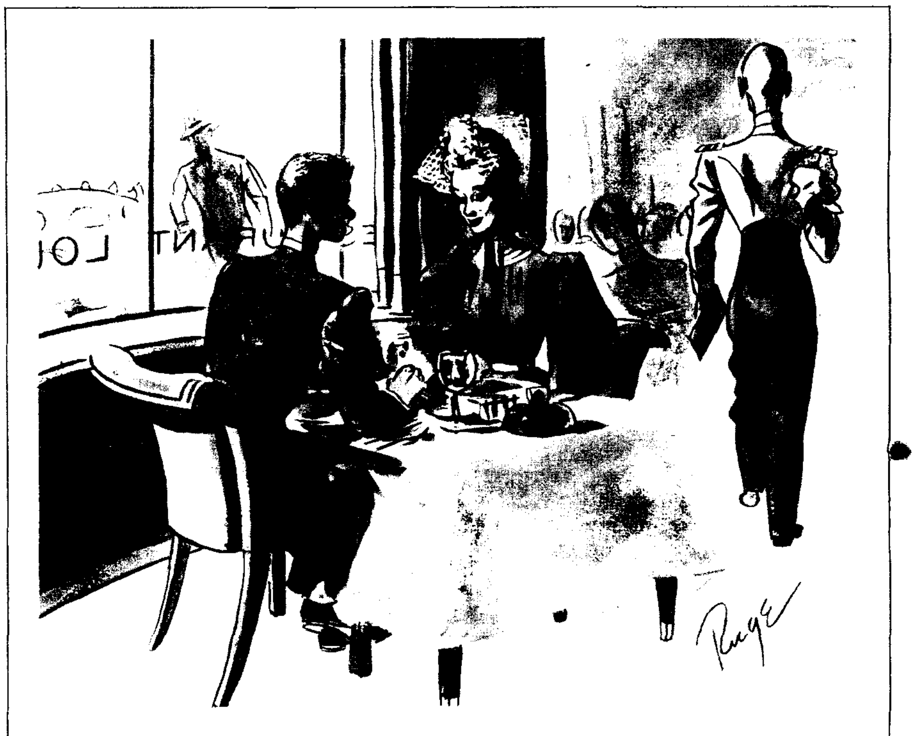
Suddenly I took a chance. "Mary," I said. "Look. If it means that much to you, you can have the play. I'll give it to you. I don't want any part of it. I'm through."

She turned, hesitated. Then she said, "That's very nice of you, Hick."

She walked back, picked up the script.

"Thank you," she said, and went out.

THERE comes a time when the only thing left to do is to go away, but you may be sure that I didn't have sense enough to see that at once. For two weeks I stayed around New York. I did everything. I accepted the cocktail and



"Darling—he called you madam!"

JOHN A. RUGE

All Aboard for All America!

9,000 Miles for $90

That headline means just what it says.

You can step aboard a railroad train in your home town—and put as much as nine thousand miles of America behind you before you return—all for the price of $90, if you ride in comfortable air-conditioned day coaches—or $135.00 (plus $45 for one or two persons in a lower berth)—if you travel in spacious Pullmans.

You can take sixty days to do it—go by any established route—stop off wherever you wish.

See with your own eyes the grandeur of this land you live in—there's no other nation like it in the world.

So think of the things you'd like to see—the New York World's Fair—the Golden Gate exposition—the multicolored canyons carved by western rivers and the man-made canyons of Manhattan—elm-shaded villages of New England and sun-drenched pueblos of the southwest—the unspoiled natural wonders of the great National Parks and the sophistication of storied cities you've read about—the shores of the Atlantic, Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico, and those inland seas, the Great Lakes—the land of Dixie and the great Northwest—the towering Rockies and the forest-clad ranges of the East—landmarks hallowed in your nation's history—and landmarks of a civilization so old it has been forgotten.

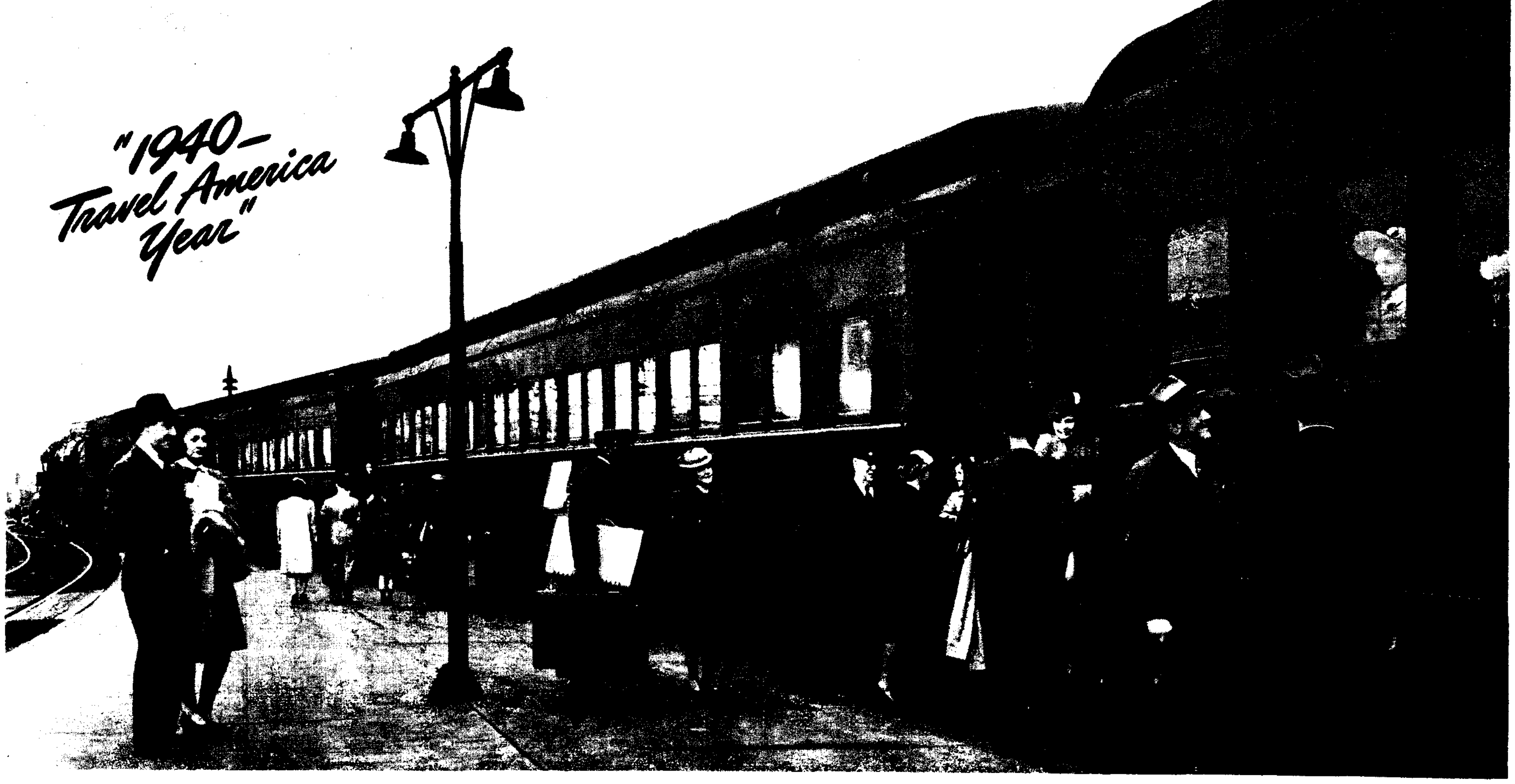
All these and more can be included in a vacation which starts the moment you step aboard a train.

It's the kind of vacation you've always dreamed of taking—and now the American railroads are ready to make it come true.

And in addition to the fascinating places you will see, you'll find new interest and luxury in today's trains, with their modern roomy coach and Pullman equipment—smart styling—ever faster schedules—and air-conditioned comfort and cleanliness.

Better talk it over with your local ticket agent now. He will help you take full advantage of this golden opportunity.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.



"Are you on the warpath, too?"

Gee, but it makes folks mad to get an unsatisfactory slide fastener. And—boy!—they don't get over it in a hurry either!

Witness: Those questionnaires that 80 leading stores sent to men and women.

More than 80% of the thousands answering stated their conviction (no doubt out of a very unhappy experience) that there are ***bad*** as well as good slide fasteners.

But the vast majority also revealed that they know a ***sure way*** to protect themselves!

It is with the Talon slide fastener.

In fact, *among people giving their preference, "Talon" is the choice over any other brand by more than ***70 to 1.*** Whew!

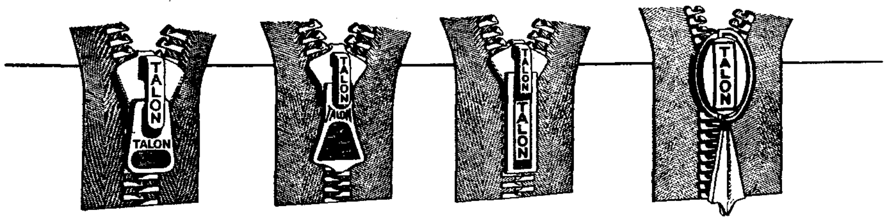
You, too, want to steer clear of unsatisfactory slide fasteners. You, too, want trouble-free service.

Then follow the ***example of the majority.*** Always—always—look for the word "Talon" when you buy.

BECAUSE IT'S THE DEPENDABLE SLIDE FASTENER, PEOPLE PREFER

"TALON" 70 to 1*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

dinner and theater invitations that always before I'd turned down as a matter of routine. I went on a week end in Maine. I bought myself two new suits and fourteen neckties. Never in my life had I tried so hard to have a wonderful time, and never in my life had I had a worse one.

Finally I began reading scripts, reading every script that came up to me with even a glimmer of a favorable report. They were terrible scripts. Each and all, they were terrible—until one morning at half past four, lying in bed in my apartment, unable to sleep, I picked up and started reading one that wasn't quite so bad, and I got interested in the thing. I got to thinking. It could be handled a little differently here, and a little differently there, and, of course, here toward the end of the first act the husband would have to be toned down, made secondary, so that Mary—

I threw the script to the floor and went to the window and looked out. The stark buildings, the bleak, deserted streets, the gray, early light, clammy and leaden and hateful, the mocking thought of another day in this place, the friendliest, gayest, most enchanting place on earth if everything's all right for you—but emptier, when nothing's right, than the desert, lonelier than the middle of the sea. . . .

I had dinner that night in Miami, and before noon the next day I was in Key West, I was as far from New York as it's possible to get when you're in the sort of hurry I was in right then.

Key West is a strange town, a town *so left alone, so out of the current, so* somnolent behind the closed shutters of its ancient houses, that you might as well be in another world, and another century. If you ever have anything you want to forget, I recommend Key West. But I went to bed every night thinking of Mary, and I woke up thinking of her, and the first thing I did when I woke up was to grab the Times—only in Key West it was day before yesterday's Times—and fumble to the theater page to see if there was the slightest crumb of news about her or about anything that had anything to do with her.

What there was was brief. Little items about The Camel's Eye, additions to the cast mostly, and so on, and then one day an announcement that the opening in Boston, scheduled for October tenth, had been put off a week.

The day I read that was the eighth of October. Yes, I thought, opening in Boston and, if I knew anything about a Randolph Tailer production, closing in New York just as soon as the critics got one quick look. And too bad. That fine play—if it had been done right. And poor Mary, poor kid, two flops in a row for the best young actress in America. . . . Yes, it was tough, all right. But after all, she'd made her bed, hadn't she? I'd tried everything to keep her out of this, hadn't I? I'd given her every chance—

ON THE night The Camel's Eye opened in Boston I went to see Gone With the Wind in Key West, technicolor and all. Then, afterward, I went to a restaurant—a cheap little restaurant with a blaring nickel-in-the-slot phonograph and tables covered in red oilcloth and a sign outside that said Real Northern Cooking—for a cup of coffee, coffee because I'd already learned that drinking was no good, drinking was even worse than not drinking.

I sat there at a table among the other tables crowded with people who had also been to the movies, drinking my coffee and thinking about Rhett and Scarlett and comparing them to Mary and me.

Now there, I thought, is a lesson all women ought to learn by heart. Take that Scarlett O'Hara, I thought. Now this Rhett Butler loved her, he did everything for her, but—until it was too late—did she love him? Why, I said to myself, no. She did not. She—

"Well, for Pete's sake why *should* she love him, when he kept walking out on her all the time?"

I couldn't have been more startled if the skies had fallen, I suppose I must have jumped as if shot.

Then I saw. There were four people, two men and two girls, at the table next to mine, and they were talking, naturally enough, about the picture.

One of the girls said: "That's right. Every time she needed him he walked out on her."

"Sure," said the first voice, the other girl. "Every time she got in a jam."

"Well, now, I don't know," one of the men said. "I don't know about that."

But I wasn't listening any more. I was thinking, if repeating a sentence over and over in your mind, stupidly, like a child learning to talk, can be called thinking: Every time she needed him he walked out on her. Every time she needed him he walked out on her. Every time—

I don't claim that what I did next made any sense. But the next morning, sane or not, without any plan, without any scheme mapped out in advance, without a thought in my head except the knowledge that I was doing what I had to do, I was in an airplane, and the airplane was going north.

I STUMBLED through the gloom backstage, dodging flats, leaping cables, *hitting my head on lights, catching my* coat on a nail.

I was still excited—the same excitement I had had the day before in Key West—even sitting through three acts of The Camel's Eye, watching all the bad things that can happen to a play, hadn't dulled it.

When I came to Mary's dressing room, a dingy door with a big "1" marked on it, and raised my hand to knock, I had that feeling in my stomach you get when—well, when something is about to happen and you don't know what.

I knocked.

"Who is it?"

I could hear my voice shake. "Hick," I said. "Are you decent?"

"Hick?" Mary said. Then a moment of silence. "Come in."

I opened the door. She turned, still in her third-act dress, her make-up still on.

She said, "What are you doing here?"

"I couldn't stay away," I said, shakily.

Mary smiled. That should have warned me, that smile. She should have been crying at the awful performance—but I was forgetting everything.

"Did you see the show?"

"I saw it." I nodded. "Listen, Mary—there isn't anything the matter with it that can't be fixed. It'll take a week, maybe two weeks. . . ."

I had rushed right into the middle of things, the way I always did. I had forgotten it wasn't my job, none of my business. All I knew was that Mary had a show that needed fixing and that I was here to fix it for her.

But then I saw a look almost of amazement in her eyes. "But, Hick," she said, "Boston likes me."

I stared at her. She was perfectly serious.

"Oh," I said. "Boston likes you."

"Yes."

"And I suppose Boston thinks you're giving a good performance?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"Mary," I said, "what's happened to you? What goes on?" I was standing staring right at her. "How could you learn so many bad habits in just four weeks? What's got into your voice?" By now I was pacing up and down. "I wanted to kick you after every line. I—"

"Stop it, Hick."

"How dare you," I said, "how dare you give a performance like that after all I've—"

She wasn't looking at me any more, she was looking over my shoulder. I turned.

In the doorway stood Randolph Tailer.

He was done up in tails, beautiful, well-fitting, newly pressed tails. In tails, with a flop on his hands. A clean shirt, a shave, a carnation in his buttonhole, and the worst show even Boston ever saw.

He put out his hand and smiled. "Hello, Mr. Baldwin."

What could I do? "Hello," I said.

"I couldn't help overhearing what you just said to Mary." His voice was very smooth. "Now there may be things the matter with the show, but Mary isn't one of them."

I shrugged. "All right," I said. "I don't really think she's bad."

I looked at the door. I'd better get out of here, I thought, before I mess things up even worse. She's had enough of me.

BUT then Mary spoke. She spoke slowly, and almost sadly. "Oh, Randy," she said. "Don't bother. Hick's right. He knows. If he says I'm bad, I'm bad."

I could feel what that did to me, clear down to my feet, and I could see what it did to Randy. I was watching him, watching his face: the blood went out of it, his lips tightened, his eyes were hurt.

He understood. She had spoken kindly, but there was no doubt what she had meant: that he knew nothing about the theater.

For a moment he stood perfectly still. Then quickly he turned toward the door. "Very well," he said, "if that's how you feel about it."

And he was gone.

I turned round and looked down at Mary again. I felt cold and unhappy. "Mary," I said.

She was looking into her mirror. I could see tears in her eyes.

"Mary. . . ."

She shook her head. "Now you've done it," she said. "Now you've done it. Everything was all right. I had my life all carefully laid out. And now you come back into it. . . ."

She put her hands to her face and sobbed. I tried to touch her shoulder but she pulled away from me.

"Everything's ruined again. I care again, I care whether I'm good or not."

"Of course you care."

"But I didn't. Two hours ago I didn't. I was happy. I know I was. Oh, Hick, why didn't you let me alone?"

I had nothing to say.

"Why didn't you leave me to Randy? He loves me. He can make me happy. He'll marry me. It will be all right."

I didn't hear. I didn't let myself hear what she had said. I talked now, talked fast.

"Mary," I said, "listen. I'm going to fix this play. I don't know how we'll work it, but I'm going to fix it. I *won't* let you go into Broadway like this."

I could see her eyes in the mirror. For a moment there was that interest, that spark of excitement in them. And then it faded.

"But why?" she said. "Even if it's a hit, why?"

"But—" I said. She flung out a hand.

"Why bother? What have I to look forward to? Another year like last year. Fighting with you. Giving in. Saying what you tell me, wearing what you tell me, doing what you tell me. Not being anything without you. Not having anything of my own." She shook her head. "No."

I don't think I even understood her. "Mary," I said, "is that what it's been for you?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, it has, Hick. And I don't want it again. It's too lonely."

I sat down. "Sure," I said. "I know. But it's all part of the business, baby." I sighed. "Well, too bad you don't love me. That would fix everything."

Mary turned around deliberately, stared up at me, stared with amazement in her eyes.

"But, you fool," she said, "I do. That's the trouble."

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

India Won't Wait

Britain cracks down on India's All-or-Nothing fight for freedom

An uncensored article written in Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi and radioed from Manila

BY JIM MARSHALL

IF YOU LIKE Boating
-OR Fishing
-OR Canoeing
-OR Camping
-OR Swimming
-You'll have TWICE the fun with an EVINRUDE!
180577

• *It's really great* . . . the way an Evinrude "fits in" with your favorite outdoor sport . . . and doubles your enjoyment of every hour on the water! Do you like *fishing?* Everywhere canny fishermen use Evinrudes — catch more fish — have more fun — no laborious rowing — just downright *pleasure*! Do you like canoeing, swimming, camping, exploring? This year, learn what fun they *really* can be . . . with an Evinrude!

And Evinruding is so easy, so inexpensive to enjoy! Evinrude prices now start at only $29.95 — operating cost is as low as 2 cents an hour. 9 models to choose from. 3 smart and handy singles, 4 thrilling 4-cylinder models — *the smoothest on the water!* 6 models available with Evinrude's famed Simplex Starter for only a few dollars additional cost. *See your Evinrude dealer* . . . his name is listed in your classified telephone directory under "Outboard Motors". Any Evinrude may be bought on easy time payments. Write for catalogs.

Address, EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4495 North 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

CATALOGS FREE! Evinrude catalog, and catalog of 6 Elto models priced as low as $26.50 — also helpful Boat-and-Motor Selector and Boat Directory of Leading Builders—FREE. Write today!

4-Cylinder ZEPHYR
Standard Model $127.50.
With Simplex Starter as shown, $134.50.

An EVINRUDE FOR AS LITTLE AS $29.95

All Prices F.O.B. Factory

EVINRUDE 1940
EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

I KISSED 1000 Babes

HEAD BABY KISSER

...CAMPAIGNING FOR KLEENEX! IT'S THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE FOR A BILLION USES--TO REMOVE LIPSTICK MARKS--TO KEEP YOUR NOSE FROM GETTING SORE DURING COLDS AND HAY FEVER.
(from a letter by B. M. W., Indianapolis, Ind.)

"Tell me Another" says KLEENEX and win $5.00
for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Ill.

THIS IS NO BULL!
I USED TO HATE PICNICS UNTIL I LET KLEENEX HELP ME. IT'S PERFECT TO WRAP SANDWICHES, SALT AND SILVER ...MAKES IT EASY TO CLEAN PLATES, POTS AND PANS. SWELL FOR NAPKINS TOO, AND AS BANDAGES WHEN THE KIDDIES SCRATCH THEMSELVES.
(from a letter by C. H. L., Highland Park, Ill.)

MOVE OVER ROVER!
WAS I IN THE DOG-HOUSE WHEN I BROUGHT HOME A SUBSTITUTE FOR KLEENEX! EVERY ONE MISSED THAT SWELL SERV-A-TISSUE BOX THAT ENDS WASTE BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE KLEENEX AT A TIME.
(from a letter by L. W. Valhalla, N. Y.)

CAMP FLAMBEAU

CAMPERS--DON'T FORGET KLEENEX KEEPS YOUR GOOD LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS FROM GETTING LOST AND IT'S THE PERFECT DUSTER; SWELL WIPER-UPPER; MAKES FISHING TACKLE SHINE LIKE NEW!
(from a letter by Camp Director F. S., Eagle River, Wis.)

DO YOU KNOW...
...THAT SMART MOTORISTS ALWAYS CARRY KLEENEX IN THE CAR TO KEEP WINDSHIELD, SEATS AND STEERING WHEEL FREE FROM DUST AND GREASE! BETTER GET A SUPPLY FOR YOUR CAR TODAY!

Adopt the Kleenex Habit

What Happened at Narvik

Continued from page 11

take Narvik, three more destroyers had swept into the depths of the Harjangs Fjord beyond Narvik, bombarded and taken the Elvergaards Moen military base after a two-hour battle. Then the garrison retired into the hills out of the range of the naval guns blocking the passage on the road northward to Tromsoe, where a landing force of 1,500 Germans was supposed to make contact with German raiders attacking the Tromsoe naval base. The Tromsoe raiders failed, and Tuesday afternoon their ship joined forces with the Narvik fleet. Ten destroyers and two submarines assembled in Narvik to get the latest orders from Germany by the short-wave radio set up at General Headquarters, two others were reported guarding the entrance to the Ofot Fjord.

The British Take Their Turn

The occupation had been too easy for the Germans. They were so cautious not to provoke shooting in the town that they contented themselves with taking the skis from Norwegian soldiers and leaving them their arms and ammunition while sending them home, until they realized that the soldiers were taking to the hills instead. Then they issued the order to shoot on sight any able-bodied man leaving town, and the soldiers were disarmed.

Everyone prepared for what surely would follow—a British attack. Narvik women bundled their clothes and rushed with the children to the surrounding villages hidden in the hills and fjords. The Germans let them go and sent patrols on to Falgerness, dominating Narvik, and began building pillboxes and anti-aircraft positions. The merchant fleet still in the harbor was rearranged and anchored across the narrow entrance. Five German destroyers lay behind this curtain while others went to mount the guard in the fjords.

At 4:30 A.M. Wednesday, April 10th, the British came. A squadron of British destroyers sent the patrol of German destroyers scurrying back down the fjord. The British dashed to the entrance of the harbor, firing at the Germans hidden behind the barrier of merchant ships. Two German destroyers posted behind the Framsnes Point joined their fire with the light batteries there. Sixteen merchant ships went down before the British fire, including all the English merchantmen with their precious cannon which, during the lull of the first day, the Germans had forgotten to remove ashore. One German destroyer went down in the harbor and one British at the entrance. Sweeping on to the base of the near-by Harjangs Fjord, the British engaged in a serious battle, lost one more ship and drove another aground, while the Germans had two of their destroyers driven ashore, crippled and ablaze, and more sunk. In a half-hour the British ended their reconnaissance raid and raced back to the open sea. Observers in Narvik state they saw two more British destroyers go down in the Ofot Fjord. Another one reached Svolvaer on West Fjord, so crippled that it had to beach itself for repairs. The British had removed more than half of the available shipping in German hands, had weakened harbor defenses and had prevented the Germans from dismantling guns from British merchantmen for shore batteries and had come within an ace of sinking the Germans' most precious possession—the supply ship Jan Wellem, loaded with 10,000 tons of food, arms, ammunition and artillery.

The Germans realized it had been a close shave and drew the Jan Wellem alongside the customs quay and concentrated men to unload her. They built land munition dumps and gun positions and fortifications from which to repel the landing party which was sure to come. They also began to move Finnish arms supplies on the merchandise quay to a safer place. The Germans worked hard and fast. They put out fires on the two beached destroyers and towed them alongside an iron-ore quay in the lee of protecting Framsnes Hill, whence they could shoot out into the fjord and not be touched by gunfire from outside. They had almost three full days of relative calm to work in before the British came to take their final revenge.

At 5 P.M. Friday, April 12th, a squadron of ten British planes from an airplane carrier anchored in the fjord to the north near Harstad made a final reconnaissance and bombed a section of the harbor. Antiaircraft batteries on destroyers on Framsnes Point and Falgerness Mountain maintained a heavy fire while planes swooped low over the town, the port, the mountain and the fjords, photographing everything in sight. No planes were shot down and only a few buildings along the harbor edge—including both the British and the German consulates, were shelled and destroyed. Warning of a final attack was given but the Germans, who were unable to force the tight blockade now maintained across the mountain of Ofot Fjord, could only hasten repairs on the damaged ships and strengthen their posts along the mountainside.

The final British naval attack was relentless, cold, thorough. When it ended not a single seaworthy ship remained in Narvik and the German force was isolated.

The Warspite Comes In

At noon on Saturday, April 13th, the mutter of guns like thunder rolled in from the sea. One German submarine ran to the harbor entrance and dived. Gunfire moved inland steadily toward the town as German destroyer patrols scurried back to the sheltering fjord. A second submarine unmoored and dived as it slipped out of the harbor entrance. Within sight of Narvik, in full sunlight, a British squadron, weaving back and forth across the fjord, hammered its broadsides into the port and the fleet. The battleship Warspite, protected by a screen of destroyers, poured a stream of shells from her heavy gun turrets. One of the two seaworthy German destroyers in the harbor tried to slip out and was sunk at the entrance. The other got out. One broadside hit the Jan Wellem and the customs quay and laid them on the bottom in a tangle of wood and steel as a blinding explosion burst the remaining munitions aboard. Another struck the remaining munitions for Finland on the dock, and several others swept away the superstructure of two damaged destroyers lying in the lee of the iron-ore quay. The Warspite then turned its guns on Framsnes Fort and, in fifteen minutes of steady fire, had leveled it to the ground. All this time German destroyers raced about trying to bring the British destroyers within range of their smaller guns, but the British destroyers stayed around the Warspite while she finished her work.

Having demolished all the danger points at Narvik, the Warspite moved in on the German destroyers, driving them to the base of Harjangs Fjord.

Seeing they were trapped, the Germans laid a heavy smoke screen and scooted about behind this curtain, hoping still to get a chance at the British destroyers. But a high-flying naval plane continued to shoot the range and one more German went to the bottom. The remaining three destroyers, still hoping to take a few more British to the bottom with them, slipped into Rombak Fjord.

Two kilometers wide at the entrance, Rombak Fjord runs twenty-three kilometers through high mountain cliffs and ends at the base of a towering 800-meter mountain. The British fleet moved up on a chessboard of fjords and bottled the entrance. For another fifteen minutes the Warspite tried unsuccessfully to get the range of the barking German destroyers and finally allowed two British destroyers to slip into the fjord to give battle. The Germans grabbed their chance, sank one British destroyer and crippled the other. Thereafter the British continued shelling from a distance, but gradually driving the Germans toward the end of the fjord.

When no room was left the Germans, whose munitions now were low, ordered their crews ashore with rifles. The fjord precipices, which had been echoing for three hours to this gigantic cannonade, were suddenly rent by three sharp explosions. Flags fluttering, the last German destroyers which had participated in the battle of Narvik settled near shore at the base of Rombak Fjord.

The British turned and went out of the fjord, firing a few broadsides at isolated land batteries on Falgerness and setting afire a gasoline oil depot as they passed the town. The Norwegians report two German destroyers managed to break through to the sea from the entrance of Abot Fjord at the start of this last naval encounter and escaped.

Germany Presses the Fight

I, with a Norwegian ski patrol, was a witness to the final stage of that battle in Rombak Fjord. From our vantage point on the Rombak we watched as the curtain went down on this Wagnerian drama. The German Naval Commander Bonte went down with the remnants of his fleet in truly Valkyrian grandeur, in a setting that would have aroused the emotions of any man. Even the Norwegian soldiers with me looked depressed. We were all silent for some time, then one of them shook his head, "We're glad they're gone, but it was a brave fight. They didn't act like the Graf Spee."

From that day on, German patrols attacking the almost impregnable Norwegian positions on Rombak height, guarding the valley and last ten kilometers of railroad to Sweden, increased in numbers and activity. The Germans who came at us were young, tall, trim, alert. They were all mountain boys from Austria and southern Bavaria and they could ski almost as well as the Norwegian soldiers. They had been beautifully equipped for this expedition with proper warm clothing, excellent ski boots and plenty of light automatic weapons. From Hundalen on the railroad and from Elvergaards Moen in the fjord they swarmed up over the mountain. Just a week after taking Narvik, at dawn on the morning of April 16th, their fierce attack succeeded. They took the mountain peaks dominating us on three sides and stormed a Norwegian force of 250 in the valley. We few civilians and about 175 Norwegians got across the frontier by a hairsbreadth.

Within three hours after taking the heights the Germans landed their first plane from the south on the cleared surface of tiny lakes cupped by hills. A new source of supply for the garrison holding Narvik had been opened and thereafter, daily, a stream of transport planes came with supplies and men. Even in the difficult position, without ships, the Germans did not give up their offensive spirit. Hearing the Allies were landing in the fjords farther north, they made a new attempt to thrust northward on the road from Elvergaards Moen to Tromsoe and broke through the mountain pass where the Norwegians had held them ten days, reaching Gratangen on the first fjord in the Harstad area. But the Allied landing was some fjords north, and German tenacity cost them their first major land defeat in the Narvik region. The Germans reached Gratangen only to find all available buildings ablaze. They soon discovered the Norwegians had closed in behind them and they were trapped without enough shelter, and short of food and munitions. According to Norwegian military reports, of a full battalion of Germans 150 were killed by snipers and the remainder surrendered to the Norwegians after six days' fighting.

No Sit-Down Fighting

On April 22d, the Allies placed their first landing party in Narvik itself. Steaming into the harbor under the Falgerness Mountain batteries, the British placed their troops in the village of Falgerness and moved along the harbor's edge to the mountain spur where Narvik's houses begin.

From the north, expert ski troops of the Norwegian Sixth Division, plus Canadian and French Chasseurs-Alpins, began slowly to advance over the mountains to try and regain the railroad positions on the Swedish border and cut off a retreat for the Narvik garrison before the final assault was made.

The naval battles in Narvik so far have been the most costly this war has yet produced. In five days 27 merchant ships, totaling approximately 243,000 tons, were sunk or blasted ashore. Twenty-six thousand tons of Norwegian battleships were sunk, ten German destroyers of the latest type, averaging 1,800 tons each, have been sunk or grounded, and seven British destroyers have been sunk or driven ashore and others severely damaged (British and German navies aren't likely to agree with these figures which are based on reports of the most thoroughly competent eyewitnesses I could find to supplement what I saw myself). Until the belligerents tell the full tale of Narvik these figures will have to stand. A dozen competent sea captains, sailors and shipping experts who came from Narvik since the close of naval fighting insist that more than 2,500 sailors were drowned there. Narvik saw no sit-down fighting but classical, warlike slaughter and destruction.

A reliable German friend just returned from Berlin told me this story: Hitler, following the report of the Narvik fighting with anxiety, finally decided he must speak personally with his friend General Dietz, commanding the forces in Narvik. He ordered a special plane with radio-telephone to proceed from Oslo to Rombak heights. Once aloft over the fjord, which had become a graveyard for his ships, Dietz rendered an account of the situation. It was April 20th, Hitler's birthday. Dietz boasted of the morale of his troops and reported he had saved sufficient arms and munitions to fight off any attack on the town itself, but asked for more food and medical supplies. Hitler congratulated him and said, "We will get supplies to your brave brigade even if we must blast our way to join you. We must hold Narvik at any cost."

Narvik, one hundred miles above the Arctic Circle, has become the immediate axis of the European war. More than one battle promises to be fought around it before this war is over.

He talks like a champion diver... BUT DOES A "BELLY-BUSTER" OFF THE SPRINGBOARD

Anyone Can Make Big Claims...
But Performance is What Counts

Prove this Performance at our Risk!

We absolutely guarantee that Alemite Motor Oil will Go Farther—and Last Longer—than any other oil you've ever used or it doesn't cost you a penny!

Prove It At Our Risk!

Have your crankcase filled with genuine ALEMITE Motor Oil... and keep the sales slip. Then if you don't drive farther than ever before without needing to add oil, send us the sales slip and we'll refund every cent you paid!

Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago
Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

ALEMITE
PENNSYLVANIA
MOTOR OIL

ALEMITE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
100% Pure Super-Pennsylvania
MOTOR OIL
ANOTHER STEWART-WARNER PRODUCT

A GREAT MAN MADE THIS DRY SMOKING PIPE FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

Back in 1893, Paul Kreuger was president of the Boers. During the Boer War he was military leader of this gallant little country. Kreuger was respected and loved by his people who affectionately called him OOM—a positive term of endearment. The pipe which he smoked was the same shape you see here. This pipe is therefore fittingly called OOM PAUL. Men who travel much meet OOM PAUL PIPES all over the world. This famous pipe is presented to you in a special money-saving offer by . . .

THE HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER, Ltd.

ONLY PURE SMOKE RISES

ALL JUICES FALL IN THIS WELL

TOBACCO HERE

OOM-PAUL PIPE

It's a sturdy fine friendly pipe—looks good—smokes good—and keeps sweet. It's hand-carved, of finest imported root briar—it stays cool to the touch. The deep bowl holds lots of tobacco—lasts through a long radio program or a novel. Great when you sit and chat—and don't want to refill. Greater still because that "well" will keep your smoke dry and pure. Just look at the amazing bargain Westminster offers you.

FINE FOR A FISHING TRIP

A REAL HOME COMPANION

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

ALL for $1.00 POST PAID

OOM-PAUL PIPE $2.50

and 2 packs

ORIGINAL BLEND 53 RUM and MAPLE PIPE MIXTURE 50c

TOTAL VALUE $3.00

You only send $1.00

AMERICA'S NO. 1 FINE TOBACCO

Original AND GENUINE RUM and MAPLE BLEND 53 PIPE MIXTURE

There never was a tobacco like it. It's a master mixture of costly sun-bright Virginia, North Carolina and Syrian Latakia tobaccos blended in the English tradition, then infused with genuine Jamaica Rum and pure Vermont Maple Sugar. On sale wherever fine tobacco is sold—25c per package.

25c EACH was 70c

MONEY BACK Maybe you won't like the OOM PAUL—just maybe. If you don't, Westminster cheerfully refunds your money and you can keep the pipe and tobacco. Send postcard for C.O.D. shipment, you pay the postman $1.00 plus 18c C.O.D. fee or pin a dollar bill, check, money-order or stamps to your letter and save 18c. A free catalog of Westminster Pipe and tobacco bargains sent with each order.

THE HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER, Ltd.

Tobacconists & Pipe Purveyors

191-C Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Man Who Nominated a President

Continued from page 10

to bed. I slept until about nine, and then a feller came pounding on my door and waked me up saying that our delegation would have a caucus. Well, I got dressed in a hurry and we all went to the senator's suite and when we were all there and the door was locked, the senator got up and he said:

"Well," he said, "I know you will be pleased to know that the deadlock is about to be broken. I have confidential information that the Andrews faction is going over to Benjamin."

About half of the bunch gave a little cheer at this.

"That," the senator said, "will give Benjamin 563 votes or about 12 less than a majority. On the other hand, I am given to understand that the Bellows group is going over to Hyder."

So the other half of the bunch gave a cheer.

"And that will give Hyder 565 votes, or about ten less than a majority." So now he stopped for a while and, of course, everybody was quiet as if they were so many mice, as they say. "Therefore," the senator said, "it appears that the decisive voice in this momentous moment will be ours. I want to announce that I am now going to release your votes in favor of—" He stopped and straightened up to look as dignified as he could. And that is when he had that stroke, George. He all of a sudden fell over and one of the docs that was in our delegation kneeled over him and he said: "He's dead!"

Well, of course, George, it was a great shock to all of us and most of the delegation was all excited about it. Personally, to be frank with you, George, I did not pay it as much attention as I should've. Of course, I was sorry about this tragedy happening to the senator but I will tell you the truth. I had a date with Gertrude for lunch that noon and all this time I was figuring out if it would be a good idea to pop the question at her, as they say. What worried me is if she would have me. I kind of had the idea she liked me a lot, but whenever I thought about her marrying me it would come to me: why, Joe, you are just a small-town businessman and not even handsome.

So the short of it was, George, I come to the opinion that I would be a fool even to mention it. But, of course, that did not make me feel any better; and, in fact, it only made me feel worse.

THEN at about eleven o'clock a call come for our delegation to caucus again, so we gathered in Long John's suite. Well, Long John got up and he said: "Well, there ain't any use arguing who the senator wanted us to vote for, because it don't mean anything now. The only thing to do is to poll the delegation. We're bound by the unit rule, so whoever the majority votes for will get our 13 votes. So let's vote."

So he went from one end of the room to the other and asked each one to pick between Hyder and Benjamin and as each one voted he made a record of it. Now, it so happened that I was in the far corner and by the time it came to me, why, everybody had voted and just as Hank was asking me, Long John came up and he said:

"Well, Joe Hooper, it looks like it's up to you. The vote is 13 in favor of Benjamin and 12 in favor of Hyder. If you vote in favor of Benjamin it will be settled, and if you vote in favor of Hyder, we will have a stalemate."

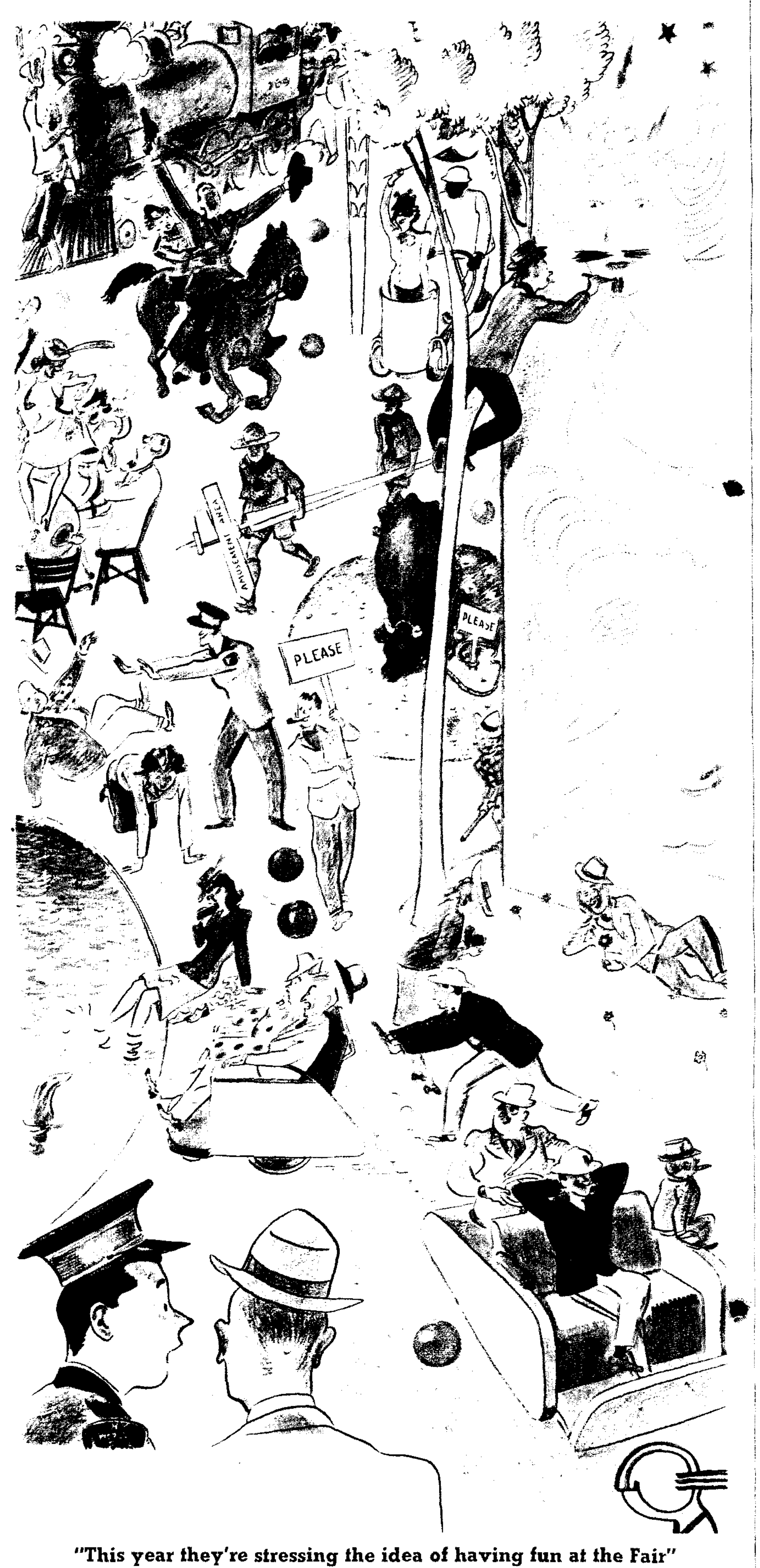
Well, as a matter of fact, I had been thinking about Gertrude and I hadn't thought about who to vote for. And when Long John put it up to me like that, why, all of a sudden I got kind of paralyzed, George. And no wonder, George. Think what you would feel like if your vote was the one that nominated the next President of the United States. I did not say anything for a while and then finally I said:

"Boys," I said, "this is a mighty serious decision you are asking me to make and frankly, boys, I do not know what to do. Boys, you have got to give me a little time to think it over."

"But what is there to think about?" Long John said. "The majority wants Benjamin. Why don't you string along with the majority, Joe?"

"There ain't any majority yet," Hiram Brown said. "According to my arithmetic 13 is only half of 26 and not more. Hooper is right, this is a serious business and I think we should give him some time to think it over."

Long John didn't like the idea, but finally he agreed to it. So I went to my room and I sat down in the easy chair



"This year they're stressing the idea of having fun at the Fair"

GARRETT PRICE

Mr. and Mrs. W[illegible] C[illegible]th [illegible] *in Highland Park* [illegible] *T[illegible] guests in for dinner. "W[illegible] custom with us," Mrs. [illegible] says. "I [illegible] at each place, then serve red Claret or pale Hock wine with [illegible] course. Our friends tell us they never knew food could [illegible] delicious as it does with wine."*

Mr. Gerald Wilson *(above center)* **of Jackson, Michigan, writes:** *"I notice that more and more of my friends nowadays choose a moderate beverage like wine. Sherry gets the call most frequently at my house. It's an especially good man's drink, served alone or with cocktail snacks."*

From hosts and hostesses everywhere comes word

"So many people now prefer Wine"

Folks report more and more of their guests appreciate an opportunity to stay on the moderate side

It has amazed people who entertain a lot. Today at almost every party they notice increasing numbers of their guests prefer wine. Rapidly, in almost every city and town, the custom of wine serving has swept into vogue.

Popular hosts and hostesses believe there is a reason for it. So many people, they discover, like to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves. And that's one thing about wine — it's a leisurely kind of beverage, a natural part of more gracious, more considerate hospitality.

Men and women find they prefer to sip wine slowly. To linger, as a connoisseur does, over the delicate bouquet, the subtle satisfying taste.

And serving wine because it makes for an easier, more enjoyable evening, people notice it is surprisingly inexpensive. The reasonable price of good wine, many report, is a welcome help in balancing the entertainment budget.

Why don't you try offering your guests an opportunity to choose wine? Nothing is easier, for discriminating hosts and hostesses in America serve their wines very simply today. Some suggestions, to start with, are printed at the left.

Dine at a hotel during **NATIONAL HOTEL WEEK, JUNE 2-8**
. . . and enjoy a glass of good wine with your meal

All you need to know to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or refreshments, called *sweet* wines . . .

With your dinner — served in portions about half the size of a water goblet, try:

Burgundy, which is red, full flavored — the perfect complement to roast of beef, steak, turkey

Sauterne, which is golden, slightly sweet—grand with chicken, fish, any mildly flavored main dish

At the appetizer hour, with dessert, or in the afternoon or evening (usually served in cocktail size glasses) try:

Sherry, which is amber, mellow yet piquant — the ideal before-dinner wine with appetizers

Muscatel, which is the color of old gold, rich, sweet with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes

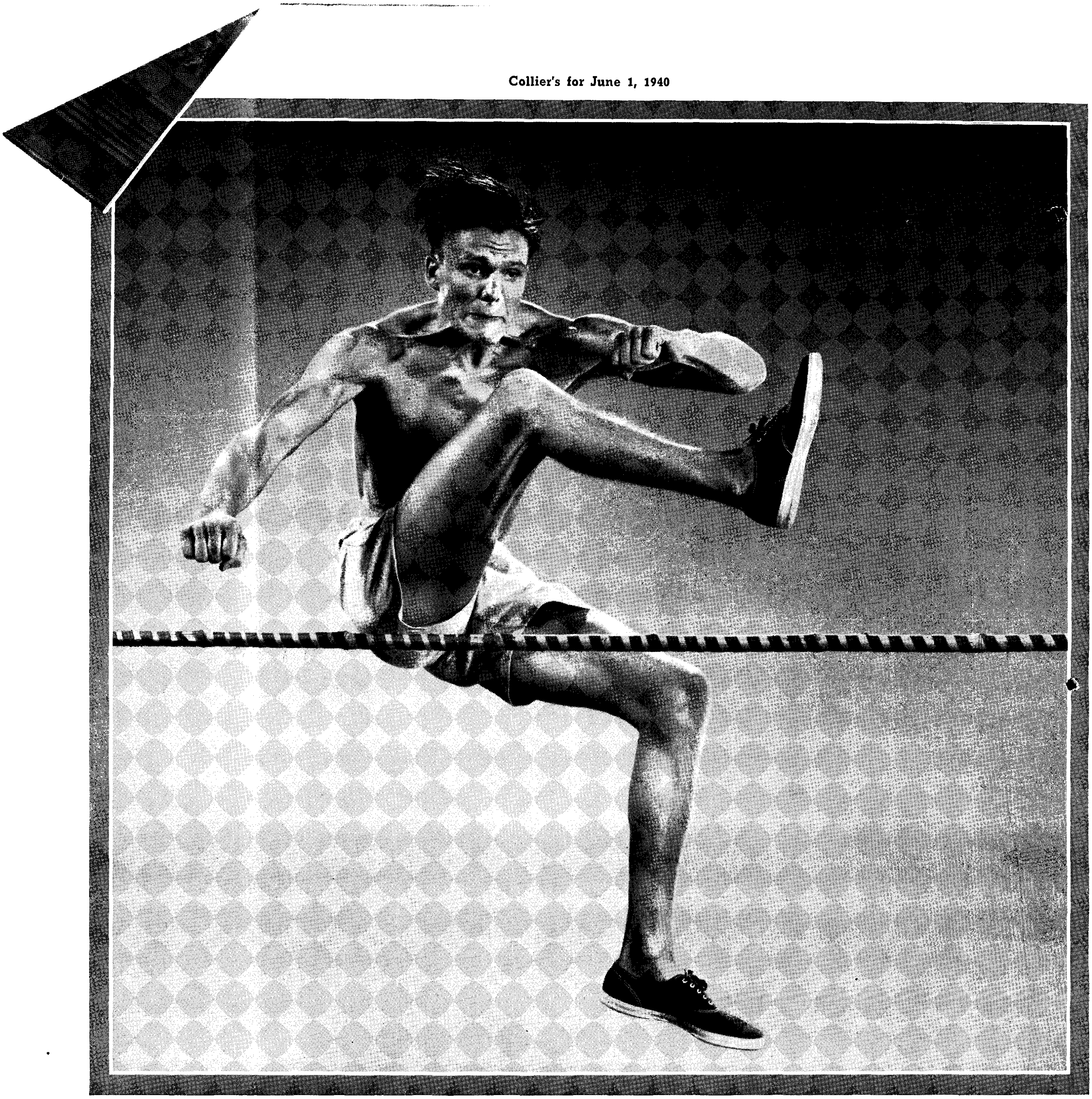
THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California,
acting through the Wine Advisory Board,
85 Second Street, San Francisco

Mrs. Loughton T. Smith of Dallas, Texas, *is a popular and gracious hostess. She says: "These sunny afternoons I like to have guests drop in at my house. I usually bring out sandwiches or cakes and a wine like Sauterne. It's appreciated by everyone these days."*



A hard picture to get—but Agfa Film got it!

Is there any limit?

THERE IS PRACTICALLY no limit to the quality your pictures can achieve.

May we suggest, as a first step toward improving them, that you load your camera with Agfa Film?

For all-around photographs that you'll be proud of, use Agfa Plenachrome. There is also a complete line of Agfa Films designed to fit your every need regardless of what type of photography interests you most.

All Agfa Films bring you that famous "extra margin of quality" which helps you get the best results under ordinary conditions and *surprisingly good* results even when conditions are far from favorable.

Agfa Film helps you get clear, sparkling pictures, with sharp detail and attractive lights and shadows.

Buy Agfa Film today... and get better pictures. Every roll of Agfa Film is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!" ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York. Made in U. S. A.***

Agfa Film

Agfa
Plenachrome Film

The only film that guarantees "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Agfa

and I lit my pipe and I began to think about it. I thought to myself, well, the only way my vote will do any good would be to vote for Benjamin. But I will tell you frankly, George, I did not care for Benjamin so much for President. The way I figured he was a little too young and, although he had a fine record as attorney general in his state, still he didn't have much experience in national or especially international affairs. And also I didn't like some of the ideas of that crowd behind him.

But, on the other hand, I thought to myself it would certainly please Gertrude if he got the nomination. But I will be frank with you, George, as soon as that idea came to me I put it out of my way because, after all, a President would have to do more than just please her. And yet I couldn't see how I could do anything else. I saw that, after all, I didn't really have any choice here because it wasn't as if I was choosing between the two of them. The only thing I could do was either give the nomination to Benjamin or make a stalemate, and if I made a stalemate it would only lead to a lot of undercover work until they got some other feller to change his vote. So about the time I finished the pipe I had about decided I would string along with Benjamin.

But right then there was a knock on my door and who should come in but Hank Crowder.

"Joe," he said, "I have decided to play along with you. So I have withdrawn my vote in favor of Benjamin and I will throw it with you."

I nearly got a stroke myself at that news. I could not say anything. Hank pulled up a chair and sat down.

"Joe," he said, "if we work this right, we have got the whole thing in the palm of our hands."

I still could not say anything.

"Only we will have to work fast, Joe," he said. "Here is the situation: As long as the senator was boss we were all for him, although in the fighting Long John favored Hyder and Hiram favored Benjamin. But Long John and Hiram never did get along very well anyhow. So now each one of them is hankering to take over the senator's place and, of course, if either one of them could swing us over to either candidate, why, he would be sitting pretty."

"Just where do you stand, Hank?" I asked him.

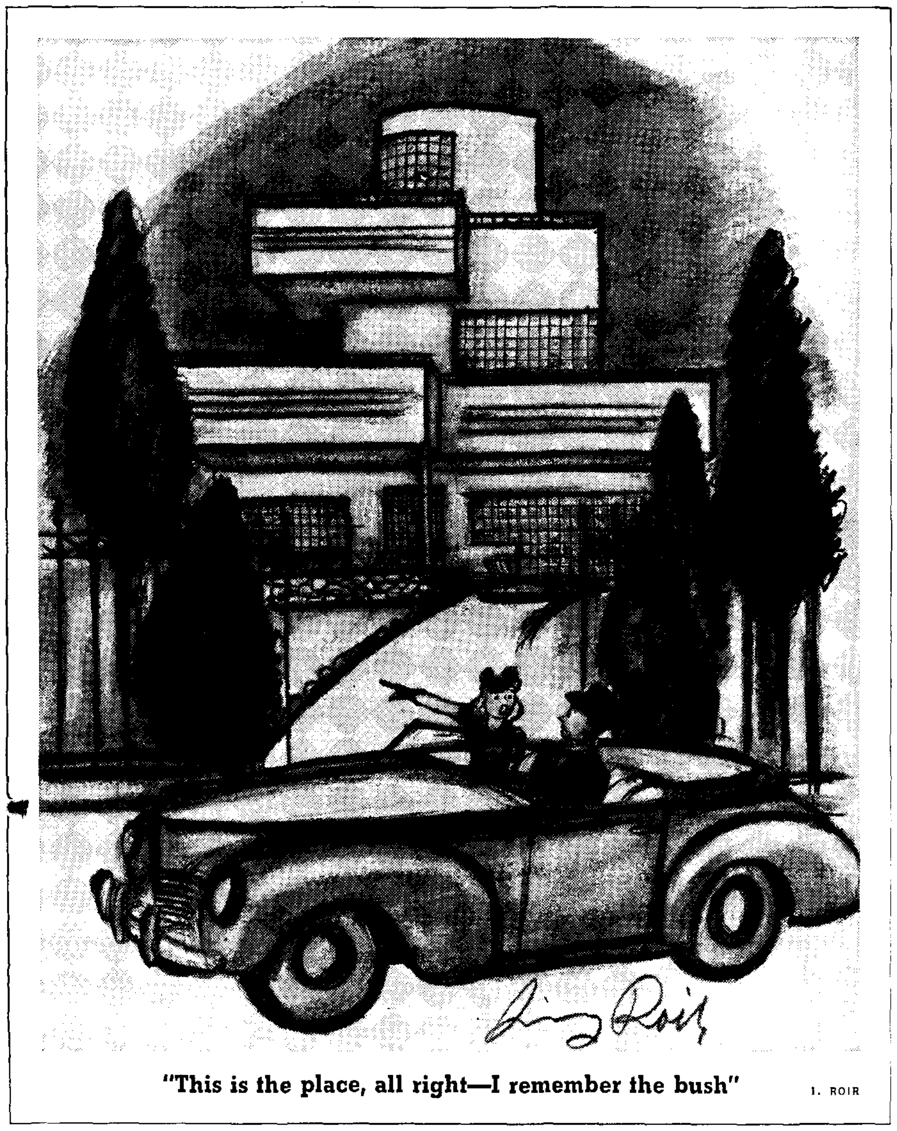
"You and I, Joe," he said, "are in the middle and we have got the strings in our hands and we can do the asking and the getting. There ain't any reason why we couldn't shove both Long John and Hiram out of the way and do things our way. But we can't wait too long. A hour or two, all right; but if we wait longer this whole thing is like to bust up on us and we'll have a dogfight like they had in '24. And neither you nor I want that. So who do you pick?"

WELL, George, I was mad as hotel and I was going to tell him a thing or two, but about then there was more knocking on the door and it opened and in walked a couple tons of senators and congressmen and national committeemen. Hank whispered to me:

"Now, listen, Joe, don't tell them right off. When you decide, tell me and I will go over and talk turkey. See?"

The senators shook my hand and patted me on the back and called me Joe and mentioned what a fine guy Hyder was, while the national committeemen talked to Hank in the farthest corner. After they went out another bunch of senators and national committeemen came in and began to do the same thing, only these said what a fine fellow Benjamin was and how he would lead the party to certain victory. After they went out Hank closed the door and grinned.

"Well, Joe," he said, "who'll it be? It don't make any difference to me and both are mighty fine men and will give us about as good a deal. Patrick, Hy-



"This is the place, all right—I remember the bush"

I. ROIR

Is your windshield ASKING FOR AN ACCIDENT?

Check Up on your windshield today. You need *clear vision* as well as good brakes to help you avoid accidents. A few minutes with *Bon Ami Cake* will remove every trace of dust, dirt, bug-spots and sticky stains from the glass . . . leave it polished so *crystal-clear* you hardly know it's there!

No Dangerous "Oily Film"! That's another important reason for cleaning your windshield with *Bon Ami Cake.* Bon Ami not only gets the glass thoroughly clean, but leaves no dangerous "oily film" to attract dust or distort vision at night when two-thirds of the fatal accidents occur.

Easy Work! No hard rubbing necessary with *Bon Ami Cake.* Just apply a *thin, even coating* of Bon Ami to the glass, and wipe off while still slightly damp. It's quick. It's thorough. And, in addition, many motorists report windshields cleaned the Bon Ami way tend to "shed" dirt and stay clean longer. Try it.

Keep a Cake and cloth handy in the pocket of your car.

"HASN'T SCRATCHED YET!"

BON AMI CAKE

Tested and Approved ★ 723 Good Housekeeping Bureau

LAVORIS

A Refined Habit

Mouth care is a habit — Mouth health the result

HAWAIIAN WIGGLERS

get action, catch more fish!

"My wife and I caught these fish in Ontario on your No. 3 Hawaiian Wiggler. Its wiggling rubber skirts sure provide plenty of action. Their effect is much better than pork rind. We caught plenty of fish most anytime of day on these weedless "Hawaiians."
—L. M. Mason, Lake Ave., Cleveland

A joy to cast. Most action you ever saw in water. Squirms thru weeds and gets fish where other baits can't.

Scores of similar letters tell of big catches made with these remarkable Hawaiians. If you want more action, more fish, use Hawaiian Wigglers. See your dealer or send 75c for a No. 3 Hawaiian (postpaid) with its rubber Hula skirt in striking colors. You won't be disappointed. Write for free catalog.

No. 3 Hawaiian—75c
Extra skirt—15c

FRED ARBOGAST 101 North St., Akron, Ohio

HE KNOWS that even "nine lives" are Endangered by Poor Brakes

YOU safeguard lives when you make sure your brakes are emergency-safe by having them relined with *Raybestos.* The advanced lining materials developed by *Raybestos*—tested under conditions more severe than your car will ever encounter—enable you to meet every emergency of modern motoring, with quick, smooth stops.

Free For safety's sake, have a Raybestos Brake Service man pull a wheel every 2,500 miles and show you the actual condition of your brake lining. Takes only a few minutes and costs you nothing.

Raybestos

AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLING BRAKE LINING

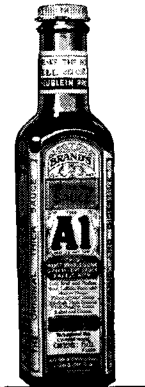
"YOUR 2 BEST FRIENDS for HIGHWAY SAFETY"

BRAKE LINING, CLUTCH FACINGS, FAN BELTS, HOSE • FOR CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES

A Lady In Distress?

IF YOU have financial worries—now is the time to help yourself. Send for our booklet, *"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents."* It has helped thousands of girls and women to earn spare time money.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. 110
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



add ZEST to TOMATO JUICE WITH A·1 SAUCE

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

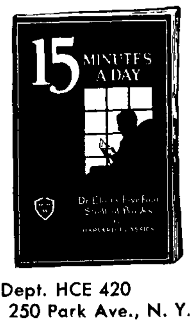
Their First Investment—

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

What should a family's very first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success depends principally upon his and her mental growth.

Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

More than 400,000 families have found the answer to these questions with the help of



You need not decide now. Simply mail the coupon for the Free booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which has brought new happiness to thousands who have sent for it. Also, for a limited time only, we will send you "Men Behind the Classics" which contains dramatic biographies of men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics. A fine piece of literature. Both of these booklets will be sent you free, postpaid and without obligation.

Please Address Dept. HCE 420
P. F. Collier & Son Corp., 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

der's manager, told me they would go so far as making you ambassador to Panrica or someplace suitable."

"Ambassador," I said, and I sat down in a chair with the shock. By this time, George, I was groggy. But just then I thought of Gertrude and I remembered the date I had with her. So I jumped up and said:

"Hank, I forgot but I have got a date."

"Well, I guess you can have another half-hour or so to think it over. But don't take longer. This situation is dynamite and it might blow up right in our hands."

I rushed down to the eleventh floor and picked Gertrude up and we went down to the Fountain Room again. As soon as I looked at her, I felt better.

"You look a little worried," she said.

"I suppose so," I said, "you know we've had quite a time in our delegation."

"Yes, I've heard. Isn't it too bad about the senator?"

"Yeah," I said, "he wasn't such a bad old codger—for a politician."

She screwed up her face and said:

"Remember my uncle is a politician."

"No, he isn't," I said, making a quick comeback, "he's a statesman."

She laughed.

The waiter came and we ordered and after he left I looked at her and I said:

"You look a little worried yourself, Gertrude. Working too hard, I'll bet."

She sighed: "It's no use denying it, Joe. Yes, I'm worried. It's all this uncertainty. And it's all so important to me, too."

"I guess you're naturally anxious for your uncle to get the nomination?"

"Anxious isn't the word," she said. "It's practically a matter of life and death. Oh, I guess I might as well tell you. I don't know why, but somehow I feel as if we were—oh, old friends. You see, we're actually not very well off. I mean my father and my family. And, in fact, Dad has been without a job except this temporary one with the campaign committee of my uncle. And—well, you see, Joe, there are five of us. I'm the oldest and, of course, I can take care of myself. But I have two sisters and a brother just ready for college, and the youngest one is ready for prep school. We haven't been worrying because we were sure Uncle Jim would get the nomination and would be elected and in that case Dad would get some good position. He's very capable, really, only lately he's been unlucky. A strike a few years ago ruined his business and—oh, well," she said bravely, "maybe it isn't as bad as they say. Maybe Uncle Jim will win after all."

Well, my mind made itself up right then. In fact, I even figured a way of getting around that ambassador thing. It come to me, all of a sudden: What the hotel, if Hyder was willing to do that I guess Benjamin will, too. I'll just tell Hank to ask for it. Then with her uncle getting the nomination and me being an ambassador, of course she'll marry me.

"Why, certainly," I said, "my understanding is it's all but arranged, my dear. So stop worrying about it. Let's think of something pleasant. Now, how would you feel if when all the shouting is over, some time tonight, we were to get away from all this crowd and find some nice place where we could have a quiet meal and talk and dance?"

"That would be lovely," she said. "Of course, that is if Uncle wins. If he doesn't, I'm afraid I won't be in a mood to celebrate."

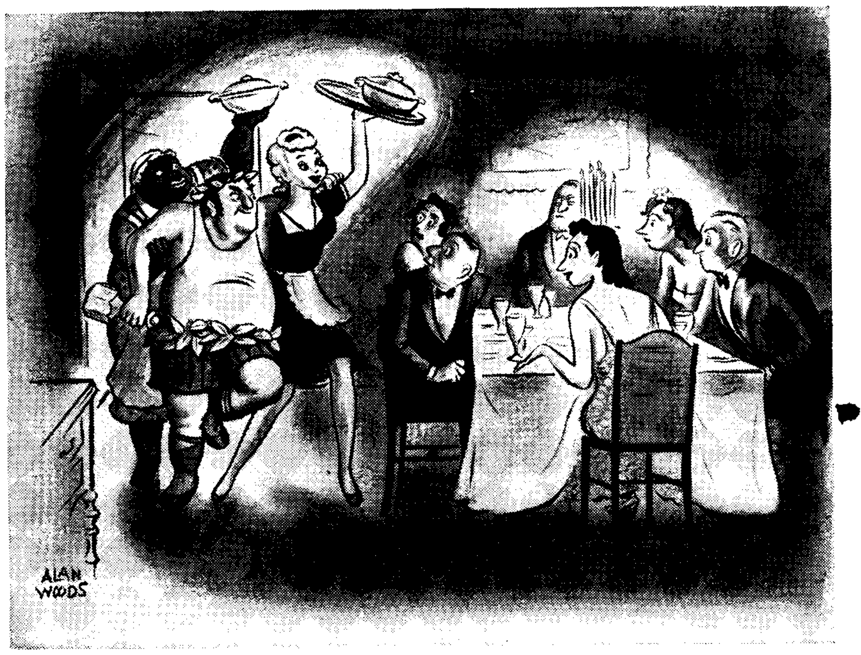
"Good," I said, "remember, as soon as it's settled I'll call for you."

WELL, I took her up to the eleventh floor and I went up to ours looking for Hank. But I couldn't find him and finally I went down to the lobby looking for him and while I was standing in front of a pillar looking around I heard a couple fellers talking in a corner.

"Listen," one was saying, "I tell you it's all settled. I was just up there and Tim Hartley assured me of that himself. It seems he got Benjamin's niece to work on this fellow Hooper and he fell for it and assured her he would swing the delegation over to Benjamin. She told him a sad story about her father needing a job and the funny thing is her father's been dead twenty years."

George, I cannot tell you how I felt right then. Ever since I had come I had got one shock after another but this one was the knockout blow.

I took the elevator and went up to my room and laid down on the bed and at first I liked to cry. Then I got mad. George, I got really boiled up. The more I went over it the more it got my dander up. And then all of a sudden it came to me what to do. Yes, sir, I began to think what would be the best thing for the party and there was no doubt of it—the best thing would be a ticket of Hyder and Benjamin. That was the one ticket that would satisfy everybody, conservatives and liberals, young and old. It would beat the pants off the gang in November. I got up and went out and I begin howling for Hank and in a couple minutes he came running.



"They have such fun with dinner" ALAN WOODS

"Hank," I said, "have we still got things in the palm of our hand?"

"Yes, sir, Joe," he said, "the situation is still 12 to 12. I have to laugh. Long John worked one guy over from Hiram, only to find that Hiram had worked one guy over from him. So we still hold the cards. Only we better act quick."

"We're starting to," I said. "You tell them I've decided and it will all be settled in half an hour."

He rushed off and came back in a couple minutes.

"All right, Joe," he said. "Who is it? I'll go make the deal."

"Hank, from what I hear everywhere, there is one ticket that would suit everybody. Hyder and Benjamin—"

"Why, yeah, sure, but—but—"

"Never mind the buts," I said. "There has been altogether too much butting around here. It is time to finish this off. Come on."

HE KEPT butting all the time, but I shoved him into the elevator and we went down to the eleventh floor. The first thing I saw when the door opened was Gertrude.

"Joe," she said, and grabbed my arm, "I was just coming up to see you. Oh, please, Joe, listen. I did a terrible thing to you. I tried to influence you with my story. But I can't go on with it. Just forget about it, Joe. I'm very sorry and I hope—some day you'll forgive me."

Well, this put a different light on the matter, as they say.

"It's all right, Gertrude. I'll forgive you, but first I've got some business to attend to. Where's your uncle?"

But Tim Hartley saw us coming and he was over with a rush and right away led the way to the general's private room.

"General," I said, "I didn't look to be in any situation like this, but since I am I am going to settle this whole thing the only way it should be settled. General, I want you to invite Senator Hyder to come here right away."

"Eh, what?" the general almost yelled.

"All right," I said, getting tough, "if you don't want to do business my way, why, of course, I won't force you—"

"Joe," Hank whispered to me, "calm down, Joe. Listen, you're talking to—"

"Shut up," I said, "I know who I'm talking to. I'm talking to an ambitious young feller that wants to be President but has got led astray by politicians. Now, General, *will* you call Hyder?"

"Suppose I don't?" he asked.

"You'll have four years in the cold to think it over," I said. Honest, George, that's what I said, although telling you about it now I can't hardly believe it myself.

Well, the general gulped and got red in the face and then he said all right and he took the phone and called Hyder up and asked the senator if he wouldn't come there for a few minutes. Well, evidently, the senator felt like the general had, but the general said:

"Senator, I feel the same way. It's the idea of this man Hooper, and I'm afraid he has the persuaders."

The upshot was the senator and his gang of managers came over, sneaking in through the service entrance so nobody would see them. George, I will not go into particulars about what I did then, because frankly, George, I cannot believe it either. I must've been kind of drunk mad. Anyhow, George, I talked turkey to them. I said it was time everybody began thinking about the good of the party and the country instead of petty jealousies, and I said everybody knows the best ticket for the party and the country would be Hyder for President and Benjamin for Vice-President. They began yelling then. But I shushed them right away.

"Gentlemen," I said, "if you put that ticket in the field right now, every delegate here would be for it and the whole country, too. And the both of you have got enough delegates so you wouldn't have to go around trading this and that for votes."

"This man is mad," the senator said, "this is all nonsense and I for one am not willing to listen to any more of it."

"Senator," I said, "how would you like to find out in five minutes that you've thrown out your chance to be President? And remember this is your last chance. You're sixty and almost too old for the job now. There'll never be a next time. And all I have to do is to give Hank here the word and our delegation will vote for Benjamin and you'll be through. And the same goes for you, General. You're young and you could run again, but it *will* be a darn' sight easier to run from the vice-presidency than from out in the cold."

"Suppose we both refuse to agree?" the general asked.

"Why," I said, "you two can't agree to refuse. One of you will be willing and I'll vote for the one that agrees first."

Well, George, it was kind of funny. They gulped and give each other a look and opened their mouths, and then they both began to laugh.

"By gad," the senator shouted out after he could stop, "the son of a gun has got us dead to rights, Jim. Yes, sir, and he's right. We've let our managers lead us off the path. What do you say we find our way back?"

And that was how it happened. In a minute they were shaking hands and talking over the arrangements and in five minutes it was all settled, and they were figuring out what they would say in their acceptance speeches. I figured it was time for me to go, so I turned to Hank and I said:

"Hank, in a way I'm sorry you didn't get a chance to get something for yourself."

"To hotel with it, Joe," he said. "With this ticket it's a sure thing and there'll be enough next January to go around everywhere."

"Well, let's go, Hank," I said.

"Wait a minute, Hooper," the senator yelled out, "the general and I want to talk to you about a few things. We're going to need you in Washington."

"Me?" I said and I laughed. "Sen—I mean, Mr. President and Mr. Vice-President, you've got no use for a feller like me. I don't know a thing about politics—"

So they started to laugh. I mean the whole gang of them, managers and all.

"Well," I said, "when you need a feller like me all you have to do is write to Joe Hooper, Centerville. In the meantime, if you don't mind, I've got a couple or three words to say to somebody else."

"Joe," the general said to me, "don't lay it on as heavy as you did on us. It might not work on Gertrude. The soft touch does it with women, Joe."

HE WAS right, too, George. Although, as a matter of fact, this mad jag had worked off and I could've no more yelled at Gertrude than I could take off and fly.

"Gertrude," I said, "now that it's all settled I am going home. I know it is useless because now that your uncle will be Vice-President I will be even more a nobody. But, anyhow, I will ask you just for the record, as they say. Will you marry me?"

I got my last shock now, George. She looked at me and jumped in my arms.

"And we'll never look at a politician again, Joe."

"No," I said and we set the date for November 10th.

So that's the real truth about it all, George. What do you think? Should I tell it to the boys at Rotary?

But I tell you, George, it's the absolute truth—wait a minute, George—

X Marks the Spot Where Her Motor Might Die

These Danger Signals Have Warned Her!

EVERY day, millions of cars are warning their owners there is major trouble ahead. You can *avoid* road trouble and major repair bills by having those danger signals checked promptly this easy way. Go to the service man in your neighborhood who displays an Auto-Lite sign. He is a master technician. Special training, plus accurately-sensitive testing equipment, enables him to locate trouble quickly, correct it thoroughly at low cost.

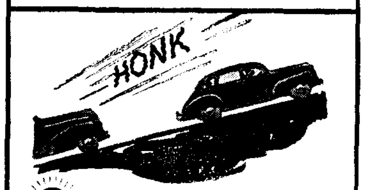
To give your car "like-new" performance, insist on service parts built by the original manufacturer. This is particularly important in making replacements on electrical units—the "nervous system" of your car. More than half of America's car manufacturers standardize on Auto-Lite electrical equipment. For expert workmanship and original Auto-Lite service parts at fair prices, see the Auto-Lite service man.

AUTO-LITE SERVICE

THIS TRAINED EXPERT CAN SAVE YOU MONEY
Special training and equipment enable him to locate trouble quickly, correct it thoroughly.

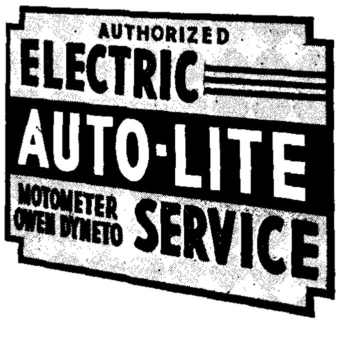
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONT.

STOP **SLOW STARTING**
Weak coil? Leaky condenser? Discharged battery? Starting motor bearings or brushes worn?



STOP **LACK OF PEP**
Dirty spark plugs? Electrode gaps need re-setting? Timing off? Carburetor out of adjustment?

STOP **GAS WASTE**
Car firing too late? Poor compression? Distributor points pitted? Wrong heat range on plugs?



Stop AT THESE SIGNS

Wherever you see these signs, you will get expert automotive service and original Auto-Lite service parts.

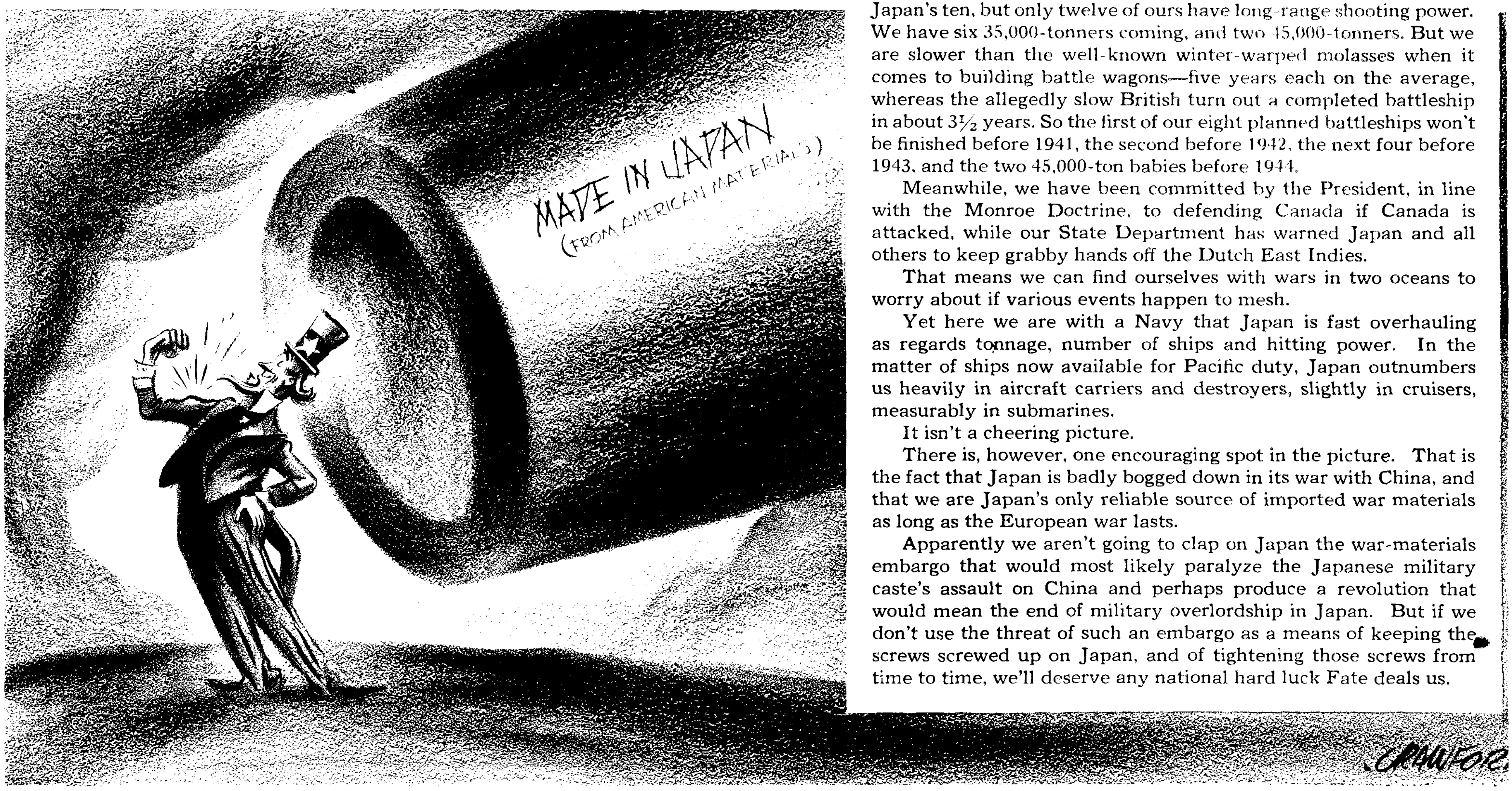
Original
AUTO-LITE
SERVICE PARTS
SOLD HERE

ORIGINAL PARTS ASSURE "LIKE-NEW" PERFORMANCE

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor   CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor   THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Keep the Screws on Japan



CHIEF of Naval Operations Admiral Harold R. Stark's recent testimony on our Navy as contrasted with Japan's sent a shiver around this country—as well it might have.

It seems that Japan, camouflaging its naval construction since 1934 more successfully than any other nation, now has four super-dreadnoughts of 40,000 to 45,000 tons each nearing completion, and may have four more of the same well under way.

Of first-class battleships now afloat, we have fifteen, as against Japan's ten, but only twelve of ours have long-range shooting power. We have six 35,000-tonners coming, and two 45,000-tonners. But we are slower than the well-known winter-warped molasses when it comes to building battle wagons—five years each on the average, whereas the allegedly slow British turn out a completed battleship in about 3½ years. So the first of our eight planned battleships won't be finished before 1941, the second before 1942, the next four before 1943, and the two 45,000-ton babies before 1944.

Meanwhile, we have been committed by the President, in line with the Monroe Doctrine, to defending Canada if Canada is attacked, while our State Department has warned Japan and all others to keep grabby hands off the Dutch East Indies.

That means we can find ourselves with wars in two oceans to worry about if various events happen to mesh.

Yet here we are with a Navy that Japan is fast overhauling as regards tonnage, number of ships and hitting power. In the matter of ships now available for Pacific duty, Japan outnumbers us heavily in aircraft carriers and destroyers, slightly in cruisers, measurably in submarines.

It isn't a cheering picture.

There is, however, one encouraging spot in the picture. That is the fact that Japan is badly bogged down in its war with China, and that we are Japan's only reliable source of imported war materials as long as the European war lasts.

Apparently we aren't going to clap on Japan the war-materials embargo that would most likely paralyze the Japanese military caste's assault on China and perhaps produce a revolution that would mean the end of military overlordship in Japan. But if we don't use the threat of such an embargo as a means of keeping the screws screwed up on Japan, and of tightening those screws from time to time, we'll deserve any national hard luck Fate deals us.

Give—but Wisely

A MAJORITY of 6,000 representative Americans recently registered the opinion that generosity is the outstanding American characteristic.

That opinion is well borne out by the fact that in the first six months of the European war Americans contributed almost $10,000,000 for war relief in Europe and Asia. Nice going; and we hope American generosity keeps pace with the world's need for it.

However, there are always racketeers and swindlers who will prey on people's generosity—which is one way of stating that more than 400 "war-relief" groups got under way in this country in those same first six months of the war. Some of them were and are bona fide; many of them are crooked.

Damning the operators of the crooked ones for the buzzards and rascals that they are will not put them out of business. To do that will take knowledge on the part of war-relief contributors of the nature and standing of every organization to which they contribute any of their money.

It so happens that in the World War of 1914-18 the then Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, brought about formation of a group of disinterested persons to help people to give wisely for honest war relief; and that this organization has now been revived for the same purpose.

If you, your club, your civic group, want reliable information on any war-relief activity, drop an inquiry to the National Information Bureau, 330 W. 42d St., New York, N. Y. The service is free, and you can rely on it absolutely.

The Home Office

WE SUPPOSE nothing causes more friction in American families than the question: Shall he or she handle the family's finances?

There's dynamite in it. Man is traditionally the provider. Many a man's self-esteem makes him unable to bear the thought of a woman's telling him how to handle his money. Many a woman nowadays made her own money and managed it perfectly well before she got married. And so on and so forth.

Well, if this dispute continually irks you and your wife or husband, the two of you might take time out for some thinking along these lines:

The big question is how to make the family's money do the most work. Any business concern faces the same question, day in and day out.

Why not, then, treat the problem as a business concern treats it? The way a business concern treats the problem is to make its purchasing agent the shrewdest bargainer it can dig up, and to hire the best bookkeepers it can find for its auditing department. It doesn't give the purchasing job to a good contact or idea man, or the auditing jobs to a bunch of good salesmen—or if it does, it can't stay in business.

In the home office, why not do likewise? Take stock of each partner, we mean, rule out the vanities and the taboos, determine which of the two firm members is the better at stretching a dollar and keeping track of all the dollars that come in and go out, and then simply elect that partner chancellor of the home exchequer.

Run the business side of the family as a business, unemotionally and shrewdly and you'll very likely detour a lot of emotional upsets, not to mention a lot of inefficient use of what money you have to use.

BE BRIGHT! GO LIGHT!
BUY BETTER SPIRITS!

SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

"Get a 'Line' on Finer Flavor!
Melding Does Your Drinks a Favor"

If you're casting about for better spirits, better buy SCHENLEY Black Label or Red Label light-bodied whiskies. They're unexcelled because we "meld" . . . an improved and exclusive blending method . . . creating better spirits by permitting their weight reduction without flavor destruction. Buy the best.

BUY THE BEST
SCHENLEY'S BLACK LABEL Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL Blended Whiskey

Better Taste

SCHENLEY *Light-Bodied* **WHISKIES**

SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72½% grain neutral spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY and 90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLIES WORLD'S FASTEST PLANE!

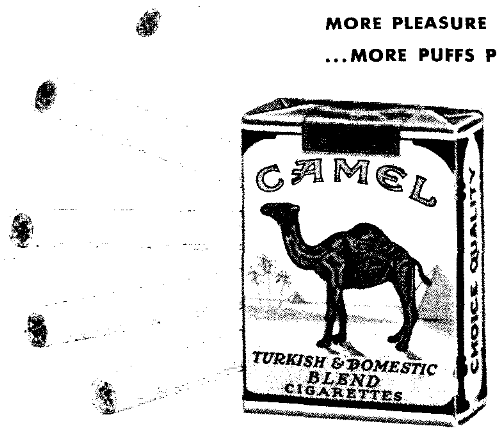
TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY
LIKES ALL THE SPEED
HE CAN GET IN A PLANE,
BUT HE LIKES
HIS SMOKING S-L-O-W!
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
ARE HIS CIGARETTE

"FASTEST PLANE off the production line today!" That's how Homer Berry describes the Bell Airacobra, amazing new speed plane. He should know. This veteran speed test pilot started flying in 1913 . . . started smoking Camels the same year. "No other cigarette ever gave me anything like the pleasure of a Camel," he says. "They burn slower, smoke milder and cooler. Camels don't irritate my throat and their full, rich flavor doesn't tire my taste. In 26 years, that slower burning has given me a lot of extra smoking." Before *you* take it for granted you're getting all the pleasure there is in a cigarette, try Camels. Enjoy the advantages of Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny your best cigarette buy!

TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY SAYS:

"No fast burning for me in my cigarette. I've smoked Camels ever since there have been any Camels. They burn slower and give me more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack. 'I'd walk a mile for a *slow-burning* Camel!' "

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!



● In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Slower-burning Camels give you—

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

EXTRA MILDNESS **EXTRA COOLNESS** **EXTRA FLAVOR**